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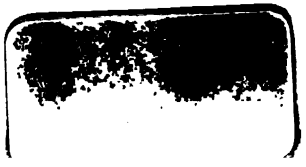

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THE

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OR

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FOR

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JANUARY, 1868.

No. CCLIX.

ART. I.—*Don Carlos et Philippe II.* Par M. GACHARD, de l'Académie Royale des Sciences, des Lettres, et des Beaux Arts de Belgique, &c. 2nde Edition. Paris: 1867.

THE arrest and death of Don Carlos, the source of stupefaction and of a thousand wild surmises to contemporaries, have ever since remained one of the mysterious problems of history. The tragic destiny of the youthful heir of the immense monarchy of Spain, the son of Philip II., the grandson of Charles V., and the descendant of Charles the Bold, has assumed a romantic form when viewed through the transforming medium of poetry; but the purposes of history can only be served by the sober reality of evidence; and our knowledge of the character of the mysterious monarch, who enveloped himself in the darkness of counsels inscrutable to the wisest of his time, who exercised so terrible an influence on the course of human affairs, and earned for himself in the North the appellation of the 'Demon of the South,' is, as might be expected, capable of being considerably increased by a true explanation of the history of Don Carlos, and the motives of his unnatural father. This dark story has now been elicited, by the scrupulous activity and enterprise of M. Gachard, from a mass of state papers, reports of ambassadors, and other documents reposing hitherto unexamined in the archives of almost every country in Europe. It cannot be said that no uncertainty remains as to what was the veritable character of the unhappy prince; perhaps his weaknesses might have been corrected, his capacity improved, and his moral nature elevated by the influence of proper education and mild and salutary discipline, in a congenial atmosphere of sympathy and affection; but at least by the labours of M. Gachard the veil

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of mystery is completely raised from his short and hapless life. The archives of Simancas, of Paris, of Belgium and Holland, of Vienna, of Turin, of the Vatican, the State Paper Office, and the British Museum have all been thoroughly investigated for the purposes of the present volume. From the archives of Vienna especially the letters of the Baron von Dietrichstein, the imperial envoy at the court of Madrid, form a most trustworthy addition to the documentary sources of knowledge on this subject, since the Emperor and Empress of Germany had a more lively interest than any of their contemporary sovereigns in being kept accurately informed of the truth respecting Don Carlos, who was betrothed to the Archduchess Anne, their own daughter.

The mother of this unfortunate prince was Doña Maria, an Infanta of Portugal, daughter of John II. and Catherine of Austria, the sister of Charles V. Her marriage with the heir of Charles V. was an alliance dictated by policy, which the correspondence of age and of personal qualities in bride and bridegroom rendered of more happy augury than is usual in such unions. The Spaniards regarded with pleasure this renewed tie between the two monarchies of the Iberian peninsula. Philip was sixteen and a half years of age, while Doña Maria was but a few months younger. The prince of the Asturias was regarded as one of the most promising heirs of royalty of his time, and his personal appearance was good and remarkable. Maria of Portugal was possessed likewise of a graceful person and an agreeable face, with a captivating smile. The marriage was solemnised at Salamanca, on the 15th of November, 1543, and Don Carlos was born nearly two years after, on the 8th of July, 1545, at Valladolid, where Philip had fixed his residence. The news of the birth of an heir to the crown of Spain was received with rapture, both by the nation and Charles V., who was then holding the diet of the empire at Worms. This joy, however, was speedily changed into universal mourning over the untimely fate of the youthful mother, who died four days after her delivery. Philip was afflicted with profound grief, and retired into complete privacy at the monastery of Albrojo, whence he only returned to Valladolid two days after the child Don Carlos had undergone the ceremony of baptism in that city.

If we are to believe the report which Paolo Tiepolo, the Venetian ambassador, made eighteen years later to the senate, Don Carlos from his very birth manifested savage instincts, and began by biting the breast of his nurse. Three nurses, we are told, received such injuries from the infant mouth of

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the Prince, that they nearly died of their effects. But it is clear that no reliance can be placed on such scraps of tittle-tattle picked up in the antechambers of the palace at Madrid long after they are said to have happened. M. Gachard has not sufficiently put the reader on his guard against the loose and indiscriminate statements which tell against Don Carlos, in the reports of the Venetian ambassadors and others, based principally on information obtained from the courtiers of Philip II., when the sure way to the King's favour was to speak ill of the son. Up, however, to the time of the termination of a nearly fatal illness of Don Carlos, Philip seems to have fulfilled, as far as was compatible with his nature and his religious opinions, the part of a not unnatural father. He gave the infant a governess, Doña Leonor de Mascareñas, a Portuguese lady of high birth, and requested her to treat the child as a mother. He placed him under the protection of his aunts, Doña Maria and Doña Juana, sisters of the King, who lived at Alcalà de Henarès, from whence the child was brought to Valladolid, on the occasion of the marriage of Doña Maria with the Archduke Maximilian in the same city, an event which left Don Carlos under the sole guardianship of Doña Juana. Both these princesses exhibited the liveliest affection and solicitude for the welfare of their nephew as long as he lived, and wept over his lamentable fate with deep affliction. As the latter was subsequently eager to marry him herself, and the former was equally eager to see him married to her daughter, it is not probable that he was so incorrigible a madman or so great a monster as Philip and his courtiers endeavoured to persuade the world. When Don Carlos was six years of age he was deprived likewise of his aunt Doña Juana, who married Don Juan, the heir-presumptive of the crown of Portugal. The prince showed, at this early age, that craving for sympathy and affection which was his characteristic through life. He wept bitterly for three days, saying, 'What 'will become of the child (*el niño*, as he called himself), all 'alone here, without father or mother, my grandfather being 'in Germany and my father in Monzon?'* And the boy threw himself into the arms of Don Luis Sarmiento, one of his attendants (who had orders to accompany the princess), and prayed for his speedy return. Philip saw very little of his infant son, as he passed most of his time in Flanders, but he gave him a governor at the age of seven, and a tutor at the age of eight. The tutor appointed was Honorato Juan, who appears to have

* A small town of Aragon, where the Cortes were assembled.

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been a man of considerable learning in the classical languages and in mathematics, and to have fulfilled his charge with diligence, although, from the blame which was subsequently thrown on the early education of Don Carlos, it is probable that the duties of the early discipline and moral government of the Prince were not performed with proper judgment and vigilance. The early progress of the Prince in his studies was, however, satisfactory. Both the Emperor and Philip gave directions about their conduct, and appear to have expressed satisfaction in the result. The Emperor shortly afterwards had himself an opportunity of forming his own judgment of his grandson, when he passed through Valladolid on his way to the retreat at Yuste, when he had taken the extraordinary resolution of laying aside the imperial crown, and passing the rest of his life in a lonely monastery of Estremadura. The young Prince of the Asturias was then once more living under the protection of his aunt, the Doña Juana, who had become a widow after a brief marriage with Don Juan of Portugal, and was fulfilling the office of Regent of Spain in the absence of Philip. Don Carlos had, indeed, occupied the royal seat at the great ceremony at Valladolid, when it was proclaimed that Philip had taken possession of the crown of Spain. He sat under a daïs of rich brocade, with the ambassador of Portugal on his right, the prelates, the grandees, and the great dignitaries of the court and council grouped around him, and the heralds-at-arms in front. When the *corregidor* and the *ayuntamiento* of the town brought the standard of Castille, Don Carlos rose, took it in his hands, and waving it with the aid of his governor, Don Antonio de Rojas, cried aloud, 'Castille! Castille! for 'the King, Don Philip, our Lord.' On the news of the approach of his grandsire, Don Carlos showed the liveliest symptoms of joy, and desired to go to meet him. He was persuaded, however, to send merely a letter of congratulation, and await the Emperor's pleasure. Charles appointed to meet his grandson at the village of Cabezon, two leagues from Valladolid, and during his stay of two weeks at that city passed much of his time with the future heir of the monarchy. We are left in doubt as to what was the real impression made on his mind by his intercourse with his grandson. According to the almoner of the Prince—Osorio—Charles was so delighted with Don Carlos that he desired him to have a place at the council-board when important matters were discussed. According to others, he said to the dowager-queen, Eleanor, the widow of Francis I., 'It seems to me he is very turbulent. His 'manner and disposition do not please me. I do not know

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'what he may not become some day.' And Cabrera* relates that Charles even reprimanded the boy for the little respect he showed to his aunt. Nothing, indeed, is more probable than that Doña Juana, who was still a young and pleasing person, and who, indeed, later wished to marry Don Carlos herself, should have petted the youth, and made of him a spoiled child. The little difference in their ages rendered her an unfitting guardian for a boy who needed, above all things, a severe discipline to subdue a stubborn and wilful nature. Two examples of the obstinacy of his disposition had indeed struck the attention of Charles V. himself. One of these excited the Emperor's laughter, and might be regarded as not of bad augury; the other would hardly bear a good interpretation.

The first instance occurred while Charles was narrating to his grandson the circumstances of his flight from the Elector Maurice—for the boy was never weary of questioning his grandfather about the wars in which he had been engaged. Don Carlos exclaimed with passion that *he* would never have fled; and on the Emperor attempting to prove to him that flight was inevitable in some cases, he replied that *he* would never be induced to fly, and with such a mien of exasperation as roused the mirth of all his hearers. In the other case, he had set his desires on possessing a stove which the Emperor had brought from Flanders for his personal use, and only desisted from his importunate requests by the assurance of Charles that he should have it after his own decease.

Not long after the Emperor had settled himself down in his monastic retreat in Estremadura, it appears that the Prince gave less satisfaction in his studies, which made so little progress, that both his governor Don Garcia de Toledo and Doña Juana, his aunt, besought Charles to have his grandson with him at Yuste in order that his authority might exercise a check upon the boy's unruly disposition; but the imperial hermit, who had gone into retirement with a fixed intention of leading as easy a life as was compatible with his constant fits of gout, was not anxious to assume the supervision of an intractable grandson, and turned a deaf ear to the suggestion.

Statements of the cruelty of his nature at this early age, and

* The testimony of Cabrera should be received with some suspicion, when it tells against Don Carlos. M. Gachard has shown that many of his statements are not truthful. It must be remembered that he wrote under the reign of a monarch who profited by the punishment and death of Don Carlos.

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the extreme violence and obstinacy of his disposition, are to be found in the relation of Badoer, the Venetian ambassador accredited to Philip II. in the Low Countries. But since Badoer never was in Spain, no great reliance can be given to his statements. To this ambassador are attributed stories that Don Carlos roasted hares alive and bit off the head of a large asp. If such things really happened, the education and guardianship of the Prince must have been shamefully conducted. Other marks of character recorded by Badoer, such as his great eagerness for stories about war, excessive pride exhibited in unwillingness to stand cap in hand before his father and grandfather, and a fondness for rich dresses, may have been true enough, but were no signs of a bad and incorrigible disposition. However, with the horrible spectacles of *autos da fé* before his eyes, and the necessity imposed upon the young Prince of beholding them, it would have been but natural that he should acquire a taste for cruel sports. On the 21st of May, 1559, Don Carlos, with Doña Juana and all the Court, was present at one of these abominable holocausts on the *Plaza mayor* of Valladolid. This detestable exhibition lasted for twelve hours, from seven in the morning to seven at night. Seven victims were burnt alive; a dozen others having recanted their heresies were strangled with the *garrote* and their corpses then delivered to the flames; a score of others were admitted to reconciliation and consigned again to a prison which was for the most part to be their tomb. After the sentences had been read, and the sermon called the sermon *of faith* preached, the inquisitor of Valladolid advanced to the royal platform and demanded that the young Prince and Doña Juana, the *gobernadora*, should swear to maintain the Holy Office and reveal every word and deed which should come to their knowledge against the Catholic Faith. On the 8th of October of the same year another exhibition of these human sacrifices took place on the *Plaza mayor* of Madrid, and at that also Don Carlos was present seated by the side of his father, who had just returned from Flanders. It was on this occasion that Philip made the horrible speech called the *famosa sentencia* by his Catholic panegyrists. As one of the victims was being led to the *quemadero*, he reproached the King with the cruelty of his fate, when Philip replied that if his son should offend against the Catholic Church, he himself would bear the fagots for his burning. Familiarised with such spectacles, it were little wonder indeed if the Prince, as Badoer relates, did really amuse himself with the burning of living animals. Don Carlos would but have practised on dumb

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creatures the same cruelties as Philip perpetrated upon human beings.

From henceforward Philip continued to reside in Spain. His return to his native country had been welcomed with the liveliest demonstrations of national joy. From the time that by the extinction of the national dynasty the crown of Spain had passed into the House of Austria, the kingdom had suffered lamentably from the continued absence of the sovereign. During his reign of forty years Charles V. had barely passed fifteen or sixteen summers in the chief seat of his dominions. Philip had been absent ever since the abdication of the Emperor. The prolonged absence of the chief authority had thrown the affairs of the kingdom into the greatest disorder. The gravest questions remained unsettled; the obedience of the chief nobles, the diligence of the chief officers of state, were relaxed; and the Ministers distributed offices and favours according to their own caprices and private interests, to the great prejudice of the Government and the discontent of the nation, which was exhausted by the excessive supplies of money and men exacted from it year after year to sustain the authority of their princes in foreign countries. Philip II., who was a true Spaniard at heart and enjoyed residence in no country but Spain, acquiesced willingly in the national desire for his return, and not only for the remaining thirty-nine years of his life never quitted the country, but there is reason to believe, in spite of all demonstrations to the contrary, never intended to do so.

The victories of Saint Quentin and Gravelines, after which he had concluded the advantageous peace of Câteau Cambresis with France, enabled him to come back to Spain at this period. This treaty has an especial interest in connexion with Don Carlos, since it was arranged by that convention that the Prince of the Asturias should marry Elizabeth de Valois, the daughter of Catherine de Medicis, the course of whose destiny indeed forms a curious parallel to that of Don Carlos, although romance has entirely transfigured the character of their relations.

At the time of the conclusion of that treaty Mary Tudor was living; but in the following year the death of the English Queen made Philip a widower, and the monarch determined to take the place of Don Carlos in the arrangements of Câteau Cambresis, and thus immediately secure all the advantages of the French alliance. Elizabeth of Valois, called subsequently *Isabella della Paz* by the Spaniards, by whom she was extremely beloved, was the grandniece of Charles V. and the grand-daughter of Francis I. Henry VIII. was her godfather,

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and from him she received the name Elizabeth. She is declared by Brantôme to have been the very best princess of her time, and to have been loved by all the world. She was not only adorned with the utmost grace of mind and person, with expressive black eyes and abundant hair of the same colour, but was of an extremely amiable and sensitive nature. Elizabeth had received her education in company with Mary Stuart, and the Latin themes of the two princesses and their correspondence in Latin are still extant, and afford an interesting example of the manner in which the education of the daughters of royal families was then conducted. At the time of her marriage with Philip she was fourteen and Philip thirty-two years of age. She appears to have looked forward to the prospect of a life with Philip with dismay, and the circumstances attending her entry were not of happy augury. On taking leave of the King of Navarre, who conducted her to the frontier, she fainted in his arms; and she entered Spain on the 4th of January 1560, during a terrible snow-storm, the worst known for thirty years. Her first resting-place was the monastery of Roncesvalles. At that place she was delivered over to the representatives of Philip and the ceremonious rigour of the Spaniards. The difficulties of etiquette, and the jealousy of French and Spanish attendants — which always attended the intermarriages of France and Spain—joined with the inclemency of the weather, did nothing to allay the forebodings of the young princess. The arrogance and despotic airs of the *camerera mayor*, the Countess d'Urcigna, were inflexible during the journey. Her first meeting with Philip took place on the 30th of January, at Guadalajara, but the bridegroom was stern and unamiable, for as the frightened child looked anxiously at the features of her future husband, he said: 'What are you staring at?—to see if I have grey 'hairs' (*Que mirais? si tengo cañas*)? They were married on the morrow, and on the 12th of February the Queen entered Toledo in a solemn procession which lasted six hours, from one to seven in the evening. Elizabeth was received at the palace by Don Carlos, accompanied by Don Juan of Austria, his uncle, and Alexander Farnese, both of whom were of the same age as the Prince, and educated with him, and both of whom were destined to play so prominent a part in history. Don Carlos had just recovered from one of the fevers which ravaged his youth, for he was naturally of a sickly constitution, which was increased by the little care he took of his diet. The interview of the new Queen of Spain with the heir-apparent, to whom she originally had been betrothed, must naturally have excited

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curiosity on both sides; but there is no reason for believing that the young and graceful princess could possibly be struck with a sudden passion for a sallow-faced sickly boy of fifteen, and the interest she afterwards displayed in him may fairly be attributed to the sympathy excited by his delicate health and his misfortunes.

Ten days after her entry into Toledo, the heir to the crown received the oath of allegiance of the Cortes. The procession with which he passed through the streets to the portal of the cathedral was one of great magnificence. The young Prince, in a splendid costume, rode a white horse nobly caparisoned, beside Don Juan of Austria, while before him were marshalled Alexander Farnese and a crowd of the greatest nobles of Spain. He appears to have conducted himself with suitable dignity, and, on the Duke of Alva omitting to kiss his hand, according to the etiquette of the ceremony, he rebuked him with a look of authority which made the Duke apologise for his neglect. Nevertheless the fever which consumed him still held its course, and not long after he was sent, for the benefit of purer air, once more to Alcalà de Henarès, about six leagues from Madrid, to pursue his studies in company with Don Juan and Alexander Farnese, in the residence built for the archbishops of Toledo. While here a calamitous accident threatened to put an end to his life, and its effects probably had an enduring influence on his disposition. On the 18th of April, 1562, he had made an assignation in the garden of the palace with a pretty girl, a daughter of one of the door-keepers of the place. Immediately after an early repast he hurried off with precipitation to keep his appointment. Eager to escape observation, and with thoughtless haste, he descended the winding steps of a steep back staircase, missed his footing, and fell headlong against a door at the bottom which had been purposely closed to put a stop to these secret meetings. His cries brought his attendants to the spot, and he was carried to his room. It was found that he had a wound on the back of his head. The cut was dressed, the operation causing great pain, and he was put to bed. He perspired profusely for an hour and a half, when he took medicine, and eight ounces of blood were taken from him. On the news of his son's accident, Philip displayed every sign of emotion, and throughout the whole of this illness he watched over him with paternal solicitude. He despatched his own physicians to attend the Prince. But their skill was of no avail. Don Carlos continued to be consumed with a violent fever, accompanied with pains in the head, the neck, and in his

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right leg, and on the eleventh day after the wound he was considered in such a critical state that a bulletin was despatched to the King. Philip II. was engaged in an audience with the ambassador of France when two gentlemen came close one upon the other with news of his son's increasing illness, and of the decision which the physicians had come to that the skull of the young Prince ought to be laid open and examined. The King started off the same night for Alcalà, and took with him Andrè Vesale, the great anatomist, then attached to his person. The young Prince got rapidly worse; he suffered in turns from fever, headache, vomiting, sleeplessness, inflammation of the face, defective vision, paralysis of the right leg, extreme prostration and delirium, and his lips looked like the lips of a corpse. Philip ordered public prayers to be offered for his recovery in the churches, and he himself passed hours on his knees in supplication for the life of his only child. Happy indeed had it been both for father and son if the prayer had been ineffectual. The King was unremitting in his attendance at his son's sick bed; he was present at all the consultations, some of which lasted six hours; he was observed by the ambassadors to have his eyes full of tears as he watched the deathly pallor of the prince's features, and his sorrow excited universal compassion. The Duke of Alva, Don Garcia de Toledo, Luis Quijada, Honorato Juan, and all the attendants of the Prince rivalled each other in unceasing zeal, and all Spain took part in the King's affliction.

The churches were crowded with supplicants. At Madrid there were processions day and night — crowds subjected themselves to penitential discipline. At Toledo they counted three thousand five hundred of such penitents. The Queen, Elizabeth of Valois, and Doña Juana, passed nights in prayer before an image of the Virgin: Doña Juana even went barefoot on pilgrimage to the Segovian monastery of Nuestra Señora de la Consolacion. Nine physicians and surgeons were congregated round the sick boy's couch: they exhausted all the remedies of such art as they possessed; and on the 8th of May declared the Prince had but three or four hours to live. The King was besought to spare himself the pain of the young Prince's last agony; and he departed from Alcalà in the middle of a dark and tempestuous night, in unspeakable grief, ill himself with a fever, the result of the severe trial of body and mind through which he had passed, and leaving behind him instructions for the performance of the obsequies of his son.

After the departure of the King, Andrè Vesale and the doctors held another consultation, the result of which was that they

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resolved to trepan the skull. The operation was performed. Shortly after, in accordance with the superstitions of the time, the body of a monk, Fray Diego, who had died in the odour of sanctity, was brought into the chamber of the Prince, and the patient was requested to touch it. It is said that he immediately felt relieved, and that a vision of the monk appeared to him the same evening. The state of the Prince improved from that hour, and the amelioration was ascribed, not to the operation of trepanning, but to the intervention of Fray Diego. A Morocco doctor was also called from Valence, at the request of the King, and his ointments were applied to the wound; and after various other chirurgical expedients the life of the Prince was, on or about the 16th of May, declared to be out of danger.

The King returned to Alcalà soon after the first news of the favourable change, aud remained another week by his son's side, who was not, however, able to leave his bed before the 14th of June. The wound was entirely healed before the 1st of July, when he quitted Alcalà to join the royal family at Madrid, and was received in triumph by the people and the grandees of Spain.

During this illness Don Carlos was the object of universal care and affection, from the King down to the King's lowest subject; and it was, consequently, in this sense the most interesting period of his brief existence; for not long after his recovery discord between the father and son arose and became constant, till it degenerated on both sides into fixed and inextinguishable contempt and hatred. After his recovery from the effects of his fall, the young Prince was again attacked by the fever, which never left him except at rare intervals. Its intensity was aggravated by the excesses of the table to which he abandoned himself. Nothing could be more repulsive to the sober and precise Philip II. than such gluttonous extravagance, and he reprimanded his son severely, who submitted to his rebuke in anger and sullenness. The Prince was the less inclined to receive kindly his father's admonitions in this respect, as he nourished an ill-concealed rancour against his parent for not having already admitted him to a participation in some of the great offices of state, and for not having been entrusted with the government of some of the provinces. Philip, at an earlier age, had been loaded by his father with dignities of the most important character, and Don Carlos chafed and raged in desperation from a sense of neglect and insignificance. At the age of nineteen, however, Philip II. admitted him to a seat at the Council of State, and reorganised the establishment of his household on a more

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princely footing; but these favours were more than counterbalanced in the eyes of the Prince by the appointment of Ruy Gomez de Silva, the Prince of Eboli, the great confidant of Philip from his earliest youth, to the charge of *ayo* and Grand Master of the heir-apparent. To Ruy Gomez, Don Carlos had ever shown a violent antipathy; he always accounted him through life his greatest enemy, and he behaved towards him with great violence on several occasions, and used menaces of future vengeance, which were carried to the ears of Philip, who had placed his early associates and most devoted attendants about the person of Don Carlos expressly for the purpose of keeping a closer watch on his actions. The young Prince was perfectly sensible that he was subjected to a system of espionage, but so far from endeavouring to conceal his ill-humour, he broke loose on all occasions with increasing bitterness against the treatment of his father and the want of consideration which was given to his position as heir-apparent.

The portraits given of him by various ambassadors at this period agree with each other in representing him as of somewhat low stature, with one leg shorter than the other, and one shoulder higher than its fellow; he had a slight hump upon his back; his chest was hollow, his forehead low, his eyes grey, his beard small, his hair brown; his voice was squeaking and he articulated with difficulty, especially the letters *l* and *r*; he took no pleasure in the practice of arms, in riding, or in the exercises common to the youth of his time; he was obstinate in his opinions; his manners were rough to all the world; and he showed himself especially hostile to the attendants his father placed about him.

It was about this time that Brantôme passed through Madrid on his return from Portugal; and though his courtier spirit always endeavoured to see every prince with favourable eyes, his account of Don Carlos is not attractive. This description of his person, however, leaves a more favourable impression than the account of the ambassadors. He found in him 'une 'très-bonne façon et bonne grâce: encore qu'il eut son corps un 'peu gâsté: mais cela parasoit peu.' But as to his conduct and character, he confesses that 'il estoit très-bizarre et tout plein de 'natretés. Il menaçoit, il frappoit, il injurioit.' He speaks of his violence towards Ruy Gomez; and as to his other servants, he says if he was not well served 'il ne faut pas demander com-'ment il les estrilloit.' He adds a story of his having obliged a bootmaker to eat a pair of boots in *fricassée* before him because they were not made to his liking, but not in a manner

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as if he gave it belief. He relates, however, that the Prince and ten or twelve of his pages of honour scoured the pavement day and night in Madrid, and drew their swords at the slightest pretext; that he grossly insulted women of every class, although he always exhibited the most reverential respect for the Queen. 'Car estant devant elle, il changeoit du tout d'humeur 'et de naturel, voire de couleur. Enfin il estoit un terrible 'masle.'

Such are the strange anomalies attached to royal birth, that this eccentric cripple, whose life had been despaired of at the age of fourteen, and who was destined to leave a name of gloom and terror as the victim of his own passions and of his father's severity, was an object of intrigue to nearly all the crowned heads of Europe. Not a single court, with the exception of that of Elizabeth of England, who herself in a jesting way complained that they had not married her to Don Carlos, but wanted to give a wife to this sickly, passionate youth, and not a single princess but would have been proud to accept his hand. As long as there was any hope left the negotiations were incessant. Among the princesses to whom it was proposed to marry him were Marguerite de Valois, afterwards the wife of Henri IV., Mary Queen of Scots, his aunt Doña Juana, and the Archduchess Anne of Austria. The wily Catherine de Medicis, besides trying every diplomatic manœuvre through her ambassadors, wrote the most pressing letters to her daughter Elizabeth to use all her influence to bring about the marriage of Don Carlos with her only unmarried daughter, and never desisted from her pertinacity till Philip II. himself was obliged to inform her that his engagements would not permit him to encourage her hopes any longer. The subtle monarch had acquired all the benefits he could possibly acquire from a French alliance by his own marriage with a daughter of France, and was not to be seduced by any representations of the charms of Marguerite de Valois. The alliance of Mary Queen of Scots was one he regarded with greater favour, and he allowed negotiations to be set on foot, which were conducted with all the duplicity and procrastinating artifices in which this great master of dissimulation was so perfect an adept. Mary Stuart was two years and a half older than Don Carlos, endowed not only with charms of mind and person, celebrated in every tongue from that time to this, but with a reversionary right to the Crown of England. In the hope of uniting England with the Spanish monarchy and of recovering the island from the dominion of heretics, Philip had nine years previously espoused Mary Tudor, many years older than himself, without charms of

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person, manners, or intelligence. After the death of his melancholy English queen, he had for the same reason sought the hand of her Protestant sister in spite of the very probable chance of a refusal calculated to lower his consideration in the eyes of Europe; and now it seemed possible to secure for his son the alliance of the most accomplished princess of her time, with graces of person rivalling those of her mind, who would bring into his family not only prospective rights to the throne of England, but would place immediately upon his head the crown of Scotland. If he neglected to seize this auspicious occasion, Austria was not unwilling, and France would certainly make every effort to profit by his neglect and secure the hand of the Queen of Scotland for one of their own royal family. His perplexity was great, and with his usual habit of procrastination, he was unable for some time to take any decided steps. Two other marriages seemed to him to offer equal if not superior advantages, and he had in some measure engaged himself in both cases.

In the first place, Doña Juana, the sister of Philip II., the early guardian of her nephew, who had been left a widow at eighteen and a half years of age, by the death of her husband, the Infant Don Juan, the heir of the Crown of Portugal, put forward her own claims to the hand of Don Carlos. She was at that time ten years older than the prince; but she was reputed to be one of the most beautiful and graceful women of all Castille; and after her marriage of barely two years' duration with Don Juan, on her return to Spain, and in the absence of Philip II., she had not only taken charge of Don Carlos, but had conducted the affairs of the monarchy in a manner which had gained the esteem and admiration of her brother and his subjects.

Two aspirants for the honour of her hand had already presented themselves, but had been rejected with disdain. The first was the Duke of Ferrara of the House of Este, whose offer she declared, according to the expression of the Bishop of Limoges, to be '*trop bas et petit pour sa qualité.*' The second suitor was a son of the Duke Cosmo, Francisco de Medicis, who himself came to the court of Madrid to urge his pretensions; though received by Philip himself on terms of great cordiality, his ambition gave disgust to the haughty spirit of the Spaniards, and Doña Juana herself, the Venetian ambassador declares, reiterated again and again, that she would never take for husband '*il figliuolo di un mercante.*' The crown of the Queen of Spain seemed alone capable of replacing that which she had lost by the death of the Infante of Portugal, and the Cortes of Cas-

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tille, in a solemn address to Philip, earnestly recommended the marriage, to which recommendation he had replied in favourable terms. But Don Carlos was not of a humour to accept for princess a wife out of complaisance to his father or as a matter of state. He broke out into terms of violence and repugnance at the mere mention of a union with his aunt, and had already resolved with all the obstinacy of his nature on another marriage, which had been recommended on his deathbed by the Emperor Charles V. The princess in question was the Archduchess Anne of Austria, the daughter of Maximilian, the King of Hungary and Bohemia, and Doña Maria, Philip's sister, and one of the former guardians of Don Carlos. Philip and Maximilian had, in spite of much early antipathy, seen the advantage of keeping up the family alliance between Austria and Spain, and the sons of Maximilian, the Archdukes Rodolph and Ernest, had been sent to Spain to receive their education. The Emperor Ferdinand, the father of Maximilian, had made overtures to the ambassador of Philip for the marriage of his granddaughter with Don Carlos. The Spanish King was fully alive to the advantages of the alliance. The continuous state of revolt of the Low Countries and the indomitable obstinacy of the heretical party who fostered it, the danger of an alliance between the insurgents and the House of Valois and between the Houses of Valois and Austria, were strong arguments for securing the friendship of the King of the Romans. At the same time, as he became disabused of the notion that it was possible to secure the annexation of England and Scotland to the Spanish monarchy, or to hope for the extinction of Protestantism in those countries, he receded more and more from the project of a marriage with Mary Stuart. On the other hand, Don Carlos had conceived a strong attachment for his cousin; he had seen her portrait and found her features and her person eminently pleasing; he had declared that he would never marry any other person; and on one occasion when riding in the park at Segovia with the Queen Elizabeth, on being asked by his young mother-in-law, after a long interval of silence, where his thoughts were, he replied they were at two hundred leagues from there; and on being pressed again, replied that they were with his cousin. Under the influence of all these considerations Philip proceeded so far that when Catherine de Medicis once more made propositions about the marriage with Marguerite de Valois, he was obliged to say that, as regarded the marriage of his son, he had contracted engagements from which it was impossible to draw back.

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At the same time the antipathy between father and son increased daily, and the delay with which Philip thought it necessary to prolong the negotiations for the Austrian marriage did no little towards increasing it. Philip and Don Carlos were both well aware that a necessary consequence of such a marriage would be that the latter must be provided with some great office of state, and that the government of the Low Countries, for which he had been designated from his early youth, could no longer be refused him.

The Spanish education of Philip had resulted in giving him a nature entirely different from that of the great Emperor, who remained always a Fleming in his tastes, in his frankness and his good humour, his conviviality and his friendly courtesy towards his nobles and attendants. Philip, with the blond hair, blue eyes, and outward appearance of a Fleming, became more Spanish than the Spaniards themselves. His haughtiness, his pride, his reserve, his imperturbable aspect, his abstinence from every show of emotion, the unchangeable *sosiego* which characterised his life and conduct, resumed in a complete manner the peculiarities which distinguished the Spanish grandees of his time. Charles V. could talk fluently in all the languages of Europe; but Philip would use no tongue but the Spanish. Charles would admit freely to his table princes, counsellors, and nobles; but Philip dined always alone. Nobody was considered worthy of sitting at meat with him. Even his queen and his son and his sister were only allowed to partake of that honour from time to time, after intervals of many months' duration. Charles V., when he was escorted home to his palace, turned back and courteously saluted his nobles; he esteemed himself but the first among them. Philip went straight into his apartments, neither looking to the right nor the left. Charles was fond of all manly exercises, and was impassioned for the chase. He was esteemed the best horseman and jouster of his time; he had killed a bull in the arena; he was incessant in travel; in active life he lived in the public gaze; he never avoided war, and exposed his person fearlessly on all occasions in energetic action; he was rapid in decision. Philip detested physical activity; he disliked the turmoil of the battle-field; he hated travel; he loved solitude and seclusion; he expended all his activity in the silent recesses of his cabinet, eternally scrawling marginal notes on despatches; with an obstinate and imperious nature, he was never able to come to any conclusion on any matter, so that he was called the very 'father of indecision,' and it was said he was decided in nothing but in remaining undecided. Charles V., though

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not intemperate, loved good cheer with all the zest of a Fleming, and would not abstain from his game, his trout, his Flemish sausages, his highly-spiced dishes and his beer, however imminent was the risk of a fit of gout. Philip was as reserved in his use of the pleasures of the table as in all other things, and at dinner drank but twice out of a crystal goblet of small size. The only resemblance in his way of living to his father was in his amours, and he does not appear to have been faithful to any of the four wives who successively shared the rigour of his sombre existence. In his dress he was remarkably neat and precise, though never arraying himself like Charles V. in the gorgeous robes of a descendant of the House of Burgundy; but always in black velvet and satin, with shoes likewise of velvet. He never betrayed his inward emotions or change of feeling, and was most courteous and smiling to those on whose destruction he was inflexibly resolved—so that it was said, 'From his smile to his knife there was but the thickness 'of the blade.' Every expression of his face, and every word of his mouth, were framed upon calculation. He was familiar with no one during his whole life, and preserved ever a severe and imperturbable gravity, exhibiting in this a great contrast with Charles V., who was never unwilling to joke with his attendants and found pleasure in a humorous reply. If his Ministers once incurred his disfavour, they never recovered it. He governed Spain with a rod of iron, and a simple tap on the shoulder from the rod of one of his *alguazils* was sufficient to make the greatest criminal or the greatest grandee surrender at discretion. In justice he was inflexible, and never was known to pardon a criminal. He never forgot an injury, and if his vengeance was slow it was implacable.

As a natural consequence of such a disposition, he hated noise, scandal, and all manifestations of an ill-governed nature. It may easily be imagined how odious to such a disposition, how discordant with such habits, were the outbreaks and eccentricities of his son Don Carlos, who concealed nothing, whose word, it was said, was as rapid as his thought, and whose ill-balanced and grotesque nature exploded in daily acts of unseemly violence and brutality. Every extravagant and eccentric incident was immediately carried to the King's ear, who brooded in quiet on the strange nature of his son, and reflected on the evil which he might bring on his government, and the detriment which he must cause to his authority. The virtues his son possessed—generosity, truthfulness, incapacity of dissimulation, and open-hearted dealings with those he esteemed as friends and foes, were precisely the qualities which

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Philip held in suspicion and dislike. While the excesses of food, the outbreaks of temper, the outrages and ill-treatment to which Don Carlos subjected the objects of his aversion, and the scandal of his disorderly conduct in public, were vices which he deemed worse than crimes, because they were not only disgraceful, but useless and prejudicial to his own dignity. The vexation of Don Carlos, on the other hand, at the neglect of his father, and his own political insignificance, found vent in angry speeches, and at no interview could he conceal his ill-humour. His place in the Great Council was a mere mockery, since affairs of real importance were rarely submitted to that body. Such discontent, increased by the procrastinating manner in which Philip carried on the negotiations for his marriage, at last displayed itself in disrespectful jests and sarcasms, which were precisely calculated to wound the pride of the King in its most sensitive part—his conceit of his own kingly dignity, by casting ridicule on his sedentary and secluded habits of government, and his antipathy to an active life.

'He caused to be made,' says Brantôme, 'a blank book 'with a sarcastic title: "Los grandes viajes del rey don '"Felipe," and within there was written from page to page '"El viaje de Madrid al Pardo, del Pardo al Escurial, del '"Escurial á Aranjuez, de Aranjuez á Toledo, de Toledo á '"Valladolid, de Valladolid á Burgos, de Burgos á Madrid; y '"del Pardo á Aranjuez, de Aranjuez al Escurial, del Escurial," '&c.' Philip II. was informed of the existence of the book, and even saw it. His anger was extreme; for King Philip was certainly the last man in the world with whom it was safe to joke. The discontent on both sides took at last the character of aversion, and the Prince extended this feeling to all the ministers and attendants, and to every one whom Philip honoured with his favour and confidence, and showed itself in acts of extreme violence. It is said that he put his hand on his dagger and threatened the life of Don Diego d'Espinosa, the president of the Council of Castille, for preventing a comedian, Cineros, from playing before him, and that he only desisted from extremities when the president fell down upon his knees. Another still more significant act of violence of the Prince is recorded, and gives a renewed proof of the chagrin and anger which he felt at being excluded from the councils of the King. On another occasion when Philip had shut himself up in council with some of his Ministers, Don Carlos arrived and listened at the key-hole, in the sight of the ladies of honour of the Queen and the pages of the court. Don Diego d'Acuña, one of his gentlemen, ventured to suggest how un-

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pleasant a scene would follow if the King were to come out suddenly. Don Carlos nursed a deep resentment for his interference, and on a subsequent occasion struck him with his fist, which drew down on the Prince a severe reprimand from his father, who allowed Don Diego to withdraw from the service of the Prince, and promoted him to a richer benefice about the court.

The intractable nature of Don Carlos only became pliant beneath the unwearying kindness and solicitude of Elizabeth. He who could place no bounds to his imperiousness and arrogance in the case of others, whom all approached with fear and trembling, showed himself full of respect and submission in the presence of the Queen, and obeyed her slightest commands. He sought every means of giving her pleasure, and professed on all occasions the deepest sympathy in her hours of trial and difficulty; and in his account-books there are many records of expenses incurred for presents to Elizabeth and her ladies of honour, with which he sought to show his sense of her compassionate consideration. The few other friends whom Don Carlos possessed—his grandmother the Queen-dowager of Portugal, his old preceptor Honorato Juan, bishop of Osuna, whom he always treated with respect and affection—used every effort to change the sentiments of Don Carlos for Philip; and it may be surmised from the grateful manner in which he responded to their remonstrances, as well as to the attentions of the Queen, that with a kind and considerate treatment much of the rudeness and asperity of his nature might have been subdued.

But the period was now arrived when the troubles of the Low Countries, on the government of which Don Carlos had fixed an obstinate hope, were destined to exercise a powerful influence on the fate of the unhappy Prince. Philip II. on quitting these provinces in 1559, had left behind him a vast amount of discontent, principally owing to infringement of their liberties by placing garrisons of Spanish troops in their strong places and frontier-towns. The free-spirited Flemings were not disposed to become enslaved to the crown of Spain in the same manner as the duchy of Milan and the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily and Sardinia, and Philip, with much ill-will, had been constrained at last to yield to the national wish and remove his troops.

But the great causes of grievance were the rigorous execution of the *placards* (as the edicts of the sovereign were usually styled in the Netherlands) which had been promulgated for the propagation of the Catholic faith and the establishment of

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the papal inquisition. Both these innovations had been introduced by Charles V. The *placards* were of Dominican severity. People were made subject to the penalty of death for even having an heretical book in their possession, and for attending a Calvinistic sermon. Men were to be executed with the sword, women were to be buried alive, and obstinate heretics were to be burnt. During the life of Charles V. these dreadful edicts had excited less opposition from the leniency with which they were carried out. But Philip II. was resolved to have them executed without mercy, ordered his Ministers to proceed upon them with the extremest rigour, without respect of persons, and issued an ordinance enjoining a scrupulous and cruel severity in the persecution of all persons suspected of heresy; he declared repeatedly that he was prepared rather to lose the sovereignty of the Netherlands altogether than make any concessions to the bold remonstrances of the Netherlanders, or to innovators in matters of religion.

The free spirit of the inhabitants resolutely resisted the infraction of their privileges, and ideas of religious freedom took such strong root in the minds of the nobles and burgesses that the conflict between the representatives of Philip and the Inquisition and the whole mass of the people assumed rapidly a more perilous aspect. The people publicly assailed the officers of justice in the execution of their duty, and delivered by force from prison the victims who were destined to the flames. The magistrates themselves declined to carry out the merciless requisitions of the *placards*, and not only refused their aid to the servitors of the Inquisition, but ordered some of its functionaries to be imprisoned. The leading nobles of the Council of State declared for religious toleration; and even in the private council of the King's sister, Margaret of Parma, Ministers recommended a cessation of the persecution of heretics.

Emigration of fugitives on a large scale from the terrors of Philip's government depopulated the country—twenty thousand Flemings settled in London, Sandwich, and their neighbourhoods. The state of the finances in the midst of such confusion was deplorable; and with an empty treasury and a hostile population who refused all votes of supplies, Margaret of Parma determined at last to send the Count of Egmont, the victor of Saint Quentin and of Gravelines, to Spain, to lay before the King the necessity of a change of policy and of immediate assistance to the pressing necessities of the government of the Netherlands. The reception of Egmont by Philip and by the court of Madrid was of a highly flattering nature; the King loaded him with personal favours, and listened to his

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remonstrances with the most gracious condescension; but he changed his policy in nothing; and the Flemish nobleman, one of the most accomplished cavaliers of his time, departed from Madrid without effecting any change in the intolerant resolves of Philip, who signified the result of his deliberations on the subject of the appeal made to him, in letters dated the 17th and 20th of October, 1565, reiterating commands for the strict observance of the *placards*, and the maintenance of the Inquisition in all its authority. 'Sans la religion,' he declared in a French despatch to his sister, 'mes pays de delà ne vauld-'riont rien.' The news of the inflexible resolutions of the King roused up the hidden fires of revolt throughout the Netherlands, where the excessive dearness of corn, and the destitution of the people caused by the stagnation of industry and commerce, added to the fermentation of the public mind, while the government could not rely on the fidelity of their troops, who had remained twenty-seven months without pay. The nobility of the country were irritated in an extreme degree; the governors of the provinces declared that they would not lend the slightest assistance to the burning of fifty or sixty thousand people. The Prince of Orange demanded to be replaced in his public functions. The Marquis de Berghes, who had frequently made a similar request, solicited his dismissal from office, and the Count of Egmont followed his example. The chief towns of Brabant presented strong remonstrances against the King's orders. News reached the Regent of a confederation among the nobility similar to such as had taken place in France; and in the extremity of despair she again determined to appeal to Philip, and selected the Marquis de Berghes and the Baron de Montigny for a mission to Spain, to solicit concessions from the King which could not be refused without rousing a general conflagration throughout the Netherlands.

An accident which confined the Marquis de Berghes to his bed prevented his departure at the same time as Montigny, who arrived at Madrid alone. Each of these noblemen was an object of extreme dislike to Philip, who had been kept well informed of their conduct and expressed opinions. He regarded both as detestable Catholics. Montigny had publicly eaten meat in the Holy Week; both had declared that there was no justification — human or divine — for shedding blood in the cause of religion; and both, with the frankness of Flemings, had spoken in severe terms of the duplicity and intolerance of Philip. Berghes had even gone further. He had asked the dean of Sainte Gudule to show him a passage of

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Holy Writ which justified the burning of heretics, and said that the King, if he would preserve the Low Countries, must be content to be served by heretics, unless he could bring their fathers and grandfathers down from heaven to his assistance. Montigny rendered himself still more suspected by visiting, on his way through France, the great Huguenot family of the Châtillons, to whom he was related and with whom he was in constant intercourse.

Philip, however, with his usual powers of dissimulation, concealed his animosity, and captivated the free Flemish nobleman by an affected affability, and by the patience with which he listened to his representations. Philip, there is every reason to believe, had already resolved to put to death both Montigny and Berghes; but as Berghes was not yet in his power, he continued his game of deception until he should entice him to Madrid, and be able to throw off the mask with advantage. Berghes, who was perfectly conscious of the uselessness of his journey, only undertook the mission at the urgent persuasion of the Duchess of Parma and Egmont, and Montigny. Still suffering from his wound, he arrived at Lusignan, near Poitiers, when he was unable to proceed from the weakness of his health, and despatched his *majordomo* Aguilera to Montigny, to request permission to return home. But Philip, with every expression of interest and concern at the state of the health of the Marquis, lured him, with a letter written by his own hand, into his clutches, from which the doomed man was not intended to escape. Berghes, on his arrival at the Spanish Court, was received by the King with the same cordiality as Montigny; but there was one fatal sign—the chief noblemen of the Court omitted to visit him, a mark of courtesy which they had paid to the fellow-envoy. The King's resolution being irrevocably taken, he amused the Flemish noblemen with every mark of condescension and kindness, till the moment should arrive at which he could dispose of them in secresy and with advantage. The news of the destruction of the churches in the Netherlands, which had been carried out in imitation of the violences of the French Calvinists in 1561 and 1562, served still further to exasperate the Spanish King, and make him more obstinate in his cruel resolves. The signs of inward agitation were more manifest in him than at any other time of his life, and this was evidently one of the greatest crises of his existence.

As regards the subject of the present article, the chief point of interest in this great European movement is how far the destiny of Don Carlos was affected by it. It was believed in the Low

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Countries that Don Carlos entered into relation with the Flemish deputies, and had either partly engaged or made overtures for engaging in a conspiracy against his father in the Low Countries. Catherine de Medicis also declared to Alava, the Spanish ambassador, that she had a similar account from Coligny, who was a relative of Montigny; and Cabrera, the historian of Philip II., confirms the statement. M. Gachard rejects, but on insufficient grounds, all notion of any relation of the Prince either with Egmont or Berghes, or Montigny.

It is in the highest degree improbable that Don Carlos, with whom the government of the Low Countries and his marriage with the Archduchess Anne were fixed ideas, whose hatred of his father and discontent with his position at Madrid were daily growing in intensity, should not have put himself in communication with these Flemish noblemen. And, on the other hand, nothing can be more likely than that Philip, with his suspicious character and his habits of secresy, should have suppressed all record of such a conspiracy, and denied continually all existence of any such intention in the brain of Don Carlos. Few things could be more injurious to his position in the Low Countries than a belief in the public that they had an ally in the Prince of the Asturias, the heir-presumptive of the Spanish monarchy, and that subsequently he fell a martyr to his sympathies with his father's revolted subjects. As regards Berghes and Montigny, Philip had resolved never to allow them to leave Spain, either because he was afraid of their divulging the dangerous knowledge which they had acquired at the Court of Madrid, or because he was afraid of their influence in the Low Countries. He continued to show them a deceitful face of favour, and while pretending to listen favourably to all their proposals for the pacification of the Flemish dominions, wrote despatches to the Regent enjoining the same unchangeable line of policy. Such slight concessions as he was induced to grant with the pen, he, with the usual casuistry of his Jesuitical conscience, revoked inwardly in his mind, and made a written declaration before his confessor that his slight show of leniency was adopted merely as a temporary expedient, and to avoid worse acts for a time. Berghes and Montigny, convinced of the hopelessness of their mission, demanded urgently permission to return to Flanders. He temporised with them as long as temporisation was possible. But his implacable spirit had resolved on their speedy destruction. He was saved the crime of putting to death the Marquis de Berghes, who was seized with a fatal attack of the malady which had long consumed him. When Philip was informed that he had not many hours to live, he

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sent him the permission to leave Spain which he had so long demanded in vain, and after his decease, had magnificent obsequies celebrated for the victim he was about to immolate, in order—to use his own words—to show the esteem in which he and his Ministers held the nobles of the Low Countries. With Montigny he used less ceremony. On the day of the arrival of the news of the imprisonment of the Counts Egmont and Horn, he threw off the mask. The Flemish envoy was seized and shut up in the Alcazar of Segovia, whence he was taken to the castle of Simancas, secretly strangled there on the 16th of October, 1570, and buried by night without ceremony.

In the presence, however, of the great difficulties which beset him in the Netherlands, Philip had convoked the Cortes of Castille, and opened them in great state on the 11th of December, 1566, at his palace at Madrid, surrounded by the great officers of his household, with the Prince his son by his side, seated under the chair of state. The King's address was read by his secretary of state, Francisco de Erasso. He laid before them the necessity of combating the Turks and the Algerines; the troubled state of the Low Countries, owing to the new doctrines in religion, and the consequent commotions of which they had been the cause; his need of supplies to meet the large expenditure of the great work of pacification which he had in hand; and his intention of going in person to the scene of disturbance, to superintend the execution of the remedial measures which the state of affairs rendered necessary. He concluded by declaring the necessitous condition of his treasury, the encumbered situation of the royal patrimony, by reason of the wars of his own and the preceding reign, and the impossibility, without assistance, of fulfilling the duties incumbent on the possessor of the crown. Cristobal de Miranda of Burgos, one of the *procuradores* or deputies, replied in the name of the assembly, in grandiloquent Castilian style, recognising the necessity of combating at the same time the Turk, the great enemy of the Christian name, and the errors and evil doctrines which were being disseminated throughout Christendom. He acknowledged the perilous condition of the Low Countries, which, in part at least, had separated themselves from the communion of the Catholic Church, and abjured at once the obedience due to God and their lawful sovereign. He admitted that the presence of the King in that part of his dominions seemed necessary, but insinuated how grateful it would be to his subjects of Castille could he manage affairs without going there, and added a magnificent eulogy of the

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many holy virtues of the King, and of the felicity and prosperity of his subjects. The orator concluded by an adulatory supplement on the virtues of Don Carlos, which, when contrasted with the approaching tragic destiny of the ill-fated youth, reduces to strange insignificance the value of the high-flown language he had just bestowed upon Philip. 'And this 'felicity and prosperity is the greater as it perpetuates itself 'in the very noble and very powerful Prince our lord, in 'whom admirably shine forth the grandeur, clemency, mag-'nanimity, and magnificence, and other great virtues of your 'Majesty, in most fortunate imitation.'*

To make still more flagrant the vanity of this extravagant adulation, the unfortunate Prince committed before the rising of the Cortes the greatest act of public scandal of which he had yet been guilty, and that in the presence of the Cortes themselves. The deputies deliberated upon the position of affairs, and the nature of the government to be established in the King's absence. The majority were of opinion that the Prince of the Asturias should remain at Madrid as the lieutenant-general of his father, and occupy the same position as Philip had occupied in the absence of Charles V. Don Carlos became acquainted with the tenor of their propositions; but he had sworn to accompany the King to Flanders, and had begun to make arrangements for the journey, the early and constant object of his desires. Philip quitted Madrid, according to his custom at the epoch of the great religious festivals, to pass Christmas at the Escurial. Don Carlos profited by his absence to go alone to the chamber of the Cortes, and, after having assured himself that all the *procuradores* were present, addressed them in a violent speech, declaring his fixed intention to go to Flanders with the King, reproaching them with having expressed a wish that he should marry with his aunt—since he found it strange that they should meddle with the affairs of his marriage at all—and threatening with his implacable vengeance all who should venture to interfere in these matters in any way. After which he turned his back on the *procuradores*, stupefied at this unexpected display of violence.

In spite of the strict injunctions of the Prince to secresy, the words which he had uttered became known all over Madrid. Don Carlos from this time laid aside all care for

* 'Y esta felicidad y bienaventuranza es tanto mayor quanto mas se perpetua en el muy alto y muy poderoso principe nuestro Señor, en quien admirablemente resplendece la grandeza, clemencia, magnanimidad y magnificencia, aun las otras virtudes de vuestra Majestad, en una felicísima imitacion.'

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public opinion, and behaved in so reckless and violent a manner, that he offered some excuse to Philip for the acts of severity which cut short his eccentric career. Indeed the extravagance of his subsequent conduct can only be explained by a strong vein of insanity in his nature; it is by no means improbable that the accident to the head, which we have related, and the operation of trepanning the skull, performed on Don Carlos, may have caused some permanent lesion of the brain and affected his mental faculties in after life. It is impossible to say how far this tendency was brought out and developed by the harsh treatment of his father, the uncongenial atmosphere in which he lived, and the absence of any occupation for a spirit anxious for employment and a position becoming his rank; but that his wild follies and disorders arose in great part from these causes there can be no doubt whatever. He gave blows to one of his attendant gentlemen, called another by opprobious names, drew his dagger upon another, caused children to be beaten, and, according to the historian Cabrera, wanted to burn a house down, because some water had fallen upon him from one of the windows. His violence extended itself even to animals; he maimed the horses in his own stables, and so illtreated one which his father held in particular affection that the unfortunate animal died in a few days. At the same time these cruelties and eccentricities were not unaccompanied with generous actions; for among the list of his expenses may be found proofs that he paid the charges of the education of children thrown upon the world without resources, notwithstanding that he was at this time much embarrassed with debt.

Moreover, he allowed the few whom he held in affection to remonstrate with him on the folly of his conduct. The Doctor Hernan Suarez de Toledo, the *alcade de casa y corte*, the master of his household, from early times had succeeded in winning his confidence, and responded to the goodwill of the Prince with unremitting devotion. Letters of the most urgent character are extant in which Suarez appealed pathetically to his young Prince to change his habits and his conduct, and from these we learn that Don Carlos had ceased to make regular confession, and that there were 'terrible things,' '*cosas 'terribles*,' which if discovered, and in the case of another person, would place his young master in the power of the Inquisition, to know if he were Christian or no—*para saber si era cristiano ò no.* These letters, as bold in substance as they were respectful in form, did not diminish the affection of Don Carlos for the writer; since he subsequently signed a bond pro-

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mising Suarez 10,000 ducats for the marriage of his daughters, and styled him therein his very great friend, '*mi grandísimo amigo*;' but he did not change his conduct in the slightest degree.

On the contrary, he began now to behave as insolently to the highest personages of the state as he had behaved to his own attendants. Whether Philip ever really intended to go to Flanders cannot now be determined; all the immense expenditure to which he put himself and the country by way of preparing for it may have been, in his very double-dealing nature, merely a blind to mislead public opinion. On the other hand, his perplexity about his journey must have been increased by the rebellious nature of his son. If Philip went in company with Don Carlos, the Prince would be a mark for the intrigues of heretics and rebels, and might add to his difficulties in that quarter. If he left him behind in Spain, he might be the source of endless embarrassment to the home government. For the time at least he decided to remain in Spain, and to send the Duke of Alva in his place on that mission of massacre and terror which has made his name infamous for all time. The Duke went to take his leave of Philip at Aranjuez; and as the Prince was also there he could not dispense with the visit of ceremony which was his due. Don Carlos immediately on his entrance flew into a fit of violent fury; he declared that he alone, Don Carlos, ought to have the mission to Flanders, and threatened to kill the Duke if he took his place. Alva endeavoured to mitigate the anger of the Prince with every argument in his power and every show of respect, but in vain. Don Carlos drew his dagger upon him and made two attempts to stab his visitor, from which he was only prevented by the superior strength of his antagonist. After this scene of violence, Philip, either from dissimulation, or from a wish to see if better treatment would moderate the violent nature of his son, conferred upon Don Carlos several marks of favour—he named him President of the Council of State and of War; gave him complete jurisdiction in several matters of government, increased his pension from sixty thousand to a hundred thousand ducats; and made him a formal promise to take him to the Netherlands. For some time the relations between father and son improved, and Don Carlos fulfilled the duties of his new functions with industry and regularity. But according to the statement of the King's confessor made to the ambassador of Venice, this improvement was of short duration; and the Prince, in spite of his increase of pension, continued to contract debts to a very large amount; he

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threatened the life of a Genoese banker who had refused to advance him 100,000 crowns, and bought jewels of immense value when he had not a ducat of his own to pay for them.

After endless tergiversation and circuitous long-winded letters to the Pope and to the Emperor, Philip finally announced his determination not to go himself to the Netherlands, and this resolution deranged all the projects and expectations of Don Carlos. His establishment in the Netherlands was farther off than ever, his marriage with the Archduchess Anne, the subject of never-ending negotiations and of incessant appeals to the inflexible Philip, both from himself and the Emperor Maximilian, who persisted in desiring the union, in spite of full knowledge of the eccentricities and violence of Don Carlos, was indefinitely postponed, and he was obliged to remain at Madrid, subject to the espionage and authority of a father whom he hated and despised. His detestation of the King increased to madness incapable of control, and he began now to entertain the project of a secret flight from Spain, and to make all preparations for putting it into execution. The idea was no new one with him. Such an escape from an intolerable state of existence had been frequently the subject of his deliberations. To put his plan into execution he had need of a large sum of money, and he had none. At Madrid his credit was exhausted; but he sent two of his gentlemen of the bedchamber to Toledo, to Medina del Campo, to Valladolid, and to Burgos to endeavour to raise funds; but some few thousands of ducats were all they were able to collect, and six hundred thousand, according to his calculation, were at least necessary for his journey. He sent anew to Seville one of his confidants, with twelve letters of credit in blank, signed with his own hand, and with strict injunctions to secresy and caution; but this mission likewise seems to have been without much result. He next sent letters of invitation to several of the leading grandees, to accompany him on a journey of great importance. Four replied affirmatively, but the rest either in an evasive manner, or by sending his letters to the King. He prepared likewise a number of other letters addressed to the King, to the Pope, and all the chief princes of Europe, and to the principal officers of state and the chief men of Spain, to be despatched as soon as he should have started from Madrid, explaining the reason of his meditated flight, giving a history of his ill-treatment, and setting forth all causes of grievance against his father. With a character so imprudent and wild as that of the Prince, it was impossible that any of these measures could have been taken

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without the knowledge of Philip. The preparations of Don Carlos lasted for several months, and that Philip made no attempt, as a kind and considerate father, to remonstrate with his son increases our opinion of the harshness and insensibility of his character. With his usual duplicity, he gave no signs of displeasure when he met the Prince in public or private. On the contrary, he showed him such a smiling countenance as he was wont to show to those whom he was about to destroy. And nothing can be more clear than that he purposely let him go to ruin his own way.

But another prince was concerned in bringing about the tragic catastrophe, whose conduct one could wish to judge with less severity. The gallant and romantic nature of Don Juan of Austria, his splendid achievements, our acquaintance both from history and art with his noble form and bearing, and the interest excited by his premature end, excite regret that any suspicion should exist of his having played false to Don Carlos, and having conspired to betray the unhappy youth's follies and rashness to his implacable father. Don Carlos was, we have seen, brought up as a youth with his uncle Don Juan, as a companion in his studies and his sports. Indeed, since 1559 they had rarely quitted each other. He had given all his affection and his confidence to the future victor of Lepanto, and always said that Don Juan was his best friend in the world. They were on terms of the most familiar intimacy. In the account-books of Don Carlos the list of expenses incurred for presents made by the Prince to Don Juan form no mean item; and when the King, in the very previous month of October, conferred on Don Juan the supreme command of the Spanish navy, Don Carlos had, in spite of his antipathy to his father, made a journey to the Escurial, for the express purpose of giving thanks for the promotion of his fellow-student and comrade.

Don Carlos counted then on the assistance of Don Juan in his flight, since he had determined to embark in a ship at Carthagena, which was naturally under the orders of the new 'general de la mar.' Accordingly, on Christmas-eve, 1567, he sent for Don Juan, and explaining to him his intentions, demanded his aid, and asked him, with magnificent promises, to attach himself to his fortunes. Don Juan, who was prudent as well as ambitious, and had been treated with great favour by Philip, was naturally not ready to attach himself to the fortunes of so wild and strange a character as his nephew. He endeavoured to dissuade him from his projects by exposing their difficulties and perils. But as

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Don Carlos refused to listen to his reasons, he asked for twenty-four hours for reflection. He departed, and on the morrow, after writing to Don Carlos, and causing the report to be spread about Madrid that he had been suddenly called to the Escurial on affairs of state, went and narrated the whole interview to the King. Philip allowed no expression in his outward demeanour to notify the perplexity he was in or the nature of the resolve he had taken. He made no change in the performance of the public ceremonies he had fixed for the ensuing festival, although a new incident occurred which convinced him further, if he still wanted convincing, of the implacable enmity in which his son now held him. It was necessary that Don Carlos should publicly take the sacrament at Christmas, and should accordingly obtain previous absolution. Don Carlos had, in the course of confession to one of his spiritual advisers, declared that he nourished a deadly hate against a person whose name he concealed, and the monk to whom he addressed himself refused him absolution, and advised him to consult some theologians. The Prince appealed to a body of fourteen monks of the monastery of Atocha and two others, to reverse the decision of his confessor. He argued the matter with them in vain, and demanded at last that he might receive an unconsecrated wafer in public, so that he might appear to have gone through the rite of communion and avoid scandal. His theological council cried out that he requested them to sanction an act of sacrilege. The debate, nevertheless, lasted till two o'clock in the morning; at the close of which the prior of Atocha was able, by adroit and wily interrogation, to get from the Prince the name of his enemy, and the whole affair was revealed to the King. Three weeks elapsed, and the King made no sign. On the contrary, on his return to Madrid Don Carlos and his father met in the apartment of the Queen. The Prince treated Philip with all due respect, and the King showed no sign of the slightest discontent. On quitting, however, the apartment of the Queen, Don Carlos took Don Juan, who was in attendance on the King, to his own apartment, and shut the door. The exact nature of the interview between them cannot be known; but according to the most trustworthy account, Don Carlos informed Don Juan that his preparations for flight were all made, that post horses had been ordered all along the road to Carthagena, and insisted on having the despatches necessary for his embarkation before midnight on that very evening. Don Juan tried to gain time. He treacherously persuaded the Prince to put off his journey till the morrow, and promised to return at mid-day, and make all due arrangements for the proposed

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evasion. With this promise, the Prince allowed Don Juan to leave his apartment, upon which the latter went straight to the King, and informed him of what had just taken place.

This interview with Don Juan was on Saturday the 17th of January. Philip had resolved to have the Prince arrested on the night of the Sunday; but he allowed not a trace of trouble or perplexity to appear in his outward bearing. He received ambassadors, attended mass with the Prince in his suite, and not a person present could remember a sign that anything unusual was about to happen. Only some of the persons of the Court remarked that frequent messages passed backwards and forwards between the King and the President of his Council, Espinosa—him whom Don Carlos had once threatened with his dagger. Don Carlos expected Don Juan on the morrow, according to his promise; but received an evasive note, putting off his visit till the following Wednesday. Then, indeed, the Prince seems to have suspected that the King knew all. He took to his bed, on the pretext of ill health, to avoid being sent for. At six in the evening he rose, and at half-past eight supped on a boiled chicken, the only food he had taken during the day, and went to bed again immediately afterwards. Philip kept himself informed from minute to minute of the way in which his son passed his time throughout the day. As soon as he knew that he was in bed he began to complete the arrangements for the arrest of the Prince, and proceeded to immediate execution. At eleven at night he sent for Ruy Gomez, the Duke of Feria, the prior Don Antonio, and Luis Quijada. The King had a helmet on his head, armour under his clothes, and a sword under his arm. After a short address from Philip, the whole party descended to the apartment of the Prince; two gentlemen-in-waiting, two of the domestics of the royal chamber, carrying hammers and nails for fastening up the Prince's windows, followed them, as well as a lieutenant and twelve men of the King's body-guard. Feria marched first with a light in his hand, and the party proceeded through the dark corridors of the palace to the apartment of the Prince, who had fondly dreamed of gaining, on this very day, a liberty he had never known. Don Carlos was asleep, still in a sort of fancied security, for he had caused a French clockmaker, De Foix, in the service of Philip, to execute a contrivance for barricading his door in the inside, in such a way that, by means of ropes and pulleys, he might be able to open it while in bed; but Philip had taken the precaution of getting De Foix to make such alterations, unknown to the Prince, as rendered the arrangement useless. He slept, moreover, with a sword and dagger,

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and a loaded arquebuse under his pillow; and there can be no doubt that had he not been surprised, he would either have made a desperate resistance or would have destroyed himself. Philip's minister entered first, and found no difficulty in coming suddenly upon the sleeping youth, and seizing his arms. The noise and the light awoke the Prince, who started up, crying, 'Who is there?' The 'Council of State' was the reply. Don Carlos made a rush from his bed to get at other weapons, which he had concealed in his room, when the King appeared. 'What does this mean?' said the Prince. 'Will 'your Majesty kill me?' The King exhorted him to return to his bed, and to remain quiet; saying that he would soon know his determination; that there was no question of doing him harm, but that all was for his good, and his soul's welfare. He ordered his chamber-attendants to nail up the windows of the Prince, to take away every weapon and piece of iron from the room, even the fire-dogs from the chimney, and presided over a search he ordered to be made for his son's papers, which were found in a box and carried to the King's cabinet.* All the money found in the room was likewise removed. In the extremity of anguish and despair, the young Prince threw himself at the knees of his father, and said, 'Let your Majesty kill me, 'and not arrest me; for it will be a great scandal for these king-'doms. If your Majesty does not kill me, I will kill myself.' The King replied, 'If you kill yourself, it will prove that 'you are mad.' 'I am not mad,' replied the Prince, 'but 'driven to despair by the ill-treatment of your Majesty.' The rebellious spirit of the unhappy Prince broke down in the extremity of his situation and despair. He burst into sobs of grief and inarticulate words, in which reproaches against his father for his tyranny and his hardness of heart were alone intelligible. 'I will no longer treat you as father,' said Philip, 'but as king.'

The hopeless and friendless youth took silently again to his bed, and Philip gave orders for his being kept in so sure a guard that the Prince was from henceforward as much cut off from the world as though he had already been interred in the vaults of the Escurial. The Duke of Feria was to keep personal watch over him, assisted by Ruy Gomez, the prior Don Antonio, and Luis Quijada, so that one or the other

* Among his papers were found lists of his friends and his enemies; among the former were written the Queen. The Venetian Ambassador says the Queen was characterised as 'amorevoglissima.' Don Juan was described as 'suo carissimo e dilettissimo zio.'

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of them was never to leave the Prince day or night. The Count de Lerma and Don Rodrigo de Mendoza were to be in attendance on the prisoner; but were not to allow him to have verbal or written intercourse with a single human being, and were to observe and make report of every action. 'I count,' said the King to these six gentlemen, 'on the fidelity and loyalty 'which you have sworn to observe.'

Having thus reduced his son to the most miserable of human conditions, Philip showed in public not a sign of emotion in his imperturbable face, and the ambassadors, in narrating the event, wrote to their courts with wonder and astonishment at his calm demeanour as something quite miraculous. Philip, however, had reserved to himself the privilege of giving notice of this great event to the world. Until his despatches were ready for the chief courts of Europe, for his great nobles, the great cities, the religious orders and the chief authorities of Aragon, Valencia, Navarre, and Catalonia, not a horseman or footman was allowed to pass without the gates of Madrid. For the most part he gave only general reasons of pressing necessities of state for the measures he had adopted. To the Emperor Maximilian and his Empress, and to the Pope Pius V. he was, however, more explicit. Ruy Gomez gave information to the Ambassadors of France, Venice, and England of what had happened, and subsequently communicated to them such a version of the King's reasons for so acting as he chose to communicate.

The first letter of the English ambassador, Sir John Mann, giving intelligence of the event, was as follows:—

'Sir, yesternight the 18th of this present, at ten o'clock at night, the Kyng, armed under his night-gowne, went to the prynces his sonnes lodging to apprehend him, accompanied with a great nomber of his gard, and commytted him unto the keeping of the captayne of his gard to ward him theare for that nyght. This morning I am enformed that he gyveth order to send him to Tordesillas or to Toledo, to remayne theare in close prison. Yt is bruited that he practysed the Kyng his father's death. The certencie I know not yet. The Kyng found a pistolet hydden under the prynces bedd, which hee toke away with him. The matter was discovered by the prynces godlie father. This being so strange I thought (good) the Quene's Majestie shold understand with all speed. As other thinges shall fall oute, I will advertise you with diligence and so take leave of you for this tyme.

'From the corte of Spayne in Madrid of Castyle, the 19th of January, 1567. Your most humble servant, 'Jo. Man.

'To the right honorable Sir William Cecyll, knyght, pryncipall secretary to the Queene's most excellent Majestie, and master of Her Highness lyveries.'

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In a second letter, dated the 28th of July, 1567, Sir John Mann gives the King's reasons for the arrest of Don Carlos, communicated to him 'by Wri Gomez (*sic*), for the advertise-'ment of her Majestie.' Sir John Mann, who shows himself a finished Spanish courtier in this letter, accepts the justification of 'the prynces godlie father' completely. Wri Gomez informed Sir John Mann that Philip's intention was only to keep the Prince 'sequestrate as a prisonner for a tyme, hoping thereby 'somewhat to mollefie the extremitie of his stubborn stomake, 'and to reduce him to better comformitie and human behaviour, 'wheren, as His Majestie shall see certen hope of good amend-'ment, so meaneth to relent and to deale with him accord-'inglie.' The sequel proved how much truth there was in this latter part of Wri Gomez' asseverations.

Such an event, the arrest of the first-born child and only son of the most powerful monarch of his time by his own father, could not but excite an immense interest and curiosity in Spain and throughout Europe. In Spain, the person who most lamented his misfortunes was the gentle-hearted Queen Elizabeth, herself destined to share, within a very short time, the premature end of her step-son. The sweet-natured lady mourned over the misfortune of the heir-apparent as though, as she herself said, he had been her own child. She had herself sufficient experience of Philip's insensible nature to feel that with such a father the poor boy had been something worse than an orphan, and that it was hardly possible that he could, with such a character, and under such a system of neglect, isolation, and stern treatment, have turned out other than he became. For nearly two months after the arrest of the Prince, the sorrow of the Queen was so excessive that her health suffered, and that to a dangerous degree, since she was far advanced in pregnancy. It was not indeed a very animating prospect for a young wife and mother to have to live with, and bear children to, so inhuman and pitiless an incarnation of tyranny. The Princess Doña Juana forgot the repugnance which her nephew had shown for a union with herself, and partook of the sorrow of the Queen. Don Juan of Austria, as though out of remorse for the part he had played, wore mourning in public, till the King, in displeasure, ordered him to desist. The Duke de l'Infantado, the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, and other grandees, whose political importance had been annihilated during the two last reigns, and whose privileges were reduced to the solitary one of wearing their hats in the royal presence, replied to the King's letter in terms evidently concerted between them, and of no significance. The *Condestable* of Castille alone showed an inde-

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pendent spirit, which wounded the pride of Philip, for he declared that since the grandees had sworn fidelity to the Prince, he thought it strange that the King should deprive him of his liberty without demanding their advice. For the rest, in the words of the historian Cabrera, prudent people in the streets of Madrid, at mention of the strange event, placed their finger on their lips. The bolder made no scruple of blaming strongly such an act of severity; and among the common people, by whom the government of Philip was detested, the fate of the young Prince was deplored. Milder treatment, it was said, would have cured him of many of his weaknesses; and a king, it was argued, who had such small regard for his children, would have even less for his subjects. At the Court, however, the courtier spirit prevailed, and while in the garrets of the poor the sad fate of the imprisoned heir of the monarchy was daily lamented, within the walls of the palace, as the Genoese envoy said, there was, in a short space of time, no more word spoken about the Prince 'than as if he were already among the dead, 'where, I think, he may be reckoned.'

Every precaution, indeed, was taken by Philip to envelope the wretched existence of his son in a silence and mystery as impenetrable as that of the tomb; but nevertheless with such interested sojourners at the Spanish Court as the Papal Nuncio and the Ambassadors of Venice, France, and Austria, it was impossible but that some of the incidents of his captivity should transpire abroad, and become registered for the instruction of their courts and of posterity. It is from the despatches of these foreign envoys brought to light and studied in our own time that the true story of his imprisonment and death, so far as it is possible to be told, has at length been discovered.

The captivity of Don Carlos lasted six months, and was, as is known, terminated by his death. That public rumour should immediately attribute his demise to a violent cause, and make Philip the author of it, could not be otherwise than expected. The practice of private assassination not unfamiliar to the king, the opportune removal of so great a cause of perplexity and trouble, and the dark mystery which enveloped the prison-chamber of the defenceless and solitary captive, all conspired to make such a story credible. The mass of the people in Spain would hear of no other version, and subsequent historians, taking up the common rumour, repeated it with many variations. De Thou declares that Philip poisoned his son with a bowl of broth; Llorente that he gave him a slow poison; Pierre Mathieu that he had been strangled; Brantôme that he caused him to be smothered; and Saint-Simon that he was beheaded, and

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buried with his head between his legs. As all of these accounts could not be true, the probability was that none of them were so. But if Philip did not bring about the death of his son by actual violence, he cannot be acquitted of having, by cruelty and a terrible captivity, driven him to such a state of despair that he looked upon death as the only escape from his miseries. Don Carlos, after vainly attempting to starve himself to death, sought for a release in a manner as unromantic as his life and his person, and succeeded in finding it in the end.

The Prince, within a few days after the period of his first arrest, received intimation that his habitation was to be changed. The old mediæval palace of the kings of Spain, enlarged by Charles V. and burnt down in 1734, was a far different structure from the enormous modern edifice which now occupies its place. The apartment of Don Carlos was in one of the entresols; at the end of his apartment was a tower which had a single window and but one entrance. This confined space was assigned to him for a prison. The window was barred so as to let the light come in from above only. The fireplace was grated in with iron to hinder the prisoner from throwing himself into the fire. In the wall an opening was made into the next chamber, filled in with a trellis of strong woodwork. Through this he was to have the opportunity of being present at mass, which was to be performed for him in the next room. The rest of the apartment of Don Carlos was given up to Ruy Gomez, who occupied it with his wife, the famous Princess of Eboli, and thus the mistress of Philip was in a manner the gaoler of the Prince. With the exception of the Count of Lerma, not one of his old attendants, not even Louis Quijada, the old companion of Charles V. at the monastery of Yuste, was to remain with him. Five fresh noblemen were, together with Ruy Gomez, appointed for his service. There was but one gentleman in his service for whom Don Carlos had real affection—Don Rodrigo de Mendoza, a young courtier of great nobility of character and high intelligence. When the unhappy Prince received intelligence of these changes from Ruy Gomez, he made but one question, 'And Don Rodrigo de Mendoza, my friend, 'does His Majesty take him away likewise?' 'Yes, my lord.' Don Carlos sent for Mendoza, and, holding him in his arms, said, 'Don Rodrigo, I regret not to have shown by my 'actions the love I have, and always shall have, for you. May 'it please God that some day I may be in a situation to give 'you proof of it.' And, with eyes full of tears, he embraced him so passionately that it was with difficulty they were

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separated, and the Prince was severed from the last friendly face he was doomed to see. All his household were now dismissed, the horses of his stables divided among various persons, of whom Don Juan was one, and some of his attendants pressed into the service of the King. Don Carlos now abandoned himself utterly to despair. These measures left him without a gleam of hope. There could be no doubt that the King had resolved to immure him for life. The prospect, at the age of twenty-two, of an existence to be passed within the narrow and gloomy walls of a dungeon, to hear no more the sound of a friendly voice, and to be ever under the guard and espionage of the great enemy of his life, Ruy Gomez, seemed intolerable. He exclaimed, that a prince so outraged and dishonoured ought not to live. He resolved to die. As he was without a single weapon of any kind, he endeavoured at first to starve himself. He refused to eat for days together; he succeeded so far as to reduce his body to a ghastly state of emaciation. His eyes sank into their orbits, and his debility became so great that his medical attendants thought, on the last day of February, he could not recover.

The King was informed of his condition, but he replied, 'He will eat as soon as he is hungry.' Nature, indeed, proved too strong for the unhappy Prince, and he again took food. While the King, to show how little he was touched by the despair of his son, laid down anew, on the 2nd of March, a series of rules for the *surveillance* of the prisoner of the most rigorous severity. Don Carlos, on recovering his strength, made another abortive attempt to kill himself by swallowing a diamond ring which he carried on his finger. After this he became for a while more resigned, and showed signs of great contrition and amendment of character; and as though to prove that the reports which Philip and his Ministers circulated of his madness were untrue, he prepared himself for the religious solemnities of Easter with an exemplary show of piety. He made confession of his own accord to Fray Diego de Chaves, his spiritual adviser, and prepared himself for the sacrament with fasting and prayer. Fray Diego requested permission of the King to administer the sacrament to the Prince; but Philip hesitated to grant it; he was afraid of the impression which the news of the communion of the Prince betokening a pious and satisfactory frame of mind in the eyes of his confessor, would produce upon the world. The delay which was thus opposed to the pious wish of the Prince affected him with the deepest grief and desolation. His confessor endeavoured to appease him with various pretexts till he received the requisite permission

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from Philip, who, finding after consulting his theological advisers that he could no longer refuse, hastened by despatches to the Emperor and the Pope to explain that such a proceeding by no means indicated a return to a sound state of mind on the part of Don Carlos, but had been permitted only out of regard to the representations of his confessor. Nevertheless under the influence of religious sentiments and the chastening influence of the trials which had befallen him, the nature of Don Carlos had become quite changed—he had grown gentle and calm, and from henceforward not a word of hatred or contempt against his father escaped from his lips. A reconciliation between Philip and his son seemed possible to all who knew the change which had taken place in him, and many thought that three months of such severe seclusion was sufficient punishment for his follies and his faults. No repentance in Don Carlos, however, no human advocacy, would have availed to soften the implacable resolve of Philip, and the patience and resignation of the Prince failed him anew amid the frightful monotony and gloom and desolation of his life. He resolved once more on self-destruction, and this time he chose a method by which he could more certainly get rid of the burden of so terrible and humiliating an existence. He now determined to destroy his health by committing every excess within his power, and subjected his body to every trial which he could impose upon it; and there can be no doubt that Philip speedily apprehended the intentions of the Prince and lent himself with good will to further them as far as he could with prudence. Most of what we know of the manner in which the Prince compassed his end we learn from Philip's own despatches. From them we gather that the Prince passed his days and nights entirely without clothes, with his window open. That he paced the narrow bounds of his prison with bare feet after it was daily watered. That he put ice in his bed; ate sometimes immoderately of all kinds of indigestible fruits; and that for eleven days together he took nothing but immense draughts of iced water, which he drank at all hours. Such is the King's own account of the origin of Don Carlos's illness, and the seclusion of the prisoner of the tower under the guardianship of Ruy Gomez was so strict that no means exist for its contradiction. Only the ambassador of Venice was informed by one of those most intimate with the secrets of the palace, 'that the young Prince was kept in such a state, that 'if he did not lose his reason, it would be a proof that he had 'already lost it.' However, some details of the days preceding his death have escaped from the secresy of his prison-

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chamber, which were consigned in the reports of the ambassadors at the Court of Madrid. About the middle of the month of July, a huge pasty highly seasoned, containing four partridges, was served at the table of Don Carlos. Although he had already eaten of several other dishes, he devoured the entire pasty; and to appease the violent thirst which seized him after so immoderate a repast, drank an immense quantity of water iced with snow. His system being already in a most disorganised state from the abuses to which he had daily subjected it, a violent fit of indigestion, vomiting, and other signs of a dangerous character were the result. The doctors were called in, but the Prince refused to take any of their remedies. On the 19th of July his condition was considered hopeless. The Prince viewed the signs of his approaching end with satisfaction, while a transformation took place in his language and sentiments which astonished all who surrounded him.

Assured of a speedy termination to his sorrows, he directed all the forces of his mind towards putting his soul at peace with the world, and preparing for another life. He made confession to Fray Diego de Chaves with exemplary devotion; and as the vomitings, which were unremitting, did not permit of his taking the holy sacrament, he adored it with all marks of humility and perfect contrition. He consented to receive the care of his doctors, and demanded to see his father; but Philip not only refused for himself, but declined to let the Queen or Doña Juana visit the dying penitent, or to send him a single word of kindness. The Prince now dictated anew his last will, by which he provided for the payment of some of his debts, prayed the King to discharge the rest, and recommended to him the officers of his household, whom he acknowledged he had often maltreated. After many gifts to pious uses and to his friends, to show that he forgave all injuries, he left presents to several of his principal enemies, including Ruy Gomez, whom he regarded as the chief author of all his misfortunes.

The saint to whom he paid especial devotion was Saint James of Compostella, whose feast was to be celebrated on the 25th of July. He expressed a wish to die on the eve of that day, but he found his strength decrease so rapidly that he feared that he should not live to see it. He died at one on the morning of the 24th. He continued to the last moment in his sentiments of resignation to Divine mercy, and expressed forgiveness for his father, for Ruy Gomez, and all concerned in his detention. He adored to the last moment a crucifix, which he caused to be placed on his breast, and a short time

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before he gave up his last breath took, in example of Charles V., a taper into his hand; and invited those by his bedside to repeat the prayer the Emperor himself had used on that occasion, and pronounced himself words among which were distinguished, '*Deus propitius esto mihi peccatori.*' A few minutes before his end the gown of a Franciscan friar and the hood of a Dominican were laid upon his bed, and in these, according to his desire, his corpse was laid out and buried.

Ruy Gomez, as the grand master of the Prince, conducted the funeral, which took place the same evening in royal state; the mockery of funereal pomp, heraldic blazonry, and the mourning mantles of nobles and princes were never more unmeaningly displayed. The body was temporarily placed at the monastery of Saint Dominic to await its final journey to the Escurial. A long line of monks and friars led the procession. The body was carried by the Dukes of Infantado, of Medina de Rioseco, by the Prince of Eboli, the Prior Antonio of Toledo, the Constable of Castille, the Marquises of Sarria and Aquilar, the Counts Olivarez, Chinchon, Lerma, Orgaz, and the Viceroy of Peru. The Bishop of Pampeluna walked behind the body assisted by his chaplains, in capes of black brocade. Then came on the right the Nuncio in the middle of the ambassadors, on the left the Councils of State and the Court, and, lastly, the Archdukes Rodolph and Ernest. The King saw the procession pass from a window of the palace.

The death of Don Carlos caused in Spain universal grief. His end was lamented both by the nobles and by the people. The nobility, whose part in the government had been reduced to the empty privileges of waiting in the antechamber and figuring in state ceremony, and who felt their insignificance the more from the gloomy austerity and haughty seclusion of a Monarch, shrouding his councils and his throne from their sight in a cloud of impenetrable darkness, hoped that the frank and generous qualities which undoubtedly existed in the nature of Don Carlos would, when he mounted the throne, find pleasure in giving the monarchy its old aspect, and in admitting the nobility to their ancient share in its administration. The people likewise looked forward to a change of government of a more liberal and humane aspect, and a deliverance from the oppressive terror and gloom which weighed heavily on the whole nation; and the fervency of such hopes is vividly expressed in the popular poetry of the time—the most undeniable testimony of national feeling. But perhaps the most convincing proof that the nature of Don Carlos was not so incorrigible as Philip and his courtiers endeavoured to have it

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represented, is to be found in a despatch of the Baron von Dietrichstein, in which he gives an account of a conversation which he held a short time before the death of Don Carlos with Fray Diego de Chaves, the confessor of the Prince; and who, from having been placed in that position by Philip himself, may naturally be supposed not to have been hostile to the King. The confessor assured Dietrichstein that the Prince was as good a Catholic, and had as firm a belief in the truths of religion, as was possible. That not only had he never entertained the notion of attempting the life of his father, but such an idea had never entered his head. He said that Don Carlos had many defects which he would neither deny nor excuse, but added, that in his opinion, these were to be attributed rather to the defects of his education and to the stubbornness of nature which characterised him, than to any want of reason; that he trusted the punishment inflicted upon him would serve as a *correctio morum*, and teach him to know himself; and that in time if that were realised, as he Fray Diego de Chaves believed, he was persuaded that Don Carlos would become a good and virtuous prince, for that really good qualities were to be observed in him by the side of his vices.

The opinion of Brantôme, who had known the Prince, coincides with that of the confessor. 'I believe,' he wrote, 'that 'after the Prince had cast away his wild passions, like the 'young colts, and had passed the great heats of his first youth, 'he would have become a very great prince, and a warrior 'and a statesman.'

The Emperor Maximilian likewise persevered, as long as the Prince was alive, in entertaining hopes of the restoration of Don Carlos to liberty, and of the permanent reformation of his life and character. He continued to reiterate supplications to the King in behalf of his unfortunate nephew, and never abandoned the idea that the engagement to the Archduchess Anne was still to be fulfilled, and he declined all consideration of a French proposal for the hand of his daughter, who herself became seriously indisposed from sympathy with the misfortunes of her betrothed Prince. Finding that his prayers by letter were of no avail to change the purpose of Philip, he resolved, first, to go himself to Madrid and use his personal entreaty with his brother-in-law, but the affairs of Germany making it impossible for him to quit Vienna, he determined to despatch his brother the Archduke Charles with an autograph letter. The departure of the Archduke was fixed for the 4th of September, but a short time before that date, news of the death of Don Carlos reached Vienna.

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The disturbed condition of Germany, and the exasperated state of public feeling caused by the arbitrary acts and the sanguinary cruelties of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, still rendered the journey of the Archduke Charles desirable, who accordingly started from Vienna on the 22nd of October, and reached Madrid on the 10th of December; while on the road, he had intelligence of the death of the gentle-hearted Isabella de la Paz, at the age of twenty-three, surviving Don Carlos not much more than two months. The Archduke had received instructions to obtain the consent of the King to the marriage of the Archduchess Anne with Charles IX.; but when informed of the death of the Queen of Spain, Maximilian changed his plans, and the hand of the Archduchess was offered to Philip himself, who thus became, by another singular caprice of destiny, for a second time the husband of a princess who had been betrothed to his unfortunate son.

This, his fourth wife, Philip also was destined to survive. She was, however, the longest-lived of all his queens, dying in 1580. Their married life thus lasted ten years. Philip had by her the son who succeeded him, Philip III., endowed with a gloomy nature more congenial to his own than the wild and impetuous Don Carlos. By Elizabeth of Valois, Philip II. had two daughters, one of whom, Catherine, married Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy; the other, Clara Isabella, was his favourite child, and attended him on his death-bed; this princess, during the time of the League, was put forward as a claimant for the crown of France on the extinction of the males of the House of Valois, she eventually married the Archduke Albert, and became Regent of the Low Countries. Mr. Motley relates that it was with reference to her that Philip formed the inconceivable design of a marriage with his own daughter.

The body of Don Carlos was subsequently removed to the Mausoleum of the Escurial; the mystery which enveloped his fate, and a tradition of his having been decapitated, caused his coffin to be twice violated and laid open—once in 1795 by a monk of the Escurial, who has left a written account of his examination, and subsequently by Colonel Bory de Saint-Vincent, of the French army, in 1812. The former visitor satisfied himself that the head was unsevered from the body. From the result of both investigations it appeared that Don Carlos when he died was in a very attenuated condition, and Colonel Bory found a good deal of the hair of the unfortunate Prince red and brittle with the action of time and of the quick-lime with which the coffin was filled up.

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ART. II.—1. *A History of the Oyster and the Oyster Fisheries.* By T. C. EYTON, F.L.S., F.Z.S. London: 1858.

2. *Voyage d'Exploration sur le Littoral de la France et de l'Italie.* Par M. COSTE, Membre de l'Institut, deuxième édition, suivie de nouveaux documents sur les Pêches Fluviales et Marines, publiée par Ordre de S. M. l'Empereur. Paris: 1861.

3. *The Oyster, where, how, and when to find, breed, cook, and eat it.* London: 1863.

4. *The Harvest of the Sea: a Contribution to the Natural and Economic History of the British Food-Fisheries.* By JAMES G. BERTRAM. London: 1865.

5. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Sea Fisheries of the United Kingdom.* 1866.

6. *Successful Oyster Culture.* By HARRY LOBB, Esq., Director of the South of England Oyster Company. 1867.

'OYSTERS,' says old Fuller, 'are the only meat which men 'eat alive and yet account it no cruelty.' The idea of eating any creature whilst still alive does, it must be confessed, savour a little of ferocity, and, as King James was wont to say, 'he was a very valiant man who first ventured on 'eating of oysters;'* or as the poet Gay has sung of the first raw-oyster eater in the well-known lines:—

> 'The man had sure a palate covered o'er
> With brass or steel that on the rocky shore
> First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
> And risked the living morsel down his throat.'

The popular idea with regard to eating raw oysters is that the animal is killed as soon as

> 'The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
> And the salt liquor streams between her hands.'

But this is a mistake; if the oyster is not dead before it is opened, it is undoubtedly swallowed alive.

* Similar is the language of the German physician Linsenbahrt, or Lentilius as he is more frequently called, who appears to have held very decided opinions in his day, and to have abominated the 'breedy creatures' of which he thus speaks:—'Animal est aspectu 'et horridum et nauseosum, sive id spectes in sua concha clausum, 'sive apertum, ut audax fuisse credi queat, qui primum ea labris 'admovit.'

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Of all molluscous animals the oyster is commercially the most important, and gastronomically the most delicious. For centuries it has held a prominent place amongst the delicacies of the table in antiquity as well as in modern society. From the abundance of oyster-shells, together with flint-knives and other stone implements, found in the 'kitchen-'middings' of Denmark, it is evident that the men of the stone-age consumed large quantities of this shell-fish. But where do we first find historical mention of oysters? Did the ancient Egyptian ever press between his teeth the dainty mollusc? Does the oyster figure on the monuments of that remarkable people? Although, as Sir G. Wilkinson tells us, the Egyptians were not contented with the abundance of fish afforded by the Nile, but constructed within their grounds spacious sluices or ponds for fish like the vivaria of the Romans, where they fed them for the table, and where they amused themselves by angling and the dexterous use of the trident, it does not appear that they had any knowledge of ostreoculture, and it is doubtful whether these molluscs ever formed part of their food. 'Of the division of the animal 'kingdom, the Mollusca, containing shell fish, nothing is known 'which connects any of them with the religion of Egypt.'* Though oysters and other conchiferous molluscs were not disallowed as food for the ancient Jews by any precise definition in the Levitical law, there can be no doubt that they would be regarded as 'abominable things.'

It has been supposed that Homer alludes to oysters in the following lines, where Patroclus insults the charioteer of Hector, as he falls from his chariot:—

> Ὦ πόποι, ἦ μάλ' ἐλαφρὸς ἀνήρ, ὡς ῥεῖα κυβιστᾷ·
> Εἰ δή που καὶ πόντῳ ἐν ἰχθυόεντι γένοιτο,
> Πολλοὺς ἂν κορέσειεν ἀνὴρ ὅδε, τήθεα δυφῶν·—*Il.* xvi. 745–7.

'Ye gods, how active the man is, how gracefully he dives; 'if he were anywhere in the fish-producing sea, this fellow 'might satisfy many, diving for oysters.' But it is very doubtful whether the Greek word *τήθεα* denotes oysters; it occurs nowhere else in Homer, nor does the poet ever make use of the ordinary word for an oyster, namely, *ὄστρεον* or *ὄστρειον*. It is true that Athenæus says that the *τῆθος* and the *ὄστρεον* are the same; but his assertion cannot be reconciled with other passages where the words occur. Thus Archestratus of Syracuse—no mean authority on everything

* Ancient Egyptians, vol. iii. p. 53, and vol. v. p. 125.

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that relates to fish—speaks of Abydos as the best place for ὄστρεια and Chalcedon for τήθεα, in the very same book; and Aristotle has given us so precise a description of the τήθεα as to leave not a shadow of doubt that the tunicated molluscs or *ascidia* are denoted by the term. As the old Greeks ate sea-urchins, limpets, sea-anemones, balani, &c. we see no reason why they should not have swallowed tunicated molluscs: a species of this family is at present eaten in South America; when boiled or roasted it is said to taste like lobster. Oysters were highly appreciated by the Sicilians, who were noted for their love of good living. Those found in Abydos were held in great estimation by all who knew how to appreciate the *Siculæ dapes*. Aristotle was well acquainted with oysters, but nowhere lets us know whether he was ever in the habit of tickling his philosophic throat with the dainty morsels. He uses the term ὄστρεα, sometimes to denote conchiferous molluscs generally, at other times, oysters proper. In the concluding chapters of the Timæus, in which Plato inculcates the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls, after having disposed of the probable future estate of those men who have lived effeminately—they were to be changed into women—and those who have passed their time frivolously, they were to be changed into birds, and those who had paid no attention to philosophy, they were to be turned into beasts—assigns the state of fishes and oysters and other aquatic creatures to those people who were thoroughly ignorant and without thought. In the Phædrus * he speaks of the soul being fettered to the body like an oyster to its shell.

References to oysters as articles of food in Greek authors are rare. With the exception of certain fragments from writers which Athenæus has preserved, very little is worthy of being recorded. 'The Greeks have not said much in praise 'of oysters; but they knew nothing of Britain beyond its 'name, and looked upon it very much in the same light as we 'now regard the regions of the Esquimaux; and as to the 'little dabs of watery pulps found in the Mediterranean, what 'are they but oysters in name?'† But the Romans, it is clear, paid considerable attention to the cultivation of oysters, and consumed vast quantities of them; and although there was some difference of opinion as to their wholesomeness as food, on the whole Roman taste was decidedly in their favour. Pliny has given us some valuable information on the subject, from which it appears that the modern system of oyster-culture

* Phædr. xxx. c. † The Oyster, &c.

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that has attracted so much attention in the last few years both at home and abroad, was pursued by the old Romans, even as early as the time of L. Crassus, the orator. His remarks are worth transcribing:—

'The first person who formed artificial oyster-beds (*ostrearium vivaria*) was Sergius Orata, who established them at Baiæ, in the time of L. Crassus, the orator, just before the Marsic War (circ. B.C. 95). This was done by him, not for the gratification of gluttony, but of avarice, as he contrived to make a large income by this exercise of his ingenuity. He was the first, too, to invent hanging baths, and after buying villas and trimming them up, he would every now and then sell them again. He, too, was the first to adjudge the pre-eminence for delicacy of flavour to the oysters of Lake Lucrinus; for every kind of aquatic animal is superior in one place to what it is in another. Thus, for instance, the best wolf-fish of the Tiber is caught between the two bridges, and the turbot of Ravenna is the most esteemed, the muræna of Sicily, the elops of Rhodes; the same, too, as to the other kinds, not to go through all the items of the culinary catalogue. The British shores had not as yet sent their supplies, at the time when Orata thus ennobled the Lucrine oysters; at a later period, however, it was thought worth while to fetch oysters all the way from Brundisium at the very extremity of Italy; and in order that there might exist no rivalry between the two flavours a plan has been more recently hit upon of feeding the oysters of Brundisium in Lake Lucrinus, famished as they must naturally be after so long a journey.'*

We have here an early notice of people gathering oysters from one locality and transporting them to other feeding grounds. Sergius Orata's name must descend to posterity in connexion with a very important and lucrative trade. He was a successful cultivator of oysters, and could always supply them to the Roman epicure from his own parks. Let the storms blow as they list and the waves of the sea beat against the coast, Sergius Orata can always provide the oyster-eater with the dainties he loves so much.† But although in Orata's days no

* Nat. Hist. vol. vi. p. 469, ed. Bohn.

† 'Ne gulam Neptuni arbitrio subjectam haberet, peculiaria sibi maria excogitavit, æstuariis intercipiendo fluctus, pisciumque diversos greges separatis molibus includendo, ut nulla tam sæva tempestas incideret, qua non Oratæ mensæ varietate ferculorum abundarent. Ædificiis etiam spatiosis et excelsis deserta ad id tempus ora Lucrini lacus pressit, quo recentiore usu conchyliorum frueretur. Ubi dum se publicæ aquæ cupidius immergit, cum Considio publicano judicium nactus est. In quo L. Crassus, adversus illum causam agens, *errare suum Considium*, dixit, *quod putaret Oratam, remotum a lacu, cariturum ostreis; namque ea, si inde petere non licuisset, in tegulis reperturum.*' (Valerius Maximus, ix. 1. § 1.)

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legislative enactments were in force forbidding the removal or sale of the molluscs, yet it appears the course of oyster-rearing did not always run smooth, for a certain Considius thought that Orata was encroaching too much upon public property in the buildings he had erected upon the Lucrine Lake, and the great oyster-cultivator had to go to law in the matter. What were the particular points touched upon by the plaintiff, and what the defence on the other side, history does not inform us; but L. Crassus, the celebrated special pleader, whose oratorical powers might possibly have been aided by a preliminary enjoyment of a score of Lucrine natives, was the defendant's counsel. All we know is, that he assured his excellent friend Considius that he had made a great mistake if he supposed Orata's removal from the lake would prevent him rearing oysters, for if not allowed to cultivate them there, he would grow them upon the roof of his house.

M. Coste informs us that two antique vases have been discovered in Italy, upon which vivaria are depicted:—

'These monuments,' he says, 'consist of two glass funereal vases. Their form is that of an antique bottle, wide in the body and long in the neck. Their exterior surface is covered with perspective designs in which, in spite of the clumsy drawing, we can recognise vivaria contiguous to certain edifices and communicating with the sea by arcades. And were it possible to have any doubts as to their situation and topographical position, these would be dissipated by the accompanying inscription. We read on the base of one of them..... STAGNVM PALATIVM (a name formerly borne by the villa possessed by Nero on the shores of the Lucrine), and lower down OSTREARIA. The other vase, which had been preserved in the Borgiano Museum at Rome, and now in the Propaganda, of which M. G. B. de' Rossi has given an excellent description, bears the following inscription written above the objects figured, STAGNVM NERONIS, OSTREARIA. STAGNVM, SYLVA, BAIA, which plainly shows that the prospect represented has been drawn from buildings and places on the famous shore of Baia and Pozzuoli.'*

M. Coste has given an engraving of these vases in his valuable work. But although to Sergius Orata is evidently due the merit of having first established oyster-parks amongst the Romans, it appears from the fragments of Agatharcides (circ. B.C. 140) preserved by Photius† that the Æthiopians were not altogether ignorant of the art, for the Greek historian of Cnidus speaks of 'the people wandering along the shores of 'the Arabian Gulf in search of shell-fish which are found

* Voyage d'Exploration, p. 98.

† Photii Bibliotheca, c. xiii. p. 1345, ed. Hoeschellius, 1653.

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'there of a size so vast as to be thought incredible by all who 'had not seen them. These they collect, and while as yet 'there is a plentiful supply of fish, put in stews, where they 'fatten them on newly gathered sea-weed and the heads of 'minute fish, so as to be ready for food in times of scarcity.' What the giant molluscs are does not appear; but the passage is interesting as showing the early practice of fattening shell-fish in vivaria.

Pliny has written much about oysters, and the information he gives is curious. He says that for a long time past the palm has been awarded to them at our tables as a most exquisite dish. We are told they love fresh water and spots where numerous rivers discharge themselves into the sea, hence it is that the *pelagia* (or deep-sea oysters) are of such small size and so few in number:—

'Still, however, we do find them breeding among rocks and in places far remote from the contact of fresh water, as in the neighbourhood of Grynium and of Myrina, for example. Generally speaking, they increase in size with the increase of the moon; but it is at the beginning of summer more particularly and when the rays of the sun penetrate the shallow water that they are swollen with an abundance of milk. . . . Oysters are of various colours; in Spain they are red, in Illyricum of a tawny hue, and at Circeii black, both in meat and shell. But in every country those oysters are the most highly esteemed that are compact without being slimy from their secretions and are remarkable more for their thickness than their breadth. They should never be taken in either muddy or sandy spots, but from a firm hard bottom; the meat should be short in fibre and not fleshy, nor overloaded with fringe ("beard"), and should lie wholly in the cavity of the shell. Persons of experience in these matters add another characteristic; a fine purple thread should run round the beard, this being looked upon as a sign of superior quality. These they call by the name of "calliblephara," or oysters with beautiful eyebrows. Oysters are all the better for travelling and being removed to new waters. Thus the oysters of Brundisium, it is thought, when fed in the waters of Avernus, both retain their own native juices and acquire the flavour of those of Lake Lucrinus.' (*Nat. Hist.* lib. xxxii. cap. 21.)

Pliny next quotes Mucianus—who appears to have been a sort of Frank Buckland in his day as an authority on oysters—on the question of the best kinds:—

'Those of Cyzicus are larger than those of Lake Lucrinus, fresher than those of the British coasts, sweeter than those of Medulæ, with more flavour than those of Ephesus, more plump than those of Lucas, less slimy than those of Coryphas, more delicate than those of Istria, and whiter than those of Circeii.'

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But the Roman naturalist did not agree with Mucianus, though so high an authority:—

'Notwithstanding this opinion,' he says, 'it is quite certain that no oysters can compare with those of Circeii in point of sweetness and delicacy of flavour.'

British oysters were first brought to the notice of Roman gourmets in the time of Agrippa (A.D. 78). Having introduced among the inhabitants of these islands the civilisation of Rome, Agrippa afterwards imported to Rome the oysters of Britain. The far-famed Rutupians were taken from the shores of Kent in the neighbourhood of Richborough, and appear to have been thoroughly appreciated. Juvenal, satirising the gastronomic excesses so prevalent in his time, alludes to our 'natives' in these lines:—

'And in our days none understood so well
The science of good eating; he could tell,
At the first relish, if his oysters fed
On the Rutupian or the Lucrine bed:
And from a crab or lobster's colour name
The country, nay the district, whence it came.'
(*Sat.* iv. 139.)

The ancients, like ourselves, were in the habit of taking a few oysters as a prelude to the dinner.

'Dromeas the parasite,' says Athenæus,* 'when some one once asked him whether the banquets in the city or at Chalcis were the best, said that the prelude (προοίμιον) to the banquets at Chalcis was superior to the whole entertainment at the city—calling the multitude of oysters served up the prelude to the banquet.'

When L. Cornelius Lentulus (circ. B.C. 50) was installed as Flamen of Mars by L. J. Cæsar the augur, he gave a most sumptuous repast to a number of guests in his house which had been gorgeously decorated for the occasion. Macrobius, the grammarian, has given us the 'bill of fare,' which so far as we are able to translate the passage, was as follows:—Before dinner: sea-urchins, raw oysters ad libitum, pelorides, spondyli, the fish turdus, asparagus. Next course: fat fowls, oyster patties, pelorides, black and white balani. Next course: spondyli, glycomarides, sea-anemones, beccaficos, &c. &c.

Oysters were no doubt in ancient times, as now, often eaten at supper. Juvenal speaks of the 'Venus Ebria' supping on large oysters and strong Falernian wine:

'Who at deep midnight on fat oysters sups
And froths with unguents her Falernian cups.' (*Sat.* iv. 300.)

* Deipnosoph. iv. 8.

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Of all ancient devourers of oysters Vitellius—'the beastly 'Vitellius' as Gibbon calls him—appears to have been the greatest. That Emperor is said to have eaten oysters nearly all day long, and to have swallowed as many as a thousand at a sitting; and though there must be exaggeration here, yet when we remember the disgusting habit practised by the Romans, and notably by Vitellius, of whose gormandising powers Suetonius writes, 'Facile omnibus sufficiens, vomi-'tandi consuetudine,' it is easy to understand how vast numbers might have been consumed by one oyster-eater. The 'dull unrelenting Tiberius,' 'the furious Caligula,' the profligate and cruel Nero, were all probably consumers of oysters to a large amount. Tiberius, or, as he was sometimes jocularly called 'Biberius,' from his drinking propensities, actually presented a person of the name of Asellius Sabinus with 200 sesterces for a dialogue in which he represents a contest between mushrooms, beccaficos, oysters, and thrushes, as to which has the best claim to superiority.

'When the Emperor Trajan was in Parthia,' as we are told by Athenæus, 'at a distance of many days' journey from the sea, Apicius sent him fresh oysters, which he had kept so by a clever contrivance of his own; real oysters, not like the sham anchovies which the cook of Nicomedes, King of the Bithynians, made in imitation of the real fish, and set before the King, when he expressed a wish for anchovies, he, too, at the time being a long way from the sea.'

But the oyster had its detractors amongst the ancients, as well as amongst ourselves. Seneca— a very different style of philosopher from the author of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ'—thus launches forth against many good things, and the mud-fattened mollusc amongst the number:—'Dii boni, quantum 'hominum unus venter exercet! Quid? tu illos boletos, vo-'luptarium venenum, nihil occulti operis judicas facere, etiam-'si præsentanei non furant? Quid? tu illam æstivam nivem 'non putas callum jecinoribus obducere? Quid? illa ostrea, 'inertissimam carnem, cœno saginatam, nihil existimas limosæ 'gravitatis inferre?'* In another letter he says that, after having listened to Attilus declaiming against vices and follies, he for ever renounced oysters and mushrooms, for such things cannot properly be called food, and are mere provocatives of the appetite, causing those who are already full to eat more, a thing no doubt very pleasant to gluttons, who like to stuff themselves with such food as very readily slips down and very readily returns.†

* Epist. 95.

† Epist. 108.

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The ancients ate oysters raw and cooked in various ways, some preferring the raw dainties, others some made dish. Again, as to their medicinal properties, there was much difference of opinion. Mnesitheus, in his treatise on comestibles, says oysters, cockles, and mussels, and similar things, are not very digestible, because of a sort of saline moisture which has a peculiar effect on the bowels. Roasted oysters, he says, if cleverly done, are very free from any sort of inconvenience, for all the evil properties are destroyed by the fire.

A peculiar kind of bread was eaten with oysters, called by Pliny *panis ostrearius*, but in what its peculiarity consisted we are nowhere told. Apicius gives the following receipts for cooking oysters: (1.) 'Pepper, lovage,* the yolk of an egg, 'vinegar, liquor from oysters, oil and wine; you may add 'honey if you like.' † (2.) 'Oysters seasoned with cummin, 'pepper, lovage, parsley, dry mint, malobathrum leaves, 'cummin in greater proportion, honey, vinegar, and oyster 'liquor.'

Oppian has given an account of the mode in which, as he supposed, the *κάρκινος*, a kind of crab, gains admittance to the inside of an oyster. The fisherman

'will observe the *κάρκινος* as it lies upon the sea-moss beach, and will praise and admire its cunning devices; for the Deity has provided it with wisdom to feed on oysters, as food at once pleasant and easily secured. For when the oyster unlocks the fastenings of its valves, to lick the ooze and to take in water, as it lies upon the shingly bottom, the *κάρκινος* at the edge of the sea takes up a small pebble, and carries it in his sharp claws. He then stealthily approaches the oyster, and places the stone inside it; and sitting down beside him, revels in a dainty food; but the oyster has not strength to shut his double door, though ever so anxious to do so; so it is kept open till the oyster dies, and the crab is satiated.' ‡

Star-fishes, especially the common five-fingers, are notorious enemies to oysters and consume vast quantities. To this subject we must return by and by. The fact was well known to the ancients, though the mode by which the echinoderm is able to get at the inside of the mollusc was not understood by the worthies of classic times.

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* Lovage (*ligusticum*) is an umbelliferous plant of strong aromatic flavour; it is the *Ligusticum levisticum* of Linnæus. A species, the *Ligusticum Scoticum*, is found in Scotland, Ireland, and the north of England.

† De Opsoniis, ix. cap. vi. In Ostreis.

‡ Halieut. ii. 167.

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'The prickly *star* creeps on with like deceit,
To force the oyster from his close retreat.
When gaping lids their widen'd void display
The watchful *star* thrusts in a pointed ray,
Of all his treasure sports the rifled case,
And empty shells the sandy hillocks grace.' *

Various ancient authors were of opinion that the moon had peculiar influence over oysters and other shell-fish. Thus Lucilius, in one of his fragments, says:—

'Luna alit ostrea, et implet echinos, maribu' fibras
Et pecui addit.'

Similarly Manilius:—

'Si submersa fretis concharum et carcere clausa,
Ad lunæ motum variant animalia corpus.'

Horace, too, was of the same opinion:—

'Lubrica nascentes implent conchylia lunæ.'†

Nor did the idea prevail only with the poets; Cicero accepted it as a well-ascertained fact. 'Ostreis et conchyliis,' he says, 'omnibus contingit, ut cum luna pariter crescant pariterque 'decrescant.'‡

The following story is told by Aulus Gellius:—

'The poet Annianus on his Falerian estate was wont to spend the time of vintage in a jovial and agreeable way, and he had invited me and several other friends to pass those days with him. When we were at supper there, a large quantity of oysters was brought from Rome; but when they were set before us, they proved, though many, yet all poor and thin. The moon (remarked Annianus) is now in truth waning, and on that account the oyster, like other things, is lean and void of juice. We asked what other things waste when the moon is old? Do you remember, said he, what Lucilius says:—"Those very things which grow with the moon's increase pine away as it wanes; the eyes of cats become fuller or smaller according to the changes of the moon. But that is still more surprising which I have read in Plutarch, that the onion becomes green and flourishing as the moon wastes away, and dries up again as the moon increases; and this is the cause, say the Egyptian priests, why the Pelusians do not eat the onion; because it alone of all potherbs has its turns of diminishing and increasing contrary to those of the moon.'

It is curious to observe that this folly about the moon's

* Halieut. ii. 180–185. Ed. Schneider. Jones' Translat. p. 75. Ælian (Nat. Hist. ix. 22) has given precisely the same story.

† Sat. II. 4. See also Pliny, N.H. ii. cap. 41.

‡ De Div. ii. 14.

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influence on oysters continued to form a part of the popular creed even so late as 1666; for in the 'Philosophical Transactions' of that year travellers to India are solicited to inquire 'whether the shell-fishes that are in these parts plump and in 'season at the full moon, and lean and out of season at the 'new, are found to have contrary constitutions in the East 'Indies:' to which the answer was returned, 'I find it so here, 'by experience at Batavia in oysters and crabs.'

The Romans, like ourselves, were in the habit of sending presents of oysters to their friends, who it is probable returned the compliment in the shape of a boar's head, fat ducks, or some other welcome produce of the farm. Ausonius wrote a very amusing letter to his friend Theon, who had sent him only thirty oysters as a present:—

'Accepi, dilecte Theon, numerabile munus.
Verum quot fuerint, subjecta monosticha signant.'

The oysters were fine, but so few, so very easily counted—they were just three times his ten fingers, or Gorgon's heads if you multiply them by ten, or

'Twice fifteen and nothing more,
Bakers' dozens two, and four,
Twenty-two plus eight, and then
Two full scores, deducting ten.'

Martial ridicules Papilus for dining so niggardly himself, and yet making expensive presents to friends for the sake of ostentation. Oysters are enumerated amongst the dainties:—

'For thyself if the tail of a pilchard thou broil,
And on festivals swill a bean soup without oil;
Teat, boar, hare, shampinions and oysters and mullet
Thou bestow'st—my poor Pap has nor palate nor gullet.'
(*Ep.* vii. 78.)

In another place he speaks of the dark beards of oysters,

'Et ostreorum rapere lividos cirros,' (*Ep.* vii. 20.)

as one of the dishes which the gluttonous Sanctra was fond of pilfering off the table.

Oyster-shells were used by the ancient Romans in medicine and as a cement; cuttle-fish bones and oyster-shells finely reduced to powder to cure wounds and ulcers, eruptions on infants' skins, chilblains, and as tooth-powder. Palladius* recommends a cement made of figs, pitch, and powdered oyster-shells for repairing baths.

* De Re Rust. i. 41.

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'In all countries,' says Mr. Bertram, 'there are records of the excessive fondness of great men for oysters. Cervantes was an oyster-lover, and he satirised the oyster-dealers of Spain. Louis XI., careful lest scholarship should become deficient in France, feasted the learned doctors of the Sorbonne once a year on oysters; and another Louis invested his cook with an order of nobility as a reward for his oyster cookery. Napoleon also was an oyster-lover; so was Rousseau; and Turgot used to eat a hundred or two just to whet his appetite for breakfast. Invitations to a dish of oysters were common in the literary and artistic circles of Paris at the latter end of last century. The Encyclopedists were particularly fond of oysters. Helvetius, Diderot, the Abbé Raynal, Voltaire, and others were confirmed oyster-men. Before the Revolution, the violent politicians were in the habit of constantly frequenting the Parisian oyster-shops; and Danton, Robespierre, and others were fond of the oyster in their days of innocence. The great Napoleon, on the eve of his battles, used to partake of the bivalve; and Cambacérès was famous for his shell-fish banquets. Even at this day the consumption of oysters in Paris is enormous. According to recent statistics, the quantity eaten there is one million a day! Among our English celebrities, Alexander Pope was an oyster-eater of taste, and so was Dean Swift, who was fond of lobsters as well. Thomson, of "The Seasons," who knew all goood things, knew how good a thing an oyster was. The learned Dr. Richard Bentley could never pass an oyster-shop without having a few; and there have been hundreds of subsequent Englishmen who, without coming up to Bentley in other respects, have resembled him in this. The Scottish philosophers, too, of the last century—Hume, Dugald Stewart, Cullen, &c.—used frequently to indulge in the "whiskered pandores" of their day and generation. "Oyster-ploys," as they were called, were frequently held in the quaint and dingy taverns of the old town of Edinburgh. These Edinburgh oyster taverns of the old time were usually situated under ground, in the cellar-floor; and even in the course of the long winter evenings the carriage of the quality folks would be found rattling up and setting down fashionable ladies, to partake of oysters and porter, plenteously but rudely served. What oysters have been to the intellect of Edinburgh in later times, who needs to be told that has heard of Christopher North and read the "Noctes Ambrosianæ."' (*Harvest of the Sea*, p. 244.)

It may not, at first sight, seem probable that there can be anything of particular interest in an oyster considered zoologically. The apparently senseless acephalous creature, which shrinks not at the rude touch of the oyster-knife, when once the valves have been fairly opened scarce looks like a living animal. Hence it was the opinion of Galen that oysters were a sort of hybrid production between animals and plants. But the oyster, though without a head and brains, has a mouth, stomach, and intestinal tract. If an oyster be

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carefully opened without injuring his structure, and examined in a shallow trough of water, the mouth may be seen readily enough: it is situated near the hinge, and is concealed by the folds of the mantle and the two pairs of labial laminated tentacles. The mouth is a simple transverse orifice without teeth or any triturating organ, and leads almost directly into the stomach, the sides of which are perforated by the large hepatic ducts coming from the liver, in the centre of which the stomach is imbedded. The liver, which is of a green colour—on which account it is readily distinguished from the other viscera—consists of a number of small follicles; the biliary secretions are poured into the stomach through the openings already alluded to; the intestine after forming certain circumvolutions round the other viscera, terminates in an opening on the other side of the shell from that on which the mouth is situated. The hard muscular mass of white substance which the knife has severed is the adductor muscle, by means of which the animal is enabled to open and shut the valves: in front of this substance careful dissection will reveal a double membranous organ, semi-triangular in form, and partly chocolate partly light yellow colour, and about the size of two small peas. This is the oyster's heart, which may be seen to pulsate slowly and somewhat irregularly. This double organ consists of an auricle and a ventricle, the contractions of which latter organ send the blood through the entire system. After being oxygenated in the branchial vessels, it returns again into the auricle, thence into the ventricle to be again propelled through the system. This branchial apparatus consists of two pairs of membranous plates, beautifully striated and floating within the cavity of the shell when in its native water: if a small portion be placed on a slip of glass with a little salt water and viewed under the microscope (with magnifying power of about 300), a beautiful spectacle will be seen; the thousands of tiny cilia lash the water incessantly, thus causing fresh currents of water to aerate the blood which flows through the branchial vessels. This is the portion of the oyster commonly called the 'beard' or the 'gills.' It has long been a matter of dispute as to whether oysters were monœcious or diœcious; whether, that is, the animal is of separate sexes. We believe that some naturalists still assert that there are male and female individuals. But the hermaphrodite nature of the oyster is as clear as possible. At the proper season of the year—we speak from our own experience—the ova and milt may be readily seen in the same individual.

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The embryological history of oysters has been carefully observed by M. Coste, who gives the following interesting particulars:—

'At the proper season, which is ordinarily from June till the end of September, oysters spawn, but, unlike many marine animals, they do not abandon their eggs. They incubate them within the folds of the mantle, between the branchial lamina, where they remain immersed in a mucous matter necessary to their evolution, and within which the embryonic development is accomplished. Thus united, the mass formed by these eggs resembles thick cream in colour and consistency; hence those oysters whose mantle contains spawn are called "milky oysters." But the whitish tint so characteristic of the recently-laid eggs takes gradually, as the evolution proceeds, a shade of light yellow, then a darker yellow, and ends by degenerating into brownish-grey, or into a decided violet-grey. The whole mass having at the same time lost its fluidity, in consequence, probably, of the gradual absorption of the mucous substance surrounding the eggs, has the aspect of compact matter. This state shows that the development is drawing near its completion, and that the expulsion of the embryos and their independent existence is near at hand, for already they are able to live without the protection afforded by the maternal organs. In fact, very soon the mother rejects the young hatched in the mantle. Forth they issue, provided with a transitory swimming apparatus, which enables them to scatter themselves far and wide, and to go in search of some solid body to which they may attach themselves. This apparatus, discovered by Dr. Davaine, and described in the remarkable work undertaken and executed by him, under the auspices of M. Rayer, my fellow-member in the Académie des Sciences, is formed by a kind of ciliated pad, provided with powerful muscles, by the aid of which the animal can at will protrude it from its valves and again retract it. When the young oyster has managed to fix itself, this pad, henceforth useless, falls off, or, what is more usual, grows smaller on the spot and disappears by degrees. The number of young ones thus expelled at each emission from the mantle of one single mother cannot be less than from one to two millions; so at the time when all the adult individuals composing an oyster-bank give birth to their offspring, this living dust issues forth like a thick cloud, which, dispersing far from the spot whence it emanated, and scattered by the movements of the water, leaves upon the cultch (*souche*) only an imperceptible part of the produce; all the rest disperses, and if these animalcules, wandering here and there by myriads at the mercy of the waves, do not meet with something solid on which to fix themselves, their death is certain; for those which have not become a prey to the inferior animals which feed on infusoria, end by falling into a medium unsuitable to their ulterior development, and often by being swallowed up by the mud.' (*Voyage d'Exploration*, p. 93.)

We have given a short account of the digestive, the circulating, and the reproductive organs of an oyster; it only re-

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mains for us to say a few words on its nervous system, which consists of anterior and posterior ganglions united by exceedingly fine nervous filaments. The anterior ganglions in the oyster, as in the Monomyarian Conchifera generally, are situated near the mouth and are very small:—

'They send a principal filament to each of the palps; and a cord proceeds from them to the anterior part of the mantle which covers the mouth; another runs from the ganglion of one side to that of the other, passing above the œsophagus; and from the posterior angle several branches are detached to the liver, the stomach, and the branchiæ. Among these there is one, and sometimes two, which resting on the internal aspect of the central muscles, bend obliquely over its surface, and finally unite occasionally to form a small posterior ganglion. This ganglion sends branches to the heart, to the ovary, and to the posterior parts of the mantle. The parallel cords traverse the thin part of the mantle, sometimes radiating in a slight degree, and divide into numerous branches within its thick margin and the tentacular ciliary processes which fringe it.'

Such is the organisation of an animal we do not hesitate to put alive into our mouths and swallow whole or masticate according to our individual tastes!

Possessed of a nervous system of great simplicity, we cannot expect an oyster to be a highly gifted animal; its sensibilities are obscure and its instincts limited; nevertheless, as has been well observed—

'The enjoyments even of the oyster are not so few and unvaried as on a first glance we might deem they were. Among the numberless happy creatures which crowd our world, the shell-fish, and the still more helpless ascidiæ, play, it is true, no obtrusive part, yet neither do they mar the scene by their deprivations. The performance of every function with which their Creator has endowed them, brings with it as much pleasure and happiness as their organisation admits of; in the gentle agitation of the water which floats around them, in its varied temperature, in the work of capturing their prey, in the imbibition and expulsion of the fluid necessary to respiration, &c., they will find both business and amusement; and in due season love visits even these phlegmatic things, whose "icy bosoms feel the secret fire."'

According to Milne Edwards oysters are susceptible of being educated to a small extent! In the great oyster establishments on the coasts of Calvados this distinguished naturalist

'learned that the merchants teach these succulent molluscs to keep their shells closed when out of the water, by which means they retain the water in their shells, keep their gills moist, and arrive lively in Paris. The process is this: No sooner is an oyster taken

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from the sea than it closes its shells, and opens them only after a certain time—from "fatigue," it is said, but more probably because the shock it received, and which caused its muscles to contract, has passed away. The men take advantage of this to exercise the oysters, and make them accustomed to be out of water, by removing them daily into the atmosphere, and leaving them there for longer and longer periods. This has the desired effect; the well-educated mollusc keeps his shell closed for many consecutive hours, and as long as the shell is closed his gills are kept moist.' *

As the oyster, as we have seen, is possessed of mouth, stomach, and intestine, it is reasonable to conclude† that these organs are for the purpose of taking and assimilating food; this consists of numerous forms of marine infusorial animalcules, the spores of sea-weed, desmidiæ, diatomaceæ, &c. That such is the food of the oyster may be readily seen by taking a small portion of the contents of the stomach of an oyster fresh from its bed and examining it under the microscope.

'Some people have asserted,' as Mr. Bertram writes, 'that the oyster can reproduce its kind in twenty weeks, and that in ten months it is full grown. Both of these assertions are pure nonsense. At the age of three months an oyster is not much bigger than a pea; and the age at which reproduction begins has never been accurately ascertained, but it is thought about three years.' (*Harvest of the Sea*, p. 338.)

Mr. Bertram considers a pin's head may represent the size of an oyster a fortnight old; a pea one three months old; a threepenny piece, a sixpence, and a small florin may represent the oyster of the age of five, eight, and twelve months respectively. 'Oysters are usually four years old before they are 'sent to the London market. At the age of five years the 'oyster is, I think, in its prime; and some of our most intel-'ligent fishermen think its average duration of life to be ten 'years.'

'If we cannot answer the Fool's question in Lear,' writes the author of an amusing little book on the oyster, 'and "tell how an oyster makes his shell," we can nevertheless tell by his shell what is his age. A London oyster-man, says a Correspondent of No. 623 of the "Family Herald," can tell the ages of his shell to a nicety. The age of an oyster is not to be found out by looking into its mouth. It bears its years upon its back. Everybody who has handled an oyster-shell must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. They are technically termed shoots, and each of them marks a year's growth, so that by counting them we can determine at a glance the

* Lewes' Sea-Side Studies, p. 339.

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year when the creature came into the world. Up to the time of its maturity, the shoots are regular and successive; but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster-shells have attained, this mollusc is capable, if left to its natural changes unmolested, of attaining a great age. Indeed, fossil oysters have been seen, of which each shell was nine inches thick, whence they may be concluded to have been more than a hundred years old.'

The enormous quantity of young that a single oyster will give birth to, might, perhaps, lead us to infer something like a corresponding number of growing and mature individuals. But unfortunately for oyster-lovers the succulent mollusc has numerous enemies; and the conditions climatal or otherwise necessary for securing a good 'spat' are exceptional in ostreoculture.

Let us now consider some of the enemies to whose attacks oysters are liable. These may be divided into animate and inanimate. In the first division are to be enumerated several star-fishes and echini, whelks, worms, and boring sponges. Of these the star-fish, 'five-fingers,' or 'devil fish,' is the most serious foe.

'The arch-enemy of the poor, harmless, innocent oyster,' says Mr. F. Buckland in his valuable papers on 'Oyster Enemies,'* 'is the "five-finger," in ordinary language the "star-fish." This is the creature which we pick up so frequently on the sea-shore, and which then looks so excessively stupid and harmless that it is difficult to imagine that it is such a dire enemy to the oyster proprietor. Five-fingers have a power of locomotion, and they will come suddenly, from no one knows where, and, settling down upon the oyster-beds, devour them all, save the shells—just as a flock of wood-pigeons will settle in a body on a field where their food exists, or the lady-bird will pitch in swarms on the hops, and eat up all the green insects (*aphides*), which they find upon the plants. I know at this moment (May 5, 1866), where an oyster-bed is situated on the north side of the Thames, and when the happy owner goes to look at his property, he will find nothing but tons of five-fingers and "clocks" or empty oyster-shells, but no oysters for the market.'

It has long been a question amongst naturalists how so comparatively powerless a creature as a star-fish can destroy an oyster which he certainly cannot swallow. Small crustacea and molluscs the star-fish can have no difficulty in devouring whole; but how does a star-fish get at the dainty morsel so firmly locked in the ostrean larder? We have seen that

* In Land and Water Journal, vol. i.

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Oppian and Ælian imagined the creature had only to watch for the oyster to gape, and then he had simply to put 'his finger 'into the pie.' It is strange that it did not strike these two classical worthies that the intruding finger of the star-fish must have been squeezed off by the pressure of the oyster-valves, for the readiness with which these Echinoderms part with their limbs is notorious to the most superficial observer of nature. There are more ways than one of eating an oyster; and though the star-fish cannot put the oyster into his stomach, that is no reason why it should not put its stomach into the oyster.

'Its mode of proceeding is as follows:—Grasping its shell-clad prey between its rays, and firmly fixing it by means of its prehensile suckers, it proceeds deliberately to turn its stomach inside out, embracing in its ample folds the helpless bivalve, and perhaps at the same time instilling some torpifying fluid; for the shells of the poor victim seized soon open, and it then becomes an easy prey.' (*Aquarian Naturalist*, p. 206.)

But although the five-fingers can manage to devour an oyster as big as himself, he prefers to attack oyster-beds covered with 'spat,' 'brood,' or 'half-ware'—that is oysters from one to three years of age—whose shells are not so hard and whose flesh is more delicate and pleasing to the Echinodermal stomach. Star-fish will also feed on mussels, which themselves destroy oysters by smothering them, and on whelk-tingles, dead crabs, barnacles, &c.; 'so that after all they may do 'some good, as a certain amount of vermin in a game preserve 'is anything but injurious to the welfare of the whole popula-'tion; the vermin keep up the balance of nature by destroy-'ing and eating the sick and weakly animals which might 'otherwise die a lingering death.' The sun-star (*Solaster papposa*), sand-star (*Ophiura*), and brittle-star (*Ophiocoma*), so well known to every dredger, appear to be guiltless of oyster destruction. The Echini, 'sea-eggs,' 'sea-urchins,' whose well-known empty cases are so common on every shore, are supposed to be oyster-eaters. Mr. Wiseman thinks they are decidedly to be regarded as vermin in the oyster-park, and he gives the following evidence. In the month of May of a certain year, a sudden inroad of these sea-burrs was discovered in the Paglesham fishery, and by the month of August of that year they had eaten an enormous quantity of oyster spat the size of a split pea. Mr. Buckland noticed several of these sea-burrs on the oyster-beds in Kilkerran Bay, near Ballynahuck, Galway, and naïvely remarks that 'they were not there for nothing.' The dredgers at the mouth of the

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Thames do not like the sea-burrs: 'they are found adhering to '"clite" (that is a species of clay bored by the pholas shell), '"for," said a dredgerman who took me out in his boat, "them '"varmint goes through even that stuff to see if there ain't '"anything fit to eat."' Whether the astute sagacity of crabs has degenerated or not since the days of Ælian and Oppian we will not undertake to say. These animals are certainly grotesque enough and most amusing in their habits: they have been supposed to be oyster enemies by some persons, but Mr. Buckland is inclined to proclaim them innocent of the great offence. 'I don't see,' he says, 'how a crab has the power of 'killing a live oyster—his nature and office is that of a 'scavenger. When, therefore, the oyster has been killed and 'opened by whelk-tingle or a five-finger, the crab will come, 'like a vulture to a dead camel, to claim his share of the 'prize.'

All visitors to the sea-side who may have been bitten with the aquarium mania must be familiar with those white or brown spiral univalves which may be seen in immense numbers sticking to the rocks from which the tide has receded. These are the molluscs popularly known as 'dog whelks' or 'whelk-'tingles.' The animal is the *Purpura lapillus* of conchologists. It is extremely injurious to oysters and destroys vast numbers. Mr. Buckland says of them—

'These whelk-tingles seem to find in a short space of time where the oysters may be found in numbers; for my friend, Mr. Browning, tells me that not very long ago some fishermen found a bed of oysters out in the mid-channel deep sea. These oysters were, at the time when they were found, not large enough to be dredged up and taken away to lay down on the private beds, so the dredgers determined to leave them till they grew to the proper size. They had not, however, calculated upon the whelk-tingle, for these rascals, soon after the departure of the fishermen, found out the bed as well as the fishermen, and were there before them, killing every one of the oysters, leaving only the "clocks" or empty shells, and when the dredgermen came next year to take up the oysters, they found nothing but whelk-tingles and five-fingers, and *no* oysters. Rewards are offered by the oyster proprietors for these whelk-tingles; they pay a shilling a bucket for them.' *

Mr. Buckland wisely recommends that the capsular nidamenta of these molluscs—so abundant on rocks near low-water mark and so easily secured—should be gathered and

* The whelk-tingle gets at the meat of the oyster by boring the shell with his sharp tongue, which causes the mollusc to open its valves.

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destroyed. Amongst birds, the Royston crow, the carrion crow, and the sea-pie or oyster-catcher, have the character of destroying oysters. Mr. Wiseman has seen a carrion crow come at low tide, pick up an oyster from off his layings, and flying up in the air, let it fall against the ground, and then descending get the meat out of the shell as best he could. Mr. Buckland has seen the Royston crow do the same thing with mussels. So, perhaps, after all, there may be something in the old story of an eagle cracking a tortoise on the bald head of a certain Grecian dramatist! But the injury that birds do to the oyster-beds must be trifling and inappreciable. The oyster-catcher, on Mr. Gould's authority, is exonerated from all blame in the matter.

Amongst the inanimate enemies of oysters, Mr. Buckland makes special mention of sand and frost:—

'Of all the inanimate objects which are inimical to the oyster there is nothing more fatal than sand. If we consider the highly sensitive and delicate structure of the oyster, it will be easily seen how very obnoxious sand would be to his welfare. The worst of sand is, that it is very liable to shift about in the sea, and great sandstorms not unfrequently occur, just as they do in the deserts of Arabia, destroying suddenly whole caravans of camels and men. When I was at the Isle of Ré, Dr. Kemmerer gave me a famous instance of a large number of oysters being destroyed by sand. This event happened at a place called Morique. . . . There were a great number of tiles laid down at this spot, and there were besides a large number of oysters naturally adherent to the rocks. Just outside, however, there was a moving sandbank. The oyster-spat had taken well both on the tiles and on the stones, but during a storm the waves brought a quantity of sand, ruined the whole bed, and killed every oyster. . . . Although sand in large quantities is very dangerous for oysters, yet a certain quantity is by no means prejudicial to their welfare. The admixture should amount to what my friends at Ré call "sable vaseux," or mud sand. This "sable vaseux" is very good for oysters, but it requires an experienced eye to know it when they see it.'

Sand destroys oysters either by smothering them *en masse*, or by getting between the shells near the hinge where the oyster cannot get rid of it. Frost, ice, and snow are destructive to oysters, but Mr. Buckland is of opinion that in all ordinary frosts where the oysters are covered with three or four feet of water they are safe.

We have seen that oysters in their natural beds produce myriads of minute young fry, which for a certain time—how long is not positively known, but probably not more than forty-eight hours—swim freely about by means of their

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ciliated pads; that unless these fry meet with suitable places of attachment they are dissipated by the waves and become the prey of other creatures. Consequently there must always be a considerable waste, unless art step in and assist nature by providing for the safety of the fry. Let us hear M. Coste on this point:—

'A great service would be rendered to this branch of industry by enabling it to avoid these great losses and to fix nearly all the crop. The method adopted at Lake Fusaro—were it possible to enlarge its application—would thus benefit it. The stakes and faggots with with which they surround all the artificial banks have precisely this aim, viz., to detain this propagating dust by presenting surfaces of attachment to which the young may fasten themselves, like a swarm of bees from a hive. To these bushes the embryo oyster fixes itself and grows at such a rate that at the end of two or three years each of these little bodies which compose the propagating dust becomes eatable. These facts, witnessed by the fishermen employed at Lake Fusaro, confirm what I have advanced. Stakes fixed anew round the artificial banks about thirty months before, have been taken out in my presence laden with oysters to which it was possible—notwithstanding the numerous variations in size—to assign three distinct ages. The largest, the proceeds of the first spawn which had fixed itself on these stakes, were from six to nine centimètres in diameter, and were the greater part fit for sale; smaller ones, from four to five centimètres in diameter, were only sixteen or eighteen months old, the produce of a second season; the smallest were some about the size of a two-franc piece, others that of a fifty-centimes piece; others were the size of a large lentil, namely from six to eight centimètres. In this third category, according to the fishermen, the age of the first was about six months; that of the second, three; the last were only a month or forty days old. The growth of these will appear rather rapid if we consider that at the moment of their expulsion they were only the fifth of a millimètre in diameter.' (*Voyage d'Exploration*, p. 95.)

Now, this seems a very simple mode of rearing oysters artificially. Given the proper materials of attachment, and the brood would, we might conclude, affix itself thereto. Consequently oyster-parks were made, fascines were suspended or deposited in the water; excellent laws were enacted by the oyster-farmers for the government of the various colonies in different parts of the coasts of France, as in the Bay of St. Brieux and the Isle of Ré in the Bay of Biscay, and great success was met with. We are told that oyster-culture commenced at this latter place as recently as 1858, and that 'there are 'now (1865) upwards of 4,000 parks and claires upon its 'shores, and that the people may be seen as busy in their fish-'parks as the market-gardeners of Kent in their strawberry-

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'beds; that it is calculated, in spite of the bad spatting of the 'last three years, there is a stock of oysters in the beds on the 'Ile de Ré—accumulated in only six years—of the value of 'upwards of 100,000*l*.'

The notion of swallowing a green oyster may, at the first thought, appear to be far from pleasing; but one of the most lucrative branches of foreign oyster-farming consists in a process whereby oysters are turned green, when they are very highly prized by the connoisseur, and find a ready sale.

'The greening of oysters, many of which are brought from the Isle de Ré parks, is extensively carried on at Marennes, on the banks of the river Seudre, and this particular branch of oyster industry, which extends for leagues along the river, and is also sanctioned by free grants from the State, has some features that are quite distinct from those we have been considering, as the green oyster is of considerable more value than the common white oyster. The peculiar colour and taste of the green oyster are imparted to it by the vegetable substances which grow in the beds where it is manipulated. This statement, however, is scarcely an answer to the question of "why," or rather "how," do the oysters become green? Some people maintain that the oyster green is a disease of the liver-complaint kind, whilst there are others who attribute the green colour to a parasite that overgrows the mollusc. But the mode of culture adopted is in itself a sufficient answer to the question. The industry carried on at Marennes consists chiefly of the fattening in claires, and the oysters operated upon are at one period of their lives as white as those which are grown at any other place; indeed it is only after having been steeped for a year or two in the muddy ponds of the river Seudre that they attain their much-prized green hue. The enclosed ponds for the greening of these oysters require to be water-tight, for they are not submerged by the sea except during very high tides.... The claires of Marennes furnish about fifty millions of green oysters per annum, and these are sold at very remunerative prices, yielding an average revenue of something like two and a half millions of francs.' (*Harvest of the Sea*, pp. 359, 360.)

It certainly is not easy to understand the exact cause which turns oysters green; for the greenness is generally, if not always, in the gills. If induced by the colouring matter of their food, such as spores of algæ, desmidiæ, &c., how is it that the body of the animal is not similarly affected? At the same time it must be remembered that not all green oysters are delicious; on the contrary, oysters may assume a green tint from living in a locality where the water is impregnated with copper. There is a story that a British frigate some years ago was cast ashore on the coast of the island of St. John, one of the Virgin Islands, and that many people ate of

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certain oysters which had attached themselves to her coppered bottom; soon after eating of them they were seized with choleric pains and severe illness, though no fatal cases occurred.

Notwithstanding the reported success in oyster-culture that has rewarded the ingenuity and perseverance of our Continental neighbours, the oyster-eater is at the present time grievously lamenting the scarcity and consequent expensiveness of his favourite mollusc. Natives being at two shillings and sixpence a dozen, or even threepence each, is a sufficient proof that the difficulties of oyster-culture are far from being surmounted. On the beds south of the Thames there was no spat this last season, on the Essex side there was very little. In fact we have to record, as far as our British fisheries are concerned, another failure. To what is this failure to be attributed? The parent oysters grow 'white sick' and then 'black sick' in proper order; they disperse their millions of young fry through the waters, and yet these have all perished. The cause is at present mysterious; whatever it be, or to what extent these successive failures are due to climatal or other conditions, we still live in hope of being able to solve the riddle. It seems pretty certain that calm and warm weather is one essential element to ensure good spat, and it so happens that this rarely occurs at the critical time. Mr. Nicholls, foreman of the Whitstable Company (the most important private oyster-fishery in the estuary of the Thames), said before the Commissioners (March 1865), that no good spat had been observed in their grounds since the year 1858; that they did not expect a good spatting season oftener than once in every six years. So that, it would seem, these failures are attributable to causes over which man has not the slightest control. And as it is with the agriculturist, the result of whose labours on the soil must depend upon the weather, so is it with the ostreoculturist; he may be ever so active and clever in the management of his park; but unless there is calm and warm weather at the spatting season, failure is the inevitable consequence. But although man has no control over the elements, and cannot put the weather out of the reach of the young oysters, why can he not put the oysters out of the reach of the weather? This of course could only be done on a very small scale; but we would suggest that it might be attempted. Large reservoirs, protected by a covering from high winds and cold weather, might be used for securing some portion of the spat; a very few oysters would be sufficient to cover with their young ones a good many fascines and tiles. After the oysters had reached the size of a threepenny-piece, they might be removed to the open parks. It appears to us

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that something of this kind might be attempted, with a view to save some part of the spat in seasons unfavourable to its development; but whether the experiment would be likely to be attended with success we must leave to the judgment of experienced oyster-cultivators.

Everyone is familiar with the saying that oysters ought only to be eaten in the months which have an R in them—it being generally supposed that they are unwholesome as food at other times. This opinion was held by oyster-eaters in the middle ages, according to the old Latin line:

'Mensibus erratis vos ostrea manducatis.'*

No doubt, as a general rule, oysters are not in perfection between the months of May and August, though the impatience of the public has claimed the last-named month as an oyster month, and the 5th of August begins the season.

'August is a month that hath red-letter days for those who delight in the luxuries of eating. Do we not in that month begin the carnival of "St. Grouse," and do we not hear in the bye-streets of London the pleasant sounds of "Please to remember the grotto"? It is the month that issues in the ever-welcome oyster. In nearly every small street and alley early in August may be heard resounding the words "Only once a year;" and groups of merry children building their grottos remind us that the long days are passing, that autumn is at hand, and that in a few brief months the Christmas barrel of oysters will be travelling "inland" on the rapid railway, passing in its course the friendly and welcome exchange hamper of country produce, containing the choice pheasant and the plump turkey.' (*Harvest of the Sea*, p. 332.)

It is certain, however, that much difference as to time of spawning and consequent fitness of food is to be found amongst oysters. The large oysters so commonly hawked about on the shores near large towns, are often in excellent condition in the month of May; but to this question we must return by-and-bye.

As to the excellence and wholesomeness of raw oysters when in season—we agree with Mr. Bertram that oysters in August are a mistake—there is hardly any difference of opinion: though we do not give any credence to the marvellous medicinal effects said to have been produced in persons who have eaten largely

* 'Poor Robin,' an almanack for 1685, quoted in Gentleman's Mag., has the following lines:—

'Now the fishes called oysters
Are in their operative moistures,
For now the month hath yet an R in it,
Astrologers do see so far in't.'

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of them. 'Dr. Leroy,' we are told, 'was in the habit of swal-'lowing, every morning before breakfast, two dozen oysters, 'and used always to say to his friends, presenting them with 'the shells, "There, behold the fountain of my youthful '"strength."'* Oysters before breakfast we have never tried, and do not much fancy them at that time. Most people, we believe, swallow or 'bolt' the dainty mollusc; but we quite agree with the author of the little book to which we have more than once alluded, that 'this is a mistake, for the oyster has a 'much finer flavour, and is far more nourishing, when well 'masticated.' Surely no true disciple of Apicius would swallow an oyster as he would a pill! Again—we confess it is our practice to abjure a fork in the eating of oysters—'Noli 'naturam expellere furcâ!' 'Those who wish to enjoy this 'delicious restorative in its utmost perfection,' as Dr. Kitchener says, 'must *eat* it the moment it is opened, with its own gravy 'in the *under* shell; if not eaten absolutely alive, its flavour and 'spirit are lost. The true lover of an oyster will have some 'regard for the feelings of his little favourite and contrive to 'detach the fish from the shell so dexterously, that the oyster 'is hardly conscious he has been ejected from his lodging till 'he *feels the teeth* of his piscivorous gourmet tickling him to 'death.'

It is customary with many people on the receipt of a Christmas barrel of oysters, to empty them out into a vessel of salt and water, and to supply them with a handful of oatmeal. On this subject we are told, very truly, that salt and water is a very different thing from sea-water, and that 'on no account 'should oatmeal, flour, or any such *dead* stuff be added, which 'only serves to make the water foul and the oyster sick.' The following receipt for the preparation of artificial sea-water will keep the oysters alive and supply them with natural food for some time:—

'For ten gallons it requires: sulphate of magnesia 7½ ounces; sulphate of lime 2¾ ounces; chloride of sodium 43¼ ounces; chloride of magnesia 6 ounces; chloride of potassium 1¼ ounces; bromide of magnesia 21 grains; carbonate of lime 21 grains. This should be allowed to stand exposed to the air in a strong sunlight for a fortnight before it is used, during which time a few growing plants of *enteromorpha* or *alva* should be introduced to throw off spores.... The water then when under the microscope will be found to contain a confervoid vegetable growth, which forms as nourishing a food for the oyster as the spores of sea-weed in its ocean bed. Oysters laid

* The Oyster, &c., p. 70.

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down in a large trough and covered with this water will continue to live and thrive for months.'

In his chapter on 'The oyster abroad' the same writer enumerates different kinds of foreign oysters, and gives the palm for superiority to the *Ostend oyster*, which is only the British oyster cleaned and fattened in the Ostend oyster-beds. 'The oyster of Ostend cannot be too much recommended to 'gourmets. It is to the common oyster what a chicken is to an 'old hen. It is a draught of bitter ale to a thirsty palate. . . . 'The only oysters which can be brought into competition with 'those of Ostend in the same markets are the Whitstable 'oysters, which have only recently become an article of trade 'on the Continent.' The oysters of Holstein are said to be very fine and good, but scarce; they are very fat, white, thick and tender, with a very small beard, which distinguishes them from the Norwegian and Scottish oyster; with the former of which two last-named kinds we are recommended 'to have 'nothing to do,' they are mentioned as 'things to be shunned.' The Bay of Biscay oysters have large heads like those caught in the South of England. The beard, like the oyster itself, is quite grass green, its flavour is very fine and good, but care must be taken in opening the shell and detaching the oyster, not to break the double shell which they mostly possess, for this contains sulphuretted hydrogen, which taints the oyster. American oysters in the opinion of the same writer are by no means so delicate as others already mentioned, but are nevertheless superior for cooking; though the Yankees themselves prefer their own large oysters to our best Whitstable natives. French oysters are chiefly taken from beds in the bays of Cancale and St. Brieux, from Marennes, Havre, and Dieppe, Dunkirk and the Bay of Biscay. The three first are very fine, but the distance to Paris is too great; those from Biscay are highly esteemed in the South of France. Dutch oysters are both good and dear, while Mediterranean oysters, of which the ancients were so fond, are described as 'little watery pulpy 'dabs.'

We must now call attention to the Report of the Commissioners on the Oyster Fisheries, which was published the beginning of 1866; and we shall confine ourselves, as far as possible, to an abstract of this document.

The following are the regulations relating to oyster-fishing, enforced by the Convention Act of 1839:—

'Art. XLV.—Oyster-fishing shall open on the 1st of September and close on the 30th of April.

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'Art. XLVI.—From the 1st of May to the 30th of August no boat shall have on board any dredge or other implement whatever for catching oysters.

'Art. XLVII.—It is forbidden to dredge for oysters between sunset and sunrise.

'Art. XLVIII.—The fishermen shall cull the oysters on the fishing ground, and shall immediately throw back into the sea all oysters less than two and a half inches in the greatest diameter of the shell, and also all sand, gravel, and fragments of shells.

'Art. XLIX.—It is forbidden to throw into the sea, on oyster fishing-grounds, the ballast of boats or any other thing whatsoever which might be detrimental to the oyster-fishing.'

Now it appears that these regulations were seldom enforced, partly owing to the just complaints made by the owners of private beds against a law which prevented them moving their oysters from one part of their beds to another, or clearing their beds by dredging in the summer months, and partly on account of legal difficulties in the way of prosecution for infringement of the regulations; and it was not till the year 1852 that restriction as to close time was generally enforced and observed by the fishermen of Jersey and in the Channel,—the French Government having called upon the English Government for the strict execution of the Convention as regards oyster-fisheries.

'The enforcement of the close season (the Commissioners say) worked a revolution in the oyster trade. It had been the practice on the beds off Jersey, and off the South Coast generally and in most of the bays, to dredge throughout the summer for the oyster brood; the small oysters thus taken were laid down in beds along the south coast of Langston Harbour, Chichester Harbour, Newhaven and Shoreham, and to the eastward on beds in the mouth of the Thames; and comparatively few oysters came to market which had not laid a year at least on some one of these beds. It is alleged by many of the witnesses examined by us on this subject, that the effect of discontinuing dredging during the summer months has been to do far more injury than good; that it has allowed weeds and slub to accumulate on the ground, which under the old system were prevented from settling on the ground to the same extent; that the spat falling upon this foul ground has been choked by weeds and mud, and that consequently the oyster-beds have almost disappeared.'

But whether the close time in this instance was the cause of the failure of oysters or not, it is very difficult to express an opinion. The spat has failed everywhere for the last five or six years, and even in private grounds, such as at Whitstable and Colchester, where dredging for spat in the summer has been allowed.

Of deep sea oyster-beds, the most productive are the banks

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in the parts of the Channel between Dunkirk and Cherbourg; they are found in water from 15 to 24 fathoms deep; it is gratifying to be told that they show no sign of giving way; these oysters, however, are not like the real native; they are large and coarse, but improve on being laid down on beds inshore for a time, though from being accustomed to live in deep water, they will not stand the winter on the shallow Kentish beds. The price of 'the channels' was in 1865, only 12*s.* a bushel, while the genuine native fetches 80–90*s.* per bushel. The channels, however, run from 400 to 900 to the bushel, natives from 1,500 to 1,900. The trade in these large oysters is considerable, upwards of 300 vessels, of about 25 tons each and carrying six men, are employed in it. The vessels hail principally from Colchester, Rochester and Jersey, but take their produce to Shoreham, Newhaven, and to the beds at the mouth of the Thames.

'During the open months the beds are stocked with a supply sufficient to last, as far as possible, through the close season; and during the summer months these large oysters are in great demand at fairs and races throughout the country, and the price generally rises slightly, which is the inducement to merchants to hold back. This supply only ceases when the oyster becomes sick from spawning, when they will not bear carriage; oysters are then kept back for a month, and are not sent to market again till the spawning is over. We found it everywhere the opinion of fishermen engaged in the deep-sea dredging that May, and even June, might be added to the open season with advantage, on the ground that the oysters are never in better condition than they are in these two months; that if permitted to dredge then, these fishermen would be able to bring in much greater supplies, as they are often prevented during the open months of bad weather from dredging in such exposed grounds; and lastly they say that dredging the ground during May and June would prevent the growth of weed and prepare it for the reception of spat.'

With regard to the question of admitting the months of May and June into the open season, our own examination of deep-sea oysters are confirmatory of those of the fishermen; they are generally in a fine condition at this time, not becoming 'sick' from spawning till later in the year.

Another deep-sea oyster-bed occurs near Great Grimsby, about a dozen miles from the shore off Spurn Point. This bed is closely worked by the Colchester boats during the summer months. There are important deep-sea beds at Arklow on the east coast of Ireland, but they are not fit for immediate consumption; most of them are taken to Beaumaris and laid down on the beds there for a time. These oysters form the chief

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supply of Liverpool and the manfacturing districts during the summer months. The fishing of the Arklow beds is open in May, but in that of the Wexford beds, which join those of Arklow, May is a close month.

The oyster-beds which lie within the three-mile limit are divisible into two classes. In the first class, which comprises the beds of Kent and Essex, chiefly in the estuary of the Thames, no close season has ever been observed, and 'no attempt has been made to enforce a restriction as to the size of the oyster taken from them.' Dredging for the purpose of procuring young oysters for deposition on private beds is carried on during the summer months; but in the second class —which comprises the beds on the south and west coasts of England, in the Solent, Portland Bay, Falmouth Harbour, Milton Haven, Swansea and Carnarvon Bays; in Ireland, those of Clew Bay, Sligo, Tralee, Lough Foyle, Belfast Lough, and Carlingford; in Scotland, those of Loch Ryan and the Forth—'the close time is everywhere strictly observed as well within the three-mile limits as without; in some of them a restriction as to size is observed, and in most of them the fishermen are opposed to taking the brood, on the ground that it injures the bed.' 'It becomes,' the Commissioners add, 'a very material question, with a view to an increased supply to the public, which of the two systems is, in the course of a long period, likely to produce the greatest number of eatable oysters.'

It is interesting to observe that the system pursued in the estuary of the Thames is a very ancient one, while that which is carried on in most of the bays on the coasts of England and Scotland does not date earlier than the Convention Act, and in many instances not before 1852, the time when the Act was enforced. We are convinced that oyster-culture might be introduced with very beneficial results in the great sea-lochs of the western coast of Scotland, where indeed the bivalve is to some extent indigenous. The want of proper legal protection to the proprietors of oyster-beds has hitherto retarded this industry; but that obstacle is now removed. The fishermen in the estuary of the Thames dredge the open or public grounds for the 'brood' (young oysters of from half-an-inch to an inch-and-a-half in diameter), regardless of season or the age of the 'fish.' This brood is deposited on the beds possessed by companies or individuals along the coast of Kent and Essex.

The most important of these private oyster-fisheries are the Whitstable and Faversham fisheries at the mouth of the Swale, off the coast of Kent, and the Colchester and Burham fisheries

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in the rivers Colne and Crouch. These beds are supplied with brood from what are termed 'the Flats,' from near the Isle of Sheppey to Margate, and off the Essex coast from the entrance of the river Crouch to Harwich, also from the Blackwater River. In consequence of a succession of bad breeding seasons, there has been little or no brood on these beds for some time past, and full-sized oysters are very scarce. In the earlier part of 1865, the Commissioners were told that men often hauled a dredge five times without finding a single oyster, and even when there has been a good spat on these grounds for two or three successive years, the ground is, after a time, so much cleared that very few large oysters are to be found. This appears to have been always the case. These grounds have, from time immemorial, proved the sources of supply for all the private beds on both sides of the Thames, and the same close dredging by hundreds of boats has been going on in the summer time for generations back, and yet, with fluctuations, a supply of brood is always to be found.

The Commissioners found it to be the universal opinion of the fishermen on all these parts of the coast, that if the Convention Act were strictly enforced on these public grounds, a close time adhered to, and a limitation enforced as to the size of the oysters, it would be fatal to the general prosperity of the dredgermen and to the interest of the private companies. The fishermen assert

(1.) That if the brood were left on the open grounds a very small portion of it would come to maturity or reach the market as large oysters. Oysters, like all other animals, have their enemies. Of these especial mention has already been made of star-fish, called five-fingers by the fishermen. It is necessary, therefore, to work the ground in order to destroy these formidable oyster-consumers.

(2.) That oysters which have reached two-and-a-half inches in diameter on the open grounds never are so delicate in flavour as those raised from brood on the private grounds, and that, therefore, if the taking of such brood were prevented, the markets would be supplied with an inferior article.

(3.) That on the private grounds great care is taken of the brood there secured, so that one good spatting season will supply the private ground with sufficient brood to keep up a constant supply of large oysters for four or five years; thus the supply of natives is husbanded, and bad breeding seasons are compensated.

(4.) That dredging during the summer months prepares the ground for the reception of spat. That if there were no

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dredging during the months of May and June there would be a growth of weed and a collection of mud, and that it is not to be expected that men will dredge these open grounds during the summer months unless they are permitted to sell what they take up.

(5.) That the summer months are those in which the brood is most easily dredged. As the foreman of the Whitstable Company says, 'Although one might think that under water 'the weather would make no difference to the ground, that is 'not really the case. It is only when the weather is warm 'that the ground is loose, and we can then catch brood in a 'spot where we could not catch it at all in the winter. In the 'winter-time the ground gets quite close and hard, and we 'cannot catch it at all.'

(6.) That where the prosperity of the oyster-beds require that, for a short period after the spat has been deposited, there should be no dredging, lest the young oysters should be injured by the dredge, the fishermen themselves, whithout any legislative restriction, abstain from working, in part from a sense of their own interest, and in part because the owners of private beds would refuse to buy brood of them at such time.

On the other hand, those in favour of the existing system of close time maintain:

(1.) That during close time the oysters are unfit for food.

(2.) That dredging over the beds will crush and destroy the young spat.

(3.) That if the oysters are taken while breeding the supply must soon come to an end.

Now, to these assertions the Commissioners say very forcible replies are given.

'(1.) It is generally agreed that not more than twenty per cent. or thereabouts of the oysters are ever spawning at once; at least eighty per cent. even at the worst of times being eatable and in good condition. The celebrated naturalist Kröyer, who undertook an official examination of the Danish oyster-beds, found not more than one oyster in ten spatting even in July and August.

'(2.) Those who have been in the habit of dredging for marine animals, and of bringing up the most delicately organised creatures in great abundance alive, will not be disposed to attach much weight to this objection. Every naturalist is aware that the most delicate corallines and ascidians may be dredged up roughly, placed in a bucket of sea-water, and examined in full health and vigour after an hour's sail homeward under such circumstances. According to the opinions expressed by Mr. Frank Buckland and other witnesses, not only is no harm done by dredging over the spat, but positive injury is the result of not dredging over the ground before the spat is deposited.

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'3. The great argument for close time, that if oysters are taken while breeding the supply will be exhausted sooner than if they are left to breed, plausible as it seems, will hardly stand investigation. Those who employ it leave out of sight the fact that oysters are taken before they breed as well as after they breed. If a sheep-master owns a hundred ewes, all of which will lamb next February, it will make not the smallest difference to the increase of his flock whether he destroys ten or three ewes this July, or leaves them till they are just about to bring forth at the end of next January. The increase altogether depends on the absolute number of ewes which are allowed to bring forth and rear their young. So with an oyster-bed. Other circumstances being like, the supply of oysters in the bed will depend upon the total number allowed to shed their spawn during the breeding season.'

The Commissioners further intimate in their Report that there is at present no law to prevent persons taking oysters, during the close season, from any beds within a three mile line from the coast of England and Wales. They came to this opinion after a careful consideration of the Convention Act of 1844, which gave effect to the Fishery Convention between this country and France. The point is not free from doubt, and opinions on both sides of this knotty question have been given by successive Attorney-Generals. It appears, however, that the operation of the Act is strictly limited to the district to which the Convention itself applied, and therefore only to the seas common to the two countries, and not to those parts within the three-mile limit which are reserved for the exclusive control and jurisdiction of either country. If this interpretation be right, the strange anomaly exists of a penal law affecting the oyster-dredgers beyond an invisible line drawn at three miles from the coast, and no law whatever within that line. Beyond, it is unlawful to dredge for oysters during the summer months or at any time to take oysters of a less diameter than two and-a-half inches; within, there is no such restriction at all. The Government appear to have adopted the opinion of the Commissioners; for an order was issued by the Board of Trade last year that the provisions of the Convention Act relating to oysters were not to be enforced by the coastguard or cruisers within the three-mile limit. In the course of last winter an International Commission, agreed to between this country and France, for the purpose of revising the Convention Act of 1844, met at Paris, and their labours resulted in a Revised Convention, which was laid before Parliament at the close of last session, too late, however, for legislation. As regards oysters, the alteration agreed upon was a reduction of the close season by six weeks. It will commence henceforward on

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the 16th of June and will close on the 31st of August. This restriction is further strictly limited to the English Channel and to the seas common to the two countries beyond the three-mile limit of either country. This country does not bind itself to enforce a close season elsewhere. The regulation as to the size of the oysters permitted to be taken is removed, and henceforward it will be lawful for oyster-dredgers to take brood wherever they can find them in the open seas.

Thus much having been done as regards the oyster fisheries in the more open seas, it remains only to trace the action of the Government in respect of the near shore and bay oyster-banks.

The Commissioners, holding that there is no legal close time enforceable at present, refrained from advising that there should be any fresh legislation in this direction; but they recommended that facilities should be given to individuals or companies to acquire property in favourably situated portions of the sea-bottom, so as to enable them to invest capital in preparing these places for oyster-culture. There are already numerous private oyster-beds of this nature, situate for the most part on the coast of Essex and Kent. These perform a double duty in the economy of oysters. They are reserves to which the brood or small oysters taken by the dredgers in the open seas, or on the beds open to all the world, are brought and laid down till they are sufficiently grown to be sent to market, where they realise a far higher price than if they had been left to mature in their native beds; they also supply in good breeding seasons a considerable amount of spat, from the oysters lying there, a portion of which is deposited on the beds themselves, but a far larger quantity is carried by the tide beyond the limits of the private beds to the common grounds beyond, and is there deposited wherever there is anything to which the spat can attach itself. After a favourable season, such as that of 1858–9, the quantity of brood which is found on the Flats off the estuary of the Thames is enormous; in that year alone the Whitstable Company bought 134,878 wash (a measure in use for oysters), at a cost of 28,711*l.*, and all the other companies and owners of private beds doubtless made similar investments; it is confidently believed by those who are interested in this harvest, that it is due to the spat which has drifted from the oysters lying on the private beds along the coast.

In this view, therefore, it seems that the best and safest policy to pursue for increasing the supply of oysters is to encourage the formation of private beds, where the brood taken from the open

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beds may be carefully tended, where comparatively little loss will occur from the numerous enemies which attack them on their exposed native beds, and from whence the spat may be carried to fertilise the open grounds. Two difficulties have hitherto prevented advance in this direction. It has not been in the power of the Crown since Magna Charta to give exclusive rights of fishing or dredging below low-water mark; all the existing private fisheries below that line must owe their origin actually or presumably to grants made anterior to that event; and secondly, there has been too little security to the owners of such property against depredators. Owing to the technicalities of our law, the taking of oysters was not till recently a felony; the oysters could not be identified; and in many parts of England and Scotland great losses were suffered by owners of private beds, from being unable to convict persons who had taken oysters from their beds. These difficulties have now been removed. The taking of oysters illegally from private grounds has been made a felony. The Board of Trade, by an Act passed in 1866, has been authorised to make orders for the establishment and maintenance of oyster-beds along the coast, subject to local inquiry, and to the approval of Parliament; while the rights of the Crown in the foreshores and in the soil of the sea below low-water mark have been transferred to the Board of Trade for the purpose of facilitating the establishment of these beds. Already numerous applications have been made to the Board of Trade under these Acts, and we doubt not that a great extension of oyster-culture will take place. It will thus be seen that the Government and Parliament have to a great extent adopted the views of the Commission. Whether these views are founded on true and sound principles time only can demonstrate; but that they are the result of a careful and patient investigation of the subject, it needs only a perusal of the Report and Evidence to assure us. We confess ourselves unable to reply to their arguments, which appear to be the more convincing the more they are studied.

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ART. III.—1. *L'Anjou et ses Monuments.* Par V. GODARD-FAULTRIER. 2 tomes, 8vo. Anger: 1839.

2. *Maine et Anjou historiques.* Par le Baron de VISMES. Fol. Paris: 1859.

3. *Notes d'un Voyage dans l'Ouest de la France.* Par PROSPER MÉRIMÉE. Paris: 1836.

4. *Nooks and Corners of Old France.* By the Rev. GEORGE MUSGRAVE, M.A. London: 1867.

THE speed and monotony of railway travelling have effaced many of the old landmarks: we now pass from kingdom to kingdom with few signs of the change, and still more is this the case with the frontiers of provinces which once were kingdoms on a smaller scale. The town of Candes, in the department of Indre et Loire, is now-a-days of little importance, and yet it was the boundary town between Touraine and the ancient province of Anjou, once as much an appanage of the English crown as Wales. The hamlet has a quiet look: the Loire, just increased in volume by the water of the Vienne and the Indre, rolls heavily under its walls; yet St. Martin, the soldier-saint of France, was buried in its church, and the stones in its chapter-house were first worn by the mailed feet of the Plantagenets and their knights. About six miles up the valley Richard Cœur de Lion was buried: he did not, as M. Michelet says, leave his heart to Fontevrault in the hope that under the soft hand of a woman its passionate pulses would at last cease to beat, but by his own desire his body was interred there, and it rested not far from the spot where tradition avers that his father's corpse bore witness against him as a parricide, for it bled and writhed at his approach. That father's effigy lies there also: Henry II. by his unloved Eleanor of Guienne, with the memory of Rosamond Clifford dividing them for ever; while near them is Isabel, the wife of King John, who lacked land in his lifetime, and whose wife's ashes have since lacked rest in earth, for they were scattered with their compeers in the revolution of 1789. These and many other traditions may well attach English travellers and readers to the province of Anjou; yet the English occupation was but one short page of a history which is a harvest of great lessons and great events. Gauls, Druids, Romans, Franks, and Norsemen have all left their marks on her fields, and her chronicles have been recorded by one race on enduring monuments of stone, by others in the pages of Roman and mediæval history. It may

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be interesting to enumerate some of her masters, and to visit the shrines of her creeds, Pagan as well as Christian, Protestant as well as Catholic, and it may be useful to recall some of her vicissitudes in various forms, whether as a forest in which the noble savage ran, or as a Roman province, a feudal county, an English appanage, or a French department. Rich, beautiful, and accessible, Anjou was constantly a stage for great players, and no country has borne fuller testimony to the power of all the civil and religious systems which have obtained in Western Europe.

In becoming for a moment as it were her local historians we must, after their fashion, begin at the cloud-covered beginning; and if the first page seems to be of the fable, fabulous, the narrative soon becomes real, or of authority resting at least on the word of Cæsar. Again, if we seem to linger a little over the annals of the eighth and ninth centuries, this is from no mere antiquarianism or affected interest in the Merovingian and Carlovingian kings, but because then were laid the foundations of that feudalism of which the Crusades were so soon to be the glory and the war of the Jacquerie the shame; because deep in the half-christianised hearts of those knights and lords struck the roots of the French feudal tree. How it grew, and how when it was overgrown its shadow lay across the land, and how its last bitter fruits were eaten before the storm of '89 laid it low for ever, French history has shown, and the philosophical student may well pause as he recalls the first causes of such a prodigious event. Modern authors aspire to these thoughts and aims: the old chroniclers were assuredly not so philosophical and innocent of the meaning that often lay in their childish stories; yet it is to their simple tales that we must refer when we seek to make the past live and act on the pages of to-day. The task of effecting this is most difficult when there are few or no records; when a whole house has to be built as it were of the few chance straws which floating on the subterranean stream of prehistoric life alone give us any idea of the course in which its current ran. A *dolmen*, a hatchet, a grey solitary stone, a coin, an arrow-head, and a few thin knives are the hieroglyphics of Gaulic France, as they are indeed of all our northern lands; and they are also palimpsests; for where the Druid held his cruel rites, or chanted his warlike hymn, some mediæval saint prayed to a Christian God, and a mediæval people framed their semi-Pagan semi-Christian legends, and traced fresh characters over the runes of a still older past.

When these prehistoric ages closed what remained in *Egada*

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to testify of them? The name of the province was its record; for it is derived, like so many names in France, from the word '*Aiques*' or water; surely no inappropriate appellation in this instance, for the departments of Indre et Loire and Maine et Loire, for the valleys of the Oudon and the Fare, the Eure, the Riverol and the Aubance. Something too ethnology has to tell; for the Gauls survive, as it has been aptly said, as a race though they are extinct as a nation. Some of their virtues they have bequeathed to the French, making them eager, brave, and above measure intelligent: some inheritance of faults too they have left to a people which is more courageous than enduring, and which has so often had to pay the penalty of its restless vanity and caprice. Finally, there remain from these prehistoric centuries monuments, whose size and strength and number show that the country was inhabited by one or more races of barbarians whose names and story are unknown, but who though of pastoral habits were not wholly ignorant of some of the mechanical arts. From what Scythian plains did these nomads issue forth whose places of burial or of worship stud the soil of Western France, in common with that of India, the Crimea, and of the greater part of Northern Europe? No record of their exodus is preserved except these forms of an old religion, and it is by induction only that we can arrive at any idea of their derivation or of their fate, while antiquarians still dispute as to the nature of the monuments they have left. What were these dolmen? Were they temples of the sun, or are they the graves of heroes long gone to their happy hunting grounds? They have clearly been used at some time as places of sepulture; but Captain Meadows Taylor, in a remarkable essay on what he calls the Scytho-Druidical remains of India,* proves the identity of these dolmen with those of Europe, and claims them both for religious purposes. The stones have a great interest for the modern mind, whether they speak of the common longing to be remembered after death, or of a nation's veneration for the chiefs and leaders of its tribe: or whether they were indeed raised as altars, since the almost intuitive idea of sacrifice meets us in every creed, and the Jewish code seems to bridge over the gulf between its full development in the Christian Church and its rudimentary existence in the superstitions of the remotest past. Assuredly

* Descriptions of the Cairns, Cromlechs, Kistvans, and other Scythian or Druidical Monuments in the Dekkan, &c. By Capt. Meadows Taylor. (From the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. xxiv.) Dublin: 1865.

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the people who built and worshipped in these stone temples had undergone some change since they first emigrated from their Scythian boundaries. Life to the nomad races of mankind is a game of chance, and existence is as restless as it is insecure when each man trusts to himself or to a leader whose fortunes are better than his own; 'avenge me upon my adversary' being at once the sum of his wishes or of his code. But the dwellers by the Loire when they raised these solemn stones must have passed into the second stage of social existence. The simplest form of polytheistic religion was replaced in them by a more steady reference to those spiritual powers which rule the course of this world: their personal liberty, the strongest of human needs, yielded a little to claims of order; and propitiation, also one of the deepest instincts among mankind, began to shape for itself a ritual as well as a creed. These workmen hardly seem to have built for time, and ages have no effect upon such a temple as the great dolmen of Bagneux. It stands near the wayside about a mile and a half to the south of Saumur: solid and unshaken as on the day that it was constructed, though the gradual rising of the surrounding soil may now conceal something of its real height. Unlike Stonehenge or the Avebury circles, it is made of 'covered' stones, of fifteen large slabs of sandstone (grès), which have a faintly reddish tinge. The sombre gloom of this vast enclosure (a rectangle of about seven métres in width) fills one with awe. It seems one of the greatest and also one of the sternest of human monuments, for no tracery relieves its portal and no flower blooms on its walls, and no swallow has built her nest in the shadow of its eaves. If we regard it as a temple we can only fill it with a crowd of savage worshippers, and with the rites of a cruel priesthood, seeking some unseen, and it may be unsymbolised, but not the less terrible god. Against the single pillar which divides its area the human victims may have leaned, on its grey slabs the sacrifices may have bled, and within its shadowy recess the diviners and the soothsayers may have dwelt who from its roof outwatched the stars or signalled by fire to the neighbouring dolmen of Pontigny, which at a little distance still overlooks the valley of the Poué.

All along the left bank of the Loire as it traverses Anjou these dolmen are to be found. Nor are they the only vestiges of the prehistoric time. Solitary sepulchral pillars and cromlechs like those of Cornwall abound, and the *tombelles* or grassy barrows cover ashes that once were heroic, garnered in urns that occasionally surprise the peasant-tillers of the soil.

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The piety of the Middle Ages, while it often gave Christian names to these monuments (as in the case of the Pierre St. Julien, near Saumur), was not always proof against their mysterious attraction, and it was not an uncommon instance when St. Ouen, Bishop of Rouen, wrote to forbid the veneration of such stones, as well as of the holy wells and charmed trees which had, and to this day still have, such a hold on the Celtic mind. In France as in India the giants and elves that are supposed to haunt the dolmen and similar enclosures form the groundwork of legends and of midsummer nights' dreams that are associated now with what was once a stern and imposing reality; but it is a reality on which research and conjecture have alike busied themselves in vain. It has been the fashion to identify these gigantic buildings with the Druids, but setting aside the fact that the best authorities are now disposed to strip those mystic personages of the proportions assigned to them by Cæsar and by his imperial biographer, there is no tangible evidence for connecting these monuments with that Druidical priesthood which remains a riddle in history, and which, in spite of its attempted resuscitation by the Emperor Napoleon III., will soon we imagine be consigned to the limbo of vulgar errors.

The prehistoric life of Anjou ends then as it began in obscurity and in darkness. The next phase is that of the Julian wars, when the Andegavi struggled to maintain their freedom, but struggled in vain in that too unequal conflict. The soldiers of Rome, who united the fire and the subtle genius of a southern race with all the courage and more than all the firmness of the Gauls, conquered in the right of a higher civilisation, and walls, roads, baths, coins, and bridges show how the Romans effected the colonisation of Egada. Cæsar on his return to Italy put his troops into quarters there: those of the seventh legion, under P. Crassus, passed the winter in a climate whose happy sky reminded them of their native Italy, but it seems as if Crassus did not find the Andes or Andegavi docile or faithful subjects, and the entrenched camps of which the lines are still visible at Chénéhutte and Doué are probably records of his first military occupation. As the Andes had sympathised with Dumnacus, so again in the reign of Tiberius (A.D. 21) were they ready to head a revolt: 'Sed 'erupere primi Andegavi e Turonii,' says Tacitus; and it seems not to have been till the time of Vespasian that the Roman conquest was complete, and that Angers, which under Julius had worn the name of Juliomagus, became a municipal town of the Roman Empire: while later and in virtue of the

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decree of Caracalla all its freemen became citizens of the Empire.

Towards the end of the third century another element began to make itself felt in the West. Other voices were abroad in the world, and another decree began to be whispered which was to give to freedmen and to slaves, to Romans and to barbarians, like privileges and like hopes. The Roman Empire had prevailed in Gaul as we have said, because it possessed the higher civilisation; the bath, the arena, and the temple subduing a people who would long have continued to resist the sword; now the Empire was itself leavened with the knowledge of One who when He is lifted up draws all men unto Him. Several Christian bishoprics had arisen in the valley of the Rhone, and the blood of Blandina, of Pothius, and of Irenæus had been the seed of the Church in the southern provinces; but it was not till the year 299, that, just as the century expired, St. Florent the apostle of Anjou planted the cross on the banks of the Loire, hard by the belfry and the hill which are still called St. Florent le Viel: Constance Chlorus being then governor of Gaul.

The reign of Constantine the Great was an era of new life to the Empire and to Gaul. Born in Britain, the child of Helena and of Constance Chlorus never forgot that he was a nursling of the North, and his more equal laws came to the relief of the overtaxed provinces. But the course of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire was not to be so arrested. Powerful as its civilisation had been, it had come to be tried in the balance and to be found wanting; the long work of its foreign conquests was no sooner complete than it was ready to be destroyed: it seemed a fruit no sooner ripe than rotten. It was the Church triumphant under Constantine, though so long oppressed by his predecessors, which was to save and to remodel the western world; and Rome, when she became again in the Middle Ages the mother of the nations, was to be great as a spiritual power, and as the centre of religious and intellectual unity. Yet at first the new faith did not make much way. Not only did paganism defy it in Armorica and in all the most rural districts, but the nobles and magistrates long continued to repress its progress as that of a system too adverse to their interests; thus not many of the wise or noble in Angers joined the congregations which first met by stealth outside its walls, and the period of Defensor, Prosper, and the earliest prelates of Anjou, was one of persecution. It was also one in which the religious element seemed uncertain what shape it was to take; whether the life of the hermit and recluse, so con-

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genial to the genius of eastern Christendom, was to become its model, or whether the monastic and parochial Christianity of the northern nations was to become the truest life of their life. In no part of the world was that question afterwards more fully answered than in the western provinces of France. Every yard of them is associated with St. Martin, the soldier-saint of Tours; almost every valley had its monastery where, under the rule of St. Benedict, lived, studied, and wrote the great brotherhoods of the West; there in their hands art grew out of religion, and there the very labours of the garden and field, once the portion of hirelings and slaves, acquired the dignity of free and honourable toil. There too rose the Abbey, where the ladies of Fontevrault vied with the state of princesses of the blood; and there did Christianity achieve its highest conquest over the Gallic mind when it elevated the female character and idealised it with a pious chivalry in the land where the very Roman soldiery had been struck by the debased position of the women. It would seem too as if in these old-world saints and heroes one recognised also the germs of that peculiar type which has ever distinguished French piety. The courage of St. Martin repeats itself in Louis IX.: his charity and endurance in St. Vincent de Paul: in Hilary of Poitiers, whom St. Jerome called the '*Rhone of Latin eloquence*,' we see a predecessor of Bossuet: and in the Benedictines a foretaste of the erudition, the scholarship, and the moral influence possessed by the Port-Royalists of a later day. Letters and politics have in both ages been affected by the great French churchmen, and the prelates of the Merovingian and Carlovingian times were also no strangers to the sword. St. Martin cannot be justly called the patron saint of Anjou, since Tours claims him for her own, and by birth he was a Pannonian, yet he was in a manner the father of the Angevine Church, since from him Florent and Maurille received their ordination; and if the cell of Marmoutiers in Touraine can boast of having been the scene of his vigils and of his prayers, the côteaux of Anjou were no strangers to his footsteps, and six feet of pavement in the Church of Candes long covered the place of his rest. When he died he left the Church which he had planted comparatively flourishing and well established. But darker days were in store. The Arian heresy was powerful, and Anjou was ravaged by one horde of barbarians after another. Visigoths and Franks disputed the possession of Angers, till the victories of Chilperic the Frank gave the last blow to the Roman rule. The Church alone was not to perish with it, and Syagrius, the last

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governor of Gaul, was beheaded by Clovis who was the first Christian king of the Franks.

Anjou passed successively under the hands of Clodomir, Thierry, Théodobert, Childebert, and Clotaire, and to the wasting of hostile tribes succeeded the jealousies of hostile houses and of rival princes. It is very difficult to realise the state of France under her short-lived Merovingian kings, with all the mixture of barbarous life and of Roman laws; with a Frank king on the throne, but with officers in the state and in the city whose names and titles were purely Roman. No true outline of the whole can now be recovered; only here and there a fragment appears to indicate a detail. Sometimes we owe this to the labours of a writer on jurisprudence, who, in investigating old municipal rights, finds by an act of the reign of Chilperic (515,) that the city of Angers possessed *curiæ*, a *defensor*, a public *code*, and above all a *magister militum*, or master of the soldiers, afterwards called the *count*. Sometimes it is the antiquarian who assists us, and we have along with the common bronze coinage of the Romans,* which so long continued current in France, some gold pieces of Caribert, or Siegebert, struck in the Gevaudan (Gevaletano) of purely Merovingian style: or there is a *tiers de sol d'or* of Angers, which shows that the towns continued to enjoy their Roman privilege of the mint under the Merovingian kings. Very few architectural remains preserve any memorial of these times, and perhaps if we discard some portion of churches of disputable date, the arena at Doué, where mystery plays were acted, is the most important Angevine monument of the eighth century.

A more distinct figure is that of Charlemagne, who gave Anjou as a dowry to his sister Bertha on her marriage with Milon, Count of Le Mans. The only child of this marriage was Roland, who died at Roncevalles; and with him we seem to pass from the dark and barbarous past into the most chivalrous period of the Middle Ages. Courage and strength were not the only attributes of its paladins: gallantry and religion were among their passions, and when the soldier did homage to

* It is said that till the reign of Francis I. no copper or bronze coins were struck in France; and small payments when not made in kind were paid with Roman pieces; they long continued in use, and the cabinet of the antiquarian is still replenished from the hoards of small tradesmen in remote districts. Within the last thirty years a collector of these things saw a peasant pay the toll on the bridge of Lyons with two so-called *liards* of Constantine the Great.

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the priest the helmet was apt to be replaced by the shadow of the cowl. The Carlovingian kings were ever lavish of their gifts to the Church. Thus they hoped to buy the pardon of Heaven for their vices; thus might they avoid many onerous duties for themselves, and devolve on holy hands the task of reclaiming broad lands from the curse of hunger and barrenness; thus too they could augment a power which, as it had not yet begun to threaten their own, might be made useful as a counterpoise to the increasing importance of the nobles. Feudality was organising itself, and not entirely with the approbation of the Crown. Charles the Bald had forbidden his lords to build and fortify castles; he was jealous of their petty fortresses and armies of retainers, and he was fully aware that hereditary *countships* would be a great and alarming addition to such hereditary fiefs as already existed. But it was in vain for him to contend against the tide; and in the year of his death he signed the decree which empowered every count to dispose of his fief to his children and other heirs. Two reasons may have driven the king to this step. The first was the complete breaking up of the empire of Charlemagne into separate branches and even into many separate kingdoms and duchies; and there was no reason why the division should stop there, or why such subdivisions as countships and lordships should not also become permanent. The second and the truest cause lay in the incursions of the Norsemen and Saracens; for the only efficient way to defend the provinces was to entrust them to nobles whose personal interest it was to preserve them for themselves and their children. Thus the great feudal fiefs were established in France: Counts of Burgundy and of Hainault arose who could contest their frontiers with the Germans: Counts of Provence, whose enemies were the Saracens and the rovers of Barbary and Sallee: and Counts of Brittany and of Anjou, who had to defend tower and town against the Norsemen, and to watch for the black and high-prowed galleys that too often swept the waters of the Loire and of the Maine.

Under the earlier Carlovingian reigns the Norsemen had begun to harry the West and spoil the land, and in the ninth century they had established themselves as something more than mere pirates. Bordeaux and Bayonne they had sacked and burnt; Toulouse had trembled as they ravaged the basins of the Tarn and Garonne; but in 843, they wasted Aquitaine, took Nantes, massacred its archbishop at the altar, and seizing on one of the islands in the river built some houses, and settled there for the winter. They did not pursue their way farther; and it was not till 853, that the sails of their augmented

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fleet began to appear off the rock of La Baumette, on a curve of the stream below the town of Angers, which, though protected by some remains of its Roman walls could not resist them for more than a few days. Reinforced and determined, these 'fair tall Norsemen with the noble faces,' as the chronicler describes them, always renewed the attack, and they finally carried the place. Angers was at their disposal, and its flying population took refuge in the churches, soon to be dislodged by the fires which the victors lighted. Thierry, the aged Count of Anjou, died among the flames, and the defence of the county was entrusted to Robert (called Le Fort), who waged a ceaseless war with these pirates on the banks of the Seine as well as of the Loire. Brave as he was, and bravely seconded by the Count of Brittany, he could not always make head against the invaders, so that the triumphant Normans actually remained masters of Angers for six years. They expelled the principal inhabitants, and might have become the lawgivers of the surrounding districts, had not the King and Solomon, Count of Brittany, come to the relief of the place. A stratagem reduced the invaders to sue for terms. Solomon seeing that force was vain against their entrenchments, began to dig a deep canal, which by diverting the waters of the Maine would leave the ships of the Norsemen high and dry under the walls of Angers. The ships were more precious than the town: to them these pirates could always retreat if they were worsted; with them they could hope to make other conquests, and their galleys might carry them to other shores, if never again to their own. Thus they declared themselves ready to evacuate Angers if the canal were stopped and the ships saved. Only a portion of them however ever left the place. Making terms with the Angevines, they formed a settlement on the islands and banks, were baptised, and adopted, as was the Norman custom, the language and manners of the people upon whom they had forced themselves. Thus a Norman colony was founded in Anjou, and the race of the 'faciles Andegavi' mixed in a small proportion with that of the sterner Scandinavians. Possibly some inheritance of Northern beauty was bequeathed by these Berserkers to the blonde and Angevine mistresses of Ronsard and De Bellay; and possibly some Norman blood still flows in the veins of citizens who preserve in their museum Norman hatchets and horseshoes as relics of the siege of 873.

It was after this reverse that Charles the Bald accepted, as has been said, the condition of his inability to defend all his dominions in person, by committing them to hereditary holders of these great fiefs; thus surrounding himself by men

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devoted to his cause, but who by the habits of sovereignty they thus acquired were destined to become dangerous to the throne. Such were the great dukes, descendants of Robert Le Fort, whom the chroniclers specify as 'Counts of Anjou beyond the 'Maine,' and who afterwards forgot their Angevine boundaries for the crowns of France and of Sicily. Less illustrious, but of longer connexion with the province, was the second hereditary house, one which has left more traditions of itself and more monuments of its piety and pride than even the first Roman conquerors, the race of the Ingelgerian Counts 'of 'Anjou within the Maine.' To recapitulate their names would be to make a roll of styles and titles, recalling the veriest tediousness of the herald's office; to relate their *faits et gestes* would be to write what might well pass for a page in the 'Romance of the Rose;' to enumerate their castles and churches would be to prepare a handbook to the towns of Angers and Saumur. Suffice it to say that the first Ingelger received his investiture about 892, and that he warred so successfully against Bretons and Normans that prosperity and the arts of peace were again the portion of his province. Still more was this the case during the life of Foulques II.; his reign was employed in fostering agriculture and letters, and as his piety led him to build and embellish churches, religious art both in Anjou and in Touraine received a new development. Though the names and the foundations of his churches remain, little can be now really identified with Foulques the Good, and it is rather from the reign of Foulques Nerra that we date the vast quantity of buildings which make Anjou a fertile field for the curious in civil and religious architecture. Then rose St. Jacques of Angers, and the monastery of Loches: only two, it is true, of the fifteen churches and chapels built by Foulques the Crusader; and Châteaugontier, still a typical town of the Middle Ages, began to see its shadow in the Maine. Foulques Nerra built many castles—such as the princely towers of Chaumont; but he overawed the lesser nobles, and the number of fortified dwellings which covered Anjou and commanded every bend and reach of its rivers did not rise till after his death, when the country was rent by divisions and every man's hand was against his neighbour, if not absolutely engaged in the plunder of his neighbour's fields. Foulques' wars were on a greater scale: his object was less personal aggrandisement than the consolidation of his county and the increase of its government; as, for example, when he wrested Saumur from the Counts of Blois, and made it instead of the rival of Angers the second Angevine town

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for size and strength. Thrice did the feet of this restless paladin tread the stones of Jerusalem, and twice was Foulques' return the signal for a bolder policy abroad and for high-handed measures at home. On his second expedition to the Holy Land he had a singular companion: at Constantinople he met the celebrated Robert le Diable, and the two strange pilgrims, protected by an Imperial convoy, travelled together to Palestine. From his third journey Foulques Nerra never returned to Anjou; he died at Metz, on the Feast of St. John, 1040; he believed that at the shrine of the holy sepulchre he had expiated the guilt of some treachery and of much cruelty; and Anjou, while she keeps his remains in the vaults of Beaulieu, is grateful to his memory and still tender of his fame.

A character like that of Foulques Nerra lends itself with great propriety to the scenery and manners of the Middle Ages: he was the child of his century, its standard was that of his merits and of his defects, and he would gladly have accepted its judgment. His successor, Geoffrey-Martel, yielded even further to its prejudices, and when weary of the cares of the executive resigned his estates in 1060, in favour of his nephew Foulques Réchin, to assume the habit of Saint Benedict in a monastery of Angers. The cell of the noble recluse was not long tenanted, for he died the day after he had taken the vows: but his example, along with the extension given by the Crusades to the influence of the Church, greatly increased the wealth and number of the religious houses. Few of the Angevine nobles fastened the cross on their shoulders, or went to the Holy Land, but many of them endowed churches and convents; and monasteries now studded the landscape, occupying all its greenest and most favoured spots. Granges and dovecotes soon gathered round their towers; and the bells that rang out the *Angelus* summoned peasants from their labour whose homes were built for protection near the priory and the shrine. Thus many a monastery became the nucleus of a village, less likely to be disturbed than if it had been overshadowed by a feudal donjon the object of attack and defence to rival lords. The brotherhoods were supposed to enjoy the peculiar favour of the Holy See; and they probably did so, because, as the Bishops of the Gallican Church were from the first national and independent in spirit, and rather feudal princes and *leudes* of the French kings than humble suffragans of Rome, the Popes were doubly anxious to maintain a hold on the monasteries. Hence accrued results both evil and good; evil in the indulgences and thickly strewn superstitions which they imported from Rome, but good as regarded the efficient protection given in those

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troubled times to the homes of learning and of art. Of all the religious orders of the West none have so truly earned the gratitude of the world as the Benedictines. In Monte Cassino were stored all the most precious remnants of classical antiquity; in Monte Cassino lived students whose wit elucidated what the care of their brethren had preserved; and from Monte Cassino went forth monks who, when Europe was most barbarous and chaotic, planted schools, not unworthy of their Alma Mater among the Apennines.

Anjou had been the first province of Gaul which received such angels unawares, and it owes the distinction of having done so during the lifetime of St. Benedict to something very like an accident—to the unexpected death of Bertrand, Count and Bishop of Le Mans. Anxious to establish a Benedictine monastery in his diocese, Bertrand sent two clerks to Monte Cassino to ask its abbot for instructions and for a teacher; and St. Benedict, glad of this opportunity of establishing his rule in one of the remotest parts of France, immediately deputed Maur, his most loved disciple, to answer the request of the Bishop of Le Mans, whose emissaries Frodigare and Harderade wended their way home with zealous alacrity. The black dress of the Benedictine who accompanied them covered one of the most important persons who ever wore that garb: the father of the monastic life of France for thirteen centuries. When the reformed Benedictines of 1621 called themselves the Congregation of St. Maur, they acknowledged him as their pattern, and such men as Mabillon, Martenné, Montfaucon, Ruinart, and others inherited and preserved his fame; yet on his first arrival he begged his way from village to village, and repaid alms only with his prayers. When he reached Orleans he heard that Bertrand was dead, and that the successor of the pious bishop had neither the means nor the wish to found a Benedictine abbey. At the same time he was advised to follow the Loire into Anjou, where Florus, a rich Angevine, received him at Glanfeuil, and built a church and a cell for his use. There, in the sixth century, did the walls of the first Benedictine convent arise between the currents of the Loire and of the Vienne, and the rule, though it did not become universal in France, had no rival and no reverses, till the eleventh and twelfth centuries, when a reform gave rise to the orders of the Chartreuse and of Citeaux. The monks of St. Maur by their relations with Italy kept up a literary intercourse with that country; their favourite studies were the laws of Theodosius and the poems of Virgil, whose idyllic pages they loved to peruse by the streams of Anjou; and a semi-Italian tinge may

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have been given by them to the manners of its inhabitants, whose gentle breeding and slow soft patois had already earned for them the name of 'molles et faciles Andegavi.'

The only other ecclesiastical event which can vie in importance with the rise of the Benedictines is the foundation of Fontevrault by Robert d'Abrissel, in 1099, and its consecration by Calixtus II., in August 1119. Its first Abbess was Pétronilla de Chémille; its second was Matilda of Anjou, the widow of that young William Adelin, Prince of England, who was lost in the 'White Ship,' between Barfleur and the Sussex coast. Fontevrault, as a monument of the twelfth century is so closely identified with the English rule in Anjou, that it is necessary to revert to the succession of Angevine counts, and to the alliance which made three English kings lords of the province, and at once vassals and rivals of the French crown. Foulques V., when he succeeded to the kingdom of Jerusalem, on the death of his father-in-law, Baldwin II., bequeathed his estates to his son Geoffrey, and passed the rest of his life in Palestine. Geoffrey, full of ambitious hopes, determined to strengthen his position at home by a union with Matilda, daughter of Henry I. of England, and widow of the Emperor Henry V., and no more splendid alliance could well have been contracted had Geoffrey been one of the greatest crowned heads of Europe. His wife had learned from her first husband those sentiments of independence from Rome which some of the Emperors knew so well how to maintain. She was a woman of wit and accomplishments, and the loss of the 'White Ship' had made her heiress-apparent to the English throne. Through how many years she was obliged to contest her rights with Stephen of Blois is a matter of English history; but though she established herself at Winchester and with difficulty made her way to the capital, she never was popular in England. The treaty of 1153, which continued the name of King to Stephen during his lifetime, only secured the inheritance for her son Henry II., the first of our Plantagenet kings, and the first who by marriage and by birthright possessed the provinces of Normandy, Brittany, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, Poitou, Saintonge, the Limousin, Auvergne, Guienne, and Gascony; in short, two-thirds of the French soil, and all that France contains of beauty and of richness, from the grey headlands of Normandy that the sea surrounds, to the basaltic peaks of central Auvergne, and to that sweeter south where summer makes her home, and where the plain that is watered by the Garonne is closed by the Gascon Gulf and the Pyrenean chain. The

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Loire with all its affluents, the port of Nantes, the richest abbeys and the most beautiful churches of Neustria and of Aquitaine were Henry's, who was not only King of England but of the newly-conquered Ireland. He had a love of letters by which the poets of his day profited, for his court was frequented by all the learned and gifted men of Europe, and he had a taste in art which has left its mark on the churches of Anjou as well as on his great convent in Sherwood. No Plantagenet is so thoroughly identified with the history of the province as Henry. By him (and in expiation of the murder of Becket) were laid the foundations of the superb Hôtel Dieu of Angers, whose halls and granaries still testify to the magnificence of his charity and penitence; through his encouragement the hands of the burghers were strengthened in all the municipal towns; he diminished some of the most onerous imposts, and protected the navigation of the Loire, being at once the King and the guardian of the country to which he owed his birth. But fortune, which had given him so much, denied him happiness. He was outraged in all his affections, his prime minister was turbulent, and the King, weary of strife, had, in committing the crime of murder, rid himself of a priest but provided himself with a martyr and a remorse. His sons were disloyal, and his wife was jealous; though it is true that by his infidelities to Eleanor, Henry only repaid those which had occasioned her divorce from her first husband, Louis VII. Between these jealous couples history does not pretend to judge, and romance has ever lent her countenance to the young mistress whom Henry met by stealth in the bowers of Woodstock. Eleanor, living to the great age of eighty-one, long survived her lord, and was buried beside him at Fontevrault; where the sculptors of 1189, and 1207, have lent to their features in death a harmony and repose to which the royal pair were sadly strangers in their divided lives. On the plinth of the tomb of Henry II., when it was first constructed, these words were engraved:—

'Sufficit huic tumulus cui non sufficerat orbis.'

But even of this modest sufficiency the once ambitious King was not always allowed the possession. Princess Jeanne de Bourbon (one of the many Bourbon ladies, Mesdames de Fontevrault) first caused his body to be exhumed and sealed down in a common grave with those of the other Plantagenets; at the French Revolution this grave was rifled, and the four original effigies somewhat broken and damaged. Mr. Musgrave says that the monuments were taken to Paris, where they remained

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through the reign of Louis-Philippe; under the Republic they were restored to the abbey, and in the course of 1866 they were offered by the Emperor to Queen Victoria. That offer, made probably in ignorance of the history and the archæological passions of Anjou, roused a storm in the old province; and the English Government, with great good taste, declined to deprive Fontevrault of her most precious relic, and Anjou of these memorials of four of her sovereigns. The dust of the English kings is long since scattered, and the felons of one of the great central prisons of France now hear mass a few yards from the feet of the proud Plantagenets. It is to be hoped that the restoration of the Abbey of Fontevrault, which has long been talked of, will speedily be undertaken, and that the monuments will be restored to their original position in front of the high altar of that ancient pile.

Richard Cœur de Lion signed himself Count of Anjou;* an Angevine knight, of the house of Du Bellay, shared his captivity in Germany, and he is buried at Fontevrault; but his life was too much occupied by wars and tumults abroad to allow him to administer the province in person, albeit the code of laws was revised by him, and that several provincial statutes date from his reign. Some fiefs in Anjou he left on his demise to Berengaria of Navarre, but it was with difficulty that they were secured to her, for John was disposed to contest this small bequest to his brother's widow as basely as he did the whole royal inheritance with his nephew Arthur. Des Roches, the seneschal of Anjou, was guardian to the young prince, but he was unable either to preserve his ward, or to defend the province from the exactions of one of the cruellest and most unconstitutional of sovereigns. The siege of Angers is rendered familiar to the English reader by Shakspeare's play of King John. The 'Angiers,' which he describes as surrounded by a plain and by strong walls—'the flinty ribs of this con-'temptuous city'—'the sleeping stones that as a waist' girdled about the citizens, all had and have their existence; but the Angers of that day, the 'black Angers' of Péan de la Tuilerie, was not then crowned by the castle, of which a modern traveller has well said, that 'in all the universe there is no parallel 'to this stupendous fabric.' It was the work of a later date, was added to by two queens, Yolande of Arragon, and Louisa

* The Dauphin of Auvergne, a brother poet, thus addressed the 'Rei Richart:'—

'Mas vos, cui li Turc felon
Temion mais q'un leon,
Reis e ducs, e coms d'Angiens.'

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of Savoy, and was dismantled in 1589; but it still shows a mass of black masonry of extraordinary size and strength, though the battlements and machicolations which once crowned its towers have unfortunately been removed. As long as it stands it will identify Angers with the memory of its founder Philip Augustus, whose treacherous partisanship forms part of the plot of Shakspeare's play.

Plans for the consolidation of the French monarchy occupied that eager brain; and Philip Augustus coveted for his own crown the appanages which conferred so much wealth and lustre on English kings. Many causes combined to further his schemes; and when the English dominion in western France ceased, as it virtually did with the last of the Plantagenets, Philip was able to devolve on his son (instead of the meagre inheritance of Louis le Gros) six important provinces. With the next reign we enter on another stage of French history, affected by two opposing systems — by Feudalism as the isolating principle, and by Monarchy as the means of national unity. The struggle between these two tendencies was to last till the close of the Middle Ages; yet from the reign of Philip Augustus to that of Francis I. the increase of the royal ascendancy was very perceptible and sure, and it hardly seemed to receive any abatement when St. Louis bestowed Anjou on his brother Charles as a fief of the crown. With Charles the scene changed, and was shifted to Sicily, or rather to the Two Sicilies, with their capitals of Naples and Palermo. Manfred, an illegitimate son of the Emperor Frederic II., possessed both kingdoms; but the Popes and the Guelph princes loudly proclaimed the illegality of his title, and his crown was successively offered to Charles of Anjou by Innocent IV. and Urban IV. Charles was willing to accept it on the terms prescribed by the Pontiff, and took an oath of fidelity as King of Sicily at the Lateran in 1266. It was true that the conquest of both provinces had yet to be made; but in the hands of Charles that work was as rapid as it was brilliant; for it seemed as if to him had descended all the fire and energy of his mother's Castilian blood, endowing the younger son with rare qualities of determination and ability, while the saintly cheek of St. Louis was left pale. Charles was, says a contemporary, the most princely among princes, and he desired a crown and kingdom for himself that his brother would in all probability have neither sought nor won. Not only did the excommunicated Manfred succumb before him, but Conradin, the next nominee of the Ghibelline party, lost his life on a scaffold at Naples, and the conqueror added daily to his resources and

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to the terror of his name. The episode of the Sicilian Vespers shows that after twenty years of government he was an object of hatred to his new subjects; but he was perhaps indifferent alike to their love and to their hate, content to be able to say of himself that he 'had never waited and never despaired,' and to record on his tomb that he was the '*grant roy Charles, qui* '*conquit Sicile.*'

It would be foreign to our purpose to follow all the vicissitudes of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, but it is curious to notice the number of royal and noble lines which sprang from this house of Anjou-Sicily. The grandchildren of the '*Grant roy Charles*' were, Charles-Martel, King of Hungary; Philip, Prince of Tarento, and titular Emperor of Constantinople; Tristan, Prince of Salerno; John and Louis Dukes of Duras; Margaret, wife of Charles of Valois; Blanche, Queen of Arragon; Eleanor, wife of Frederic King of Sicily; Marie, wife of Sancho King of Majorca; and Beatrix, wife of Azzo VIII., Marquis of Este and Ferrara. So numerous a posterity seemed to promise a long race of direct descendants; but it is a curious thing that at the end of a hundred years there did not remain a single prince of the blood of Charles II.; while it is equally certain that never was there in the history of all the families of Europe any similar example of one house holding so many sovereignties in so short a space of time.

'The first house of Anjou-Sicily possessed seventeen foreign kingdoms; and the second house took the place of the earlier one on the greater number of these thrones. It would seem as if fortune led the princes of this name; and when besides these examples I recall the old *counts* of Anjou, who, from simple lords of almost unknown derivation, saw themselves raised to the thrones of England, Jerusalem, and Cyprus; when I remember that Robert-le-Fort was the father of so many French kings; that the Valois branch held the crown almost immediately after acquiring Anjou; that Henry, Duke of Anjou, afterwards King of France, also received a Polish sceptre, and that later Philip V., who began a third house of Anjou, became the heir of the immense Spanish monarchy and of all the states of which it is composed: then, I say, that, collecting all these examples from all ages, I cannot hide from myself that some fatality, or rather the Providence which disposes of crowns, is pleased to place them upon the heads of princes who bear the name of Anjou.'*

These foreign glories were not for the happiness of the French province, not even when they took an ecclesiastical shape, and when Pierre Roger, an Angevine priest of the

* Des Noulis, p. 352.

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house of Beaufort, better known as Gregory XI., had the honour of restoring the Papal See from Avignon to Rome. So many turns of fortune were fatal to the peace of Anjou, once more restored to the crown, and once again raised to be a ducal fief in favour of Louis the brother of the sovereign: it was also invaded by the English, and it mourned with the rest of France when King John was carried a prisoner to London. Every element of disorder seemed to be let loose within the limits over which the celebrated Duke Réné was called to reign in 1434: the power of the crown was weakened by wars, invasions, crusades, and minorities; and the Council of Bâle occupied the minds of all intelligent men, who began to see in its decisions, as the people did in the first signs of feudal decadence, a foretaste of the civil and religious enfranchisement they were to acquire in the next century. Réné of Anjou was however a knight of the truly mediæval type. His tutor was the Cardinal Louis de Bar, his enemy was the English invader, his companion in arms was Arnold de Barbezan, his military school was that of Du Guesclin, and his bride was Isabella of Lorraine, with whom he acquired Bar and Lorraine as his father had again added Provence and Naples to his realm. The life of Réné seems a long romance: first a prisoner at Dijon; then made Count of Guise; a bridegroom at twelve years of age, and a soldier very little later. We find him assisting at the coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims; at war first with the English, and then with the Dukes of Burgundy; next transporting the scene to Italy; making a campaign in the Abruzzi; flying from the town of Naples; jousting at Saumur and Tarascon; and finally giving his daughter Margaret in marriage to the English king Henry VI.; thus allying the blood of the second house of Anjou-Sicily to the older stock of Anjou-Plantagenet. King Réné died robbed of all his estates; so rewarded by his astute sovereign Louis XI. for the generous loyalty with which, against the league called 'of the public weal,' Réné had declared himself to be on the monarchical side. His policy at home had been eminently liberal. He had given municipal charters to his towns, and ennobled their most noteworthy burgesses; he had regulated wages, encouraged the poorer nobles to enrich themselves by trade rather than by rapine; he had visited the sick and needy, protected orphans, and diminished taxation; in all this his spirit was opposed to the license of feudality; and as he had encouraged Charles VII. in the plan of a regular army which would make the crown independent of its feudatories, so he was ready to support

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Louis against their league, and thus to pave the way to national unity. In return he was expelled from Anjou, and Louis obtained from his daughter a cession of all her rights, doubly dear to her and to her father since the tragic close of the war of the Roses. Réné died at Aix in Provence in 1480, and Margaret at Dampierre in the Saumurois; widowed, childless, broken-hearted, and bereaved of her children, she dragged out her last years in what was as much a prison as a castle, and told 'sad stories of the deaths of kings' near what had been the cradle of her own and of her husband's race.

No figure in the history of Anjou is more gracious and pathetic than that of Réné surnamed the Good. The poorest hamlets of his province preserve his effigy, and in the diocese of Aix psalms are still sung to chaunts composed by him. The King who beggared him was the slave of superstition, of base-born favourites and of still baser fears; but the leisure of Réné was that of a Christian and a poet. He sang of profane love in his romance of 'Très-doulce Mercy' as any troubadour might have done, and like King Theobald of Navarre he could tell of that diviner flame which purifies while it burns. His 'Mortie-'fiement de vaine plaisaunce' is a strange book, partly written in verse and part in prose, full of tenderness and imagination, though conceived in an allegorical style, which was in vogue in our own country when Spenser wrote the 'Fairie Queen,' and which is only popular now in the undying personages of the Pilgrim's Progress.

The history of the fief of Anjou is ended. It is true that some of the princes of the blood royal called themselves Dukes of Anjou, and that the name was borne among others by Henry III., and by Philip, grandson of Louis XIV., who became King of Spain in 1700, and for the last time by Louis Stanislaus Xavier, afterwards Louis XVIII.; but with their appanage these only enjoyed certain limited rights and a limited revenue. All the power and privileges of importance remained with the king, and when Louis XI. made Anjou his own, Angevine nationality ceased to exist. It is true that many of the institutions of the Middle Ages lingered in the land; some of their most picturesque features often recurring, as when Louise de Savoie held a tournament at Angers, at which her son presided in all the spirit of the old courts of love, or when Francis I. visited with great pomp the richest and haughtiest of the abbesses of Fontevrault. The same strange hazard which gave in the second decade of the sixteenth century a great emperor to Germany and king to Spain, great rulers to France and England, a powerful family to

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Florence, a succession of remarkable pontiffs to Rome, also gave to Fontevrault an abbess of fortune and spirit. Rénée de Bourbon might have been glad had she known that long after Valois kings became extinct, Bourbon ladies in an almost unbroken succession were to preside in the courts and cloisters which in memory of her royal guest she had adorned not so much with her own initials as with the Salamander of Francis and with the Valois crown. In spite however of these recollections of a mediæval past the spirit of the times underwent a remarkable alteration. The municipal life of the cities, especially of Saumur, grew strong, commerce increased, and the growing intelligence and freedom of the people kindled the prolonged struggle which under the general name of the wars of religion desolated France, and inflicted on Anjou her full share of suffering.

When the last additions were made to the Cathedral of Angers this legend was carved below the eight warlike statues which still guard its western portal:—

> 'Da pacem Domine in diebus nostris,
> et dissipa potentes qui bella volunt. 1540.'

That prayer was for centuries to remain unanswered; and if any calm at all was enjoyed by the province, it was only during such lulls as proceeded from the exhaustion, and not from the reconciliation, of parties.

The history of the French Reformation is throughout a curious and a complex tale. How far it succeeded and how far it failed are problems which have had no precedent, and which have never been repeated in any other country. Protestantism was as much a moral revolution in France as it was in England, Germany, or Holland; it was a deeply religious movement, but it fell to the ground because it had no sustained political life, and above all because it became unnational, not perhaps in its origin, but by civil and by foreign war; and while it never appealed to the national vanity or to any of the instincts of the race, it was rejected because it ultimately failed to represent the aspirations of any of the political parties of France. The position of the French bishops was eminently national and independent, and their traditions were splendid. The piety, courage, and learning of saints and doctors still invested the Gallican priesthood as with a halo; and it was in vain for Calvinism to hope to make head against a church so strong, so gifted, and so pregnant with life as to produce a race of such patriots as Bossuet and such teachers as Fénélon, about the same time that St. Vincent de Paul sent forth to the sick

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beds and hospitals of France and of the world an army of white-hooded sisters, brave as the most gallant defenders of Rochelle, devoted as the most suffering Camisards of the Cevennes.

Yet when that Reformation began an observer might well have been pardoned had he augured for it a splendid and powerful future. It first took root among the highest and the most cultivated classes; it was a deeply religious movement bred of conviction and education, and as such commended itself in several ways to the French intellect, while it touched as with coals of fire many noble hearts and lips. It was also soon to be tested by persecution. 'Da pacem Domine,' men had prayed in Anjou in 1540; twelve years afterwards the son of the Chancellor Poyat was burnt in the streets of Saumur as a confessor of the new faith, and seven years later an edict of Henry II. against heresy kindled many a pyre. Still so far no admixture of political hatred: no war of public interests: no pitting of class against class. But with the short reign of Francis II. a change was to come. Catherine de Medicis and the Guises were Catholics and in power, the princes of the blood and their sympathisers were Protestants, and hard-pressed by the Queen-Mother and her cabinet. The conspiracy of Amboise followed on the execution of Du Bourg, and Protestantism organising itself through two reigns, became an estate in the kingdom—a world within the world of France. It had its ambitions and its victims, its camps and fortified cities, its revenues and its reverses; alas! also its excesses. Terrible were all those years of internecine strife; hamlet making war on hamlet, until every town had its tale of slaughter or some other hideous distinction: and the Huguenots so long forbidden to have any places of worship of their own revenged themselves by destroying the churches. They stripped the Cathedral of Angers, and many a ruined gable and solitary tower attests their fury in the fields and townships of Anjou. Its castles recall to us still more vividly the worst incidents of the wars of religion, and the great crime of Charles IX. Not Chinon, where the Maid of Orleans first saw and recognised her king; not Bourgeoil, where tradition asserts that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was planned; not Baugé, whose good king Réné last dwelt in his own province; not Aubigné, which is the hereditary home of Madame de Maintenon; not Brissac, where Claire Clémence de Condé spent her too brief youth; not all or any of the houses in a district rich beyond measure in fortified seigneurial and beautiful dwellings, has a fairer situation or a darker name

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than Monsoreau. Standing close above the river, its walls are often eight or ten feet deep in the floods of the Loire: it is now inhabited by families of the poorest peasants, but its towers and bartizans frown defiantly as of old; and below the vine tendrils that creep round its exquisite porch are the arms of some of the proudest of the Angevine families. Long the stronghold of the Craons, it was celebrated for the light loves of Françoise de Mirador, and on a scroll the visitor may still read, '*Chambes crie!*' the motto of the governor who was the tool of the Guises and the hero of the St. Bartholomew in the West. In the pause which followed the murder of Coligny and preceded the massacre, a messenger was despatched by the Duke of Guise to Anjou: and speeding through the night, he soon conveyed to Louis Thomasseau de Cursay, governor of Angers, an order to exterminate heresy and heretics within his jurisdiction. The answer of de Cursay is historical: the King, he said, might believe that every citizen would give his life for his sovereign, but he did not believe that his Majesty would find one executioner. But an executioner was ready, Jean de Chambes Count of Monsoreau, and governor of Saumur, did not shrink from obeying the royal behests, and he inaugurated the massacre by slaying seven persons with his own hand.

It is pleasant to turn from so odious a spectacle of venality and cruelty to the home of Du Plessis-Mornay, the wise friend and adviser of Henry IV., the husband of the heroic Charlotte Arbaleste, the founder of the Academy of Saumur, and the owner of a name as pure and as illustrious as any in the annals of French Protestantism. Philip de Mornay never changed his faith, and he probably felt how fatal to the Huguenot cause was the policy which made his master join the Romish communion, as if he acknowledged the Reformed doctrines to be incompatible with that spirit of national unity and absolute monarchy then and long afterwards so popular with French rulers and subjects, and so hostile to the Protestants. He had the further annoyance of seeing a Jesuit College founded at La Flêche as a rival to his Calvinistic Academy, a blow which also came from the hand of the King. The Jesuits, banished from France after the regicide of Jacques Clement, were anxious to return, and Henry, who had long had some such wish with regard to La Flêche, established them there; because, as he wrote to Cardinal d'Ossat, he considered 'them 'to be the persons most capable and proper for the instruction 'of youth.' To that occupation the reverend fathers applied themselves, and with such success that their school, becoming

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one of the most celebrated in Europe, boasted of pupils like Descartes, the Chancellor Voysin, Louis Gresset, Michel Letellier, and Prince Eugéne. Converted into a military college in 1764, it sent out La Tour d'Auvergne, Hédouville, and Dupetit-Thouars, and later the Dukes of Feltre and Cadore, and as it still serves as a school for the sons of officers, it cannot be said to have entirely lost its grade. Happier in this than the nursling of Duplessis-Mornay. No vestige of his foundation is to be seen in Saumur; after eighty years of life it ceased to exist, and its very memory has now slipped from the minds of the townspeople, who only commemorate in the name of the Rue du Temple the assemblies of the Protestants in the days when, first under the wing of the Huguenot governor, and then during the prosperous calm that followed on the edict of Nantes, they formed a fifth of the population. On the revocation of the edict two thousand persons left the place, and at the present day the proportion is of about two hundred Protestants in fifteen thousand inhabitants. The last years of Duplessis-Mornay were embittered less by political regrets than by petty quarrels with certain pasteurs and leaders of his own sect; and the memoir of his last days, still so popular among French-Calvinists, is painful from the witness it bears to the narrowness and ill-feeling that disfigured his church.

The hundred years of toleration naturally furnish no features for the religious history of Anjou. A royal visit, or a princely marriage, conferred a passing distinction on some of its towns; and even the wars of the Fronde, though they inflicted much suffering and privation on the provinces, did not deeply affect this district, or disturb the balance between monarchy, Catholicism, and liberty of conscience, which was so well arranged by Henry IV., and which continued through the reign of his son. Louis XIV. however brooked no power or principle in the kingdom which was not perfectly subservient to his own autocracy. Richelieu's policy had greatly broken the spirit of the nobles, and Louis resolved to break that of the religionists, in spite of the fact that, as Mazarin had observed, 'the little 'colony though it browsed on weeds never went astray.'

The edict was revoked in 1685, and the Protestants of Anjou and Poitou recognised with especial bitterness the influence of Madame de Maintenon in the cruel orders of the King. Esther, they observed, had forgotten her people, and had abjured the faith for which her grandfather had died, and to which her father only had been a renegade. It was assuredly infinitely more shocking that the descendant of Agrippa de Coligny should write thus to her brother:—'Employ liberally

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'the money you are about to get; the lands in Poitou are 'now selling for nothing, and the desolation of the Huguenots 'will soon bring more into the market: you may be able to 'settle yourself on a great scale.' And again:—'If God 'preserves the King, in twenty years there will be no Hugue-'nots left.' In less than the time Madame de Maintenon named, dragonnades, martyrdom, and exile had robbed France of thousands of her best subjects; recantations both willing and unwilling thinned the remaining ranks, and freedom of conscience was crushed in a country whose life seemed paralysed by the power and will of one great King. But the two principles of toleration and justice thus violated were not dead: they only slept. In the reign of Louis XV. liberty of conscience turned in the hands of the Encyclopedists to license of thought, and in the next generation the voice of Rousseau served to swell that exceedingly fierce and bitter cry for liberty and equality which terrified Europe, and destroyed the monarchy under Louis XVI. Although less ardently republican than Nantes in her sympathies, Anjou embraced the new ideas, and thus exposed herself to the loyal wrath of the Vendean bands, which broke over her like a wave in 1792, when Saumur and Angers were captured after little resistance, and were both lost and won with less effusion of blood than took place when the Reign of Terror was organised in the west. Events followed quickly in those days; and when Anjou had to send out her contingents to the fields of Flanders, Egypt, Italy, she had, by the subdivision of France into departments, ceased to exist as a province. 'This,' says M. Faultrier, 'is an arrangement 'favourable to administration and to national unity, but fatal 'to the spirit of locality; for it places France in Paris.' It did so: we have seen the provinces which were absorbed into the monarchy afterwards brought by revolutions wholly under the influence of the capital: till once again the will of an able but autocratic ruler dominates Paris and the departments alike.

With this phase the task of the historian is brought to a close; but the country we have called Anjou has a future, and we would hope a prosperous future, in store. Her children, wisely deprecating the evils of a system of extreme centralisation, have begun to live on their lands and to develope her resources. Among so many who have benefited their departments, it may perhaps not be invidious to mention the efforts of M. de Falloux to improve the breeds of cattle by introducing that of Durham: the attention of M. de Quartres-barbes to the system of irrigation by water meadows: and the recent extension of the wine trade, especially of the white and

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sparkling wines of Saumur. The land is generally rich, and districts less favourable for culture have valuable quarries of slate and granite, or of the beautiful white limestone so abundant on the banks of the Loire. In all these branches of commerce, and in measures for the protection of the valleys against the terrible floods of the Loire, Angevine nationality has free scope. Literature and travel are paths always open to the countrymen and women of Ménage, Volney, and Madame Dacier: Chevreul's chemical researches may be followed up or superseded by those of younger students, and if the French legislative bodies in their present condition would not welcome members as independent as Duplessis-Mornay, the French navy will hold many sailors like Dupetit-Thouars. The graceful restoration of the Hôtel de Ville at Saumur, and the collection of the works of the celebrated David of Angers, are all good auguries for the arts; schools of design receive every assistance that a profuse Government can afford; and books like those of the Baron de Vismes and M. Godard-Faultrier, show that the love of one's country not only consecrates her past but strives to benefit her future. Unless, too, the late additions to the powers of the General Councils (which meet in the departments in the month of September) be a delusion, and that their deliberations are intended to be crushed by imperial vetoes, in the shape of over-interference by the prefects, the gentlemen of Anjou, in common with those of the rest of France, are greatly called to self-government in provincial affairs. Much has been done; much more remains yet to do. 'La France, et mon 'Anjou dont le désir me poinct,' were the watchwords of the Angevine poet Joachim du Bellay, and the device is applicable still. Serving one's province one truly serves one's country, and many noble traditions ought to excite all classes to individual and collective exertion, even while men pray in the spirit of their pious ancestors of the sixteenth century, 'GIVE US PEACE.'

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ART. IV.—1. *Sound: a Course of Eight Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain.* By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S. London: 1867.

2. *Wellenlehre auf Experimente Gegründet.* Von den Brüdern ERNST HEINRICH WEBER und WILHELM WEBER. Leipzig: 1825.

3. *Die Lehre von den Ton Empfindungen.* Von H. HELMHOLTZ. Braunschweig: 1865.

FOUR years ago Professor Tyndall republished in a collected form the brilliant Lectures on Heat which he had just delivered in the Royal Institution of Great Britain. The book appealed to that wide and increasing circle of readers which has sufficient general education to follow a fair statement of scientific ideas reasonably divested of technical language. The favourable notice which its unquestionable merits of exposition and illustration attracted has induced him to collect into another treatise his recent Lectures on the Theory of Sound.

Professor Tyndall speaks with authority on both subjects. His researches on radiation are a valuable and independent contribution to the first, and though he shares the honour of the discovery of the peculiar behaviour of singing flames with Count Schaffgotsch, there is no doubt that it has enabled him to give many striking optical illustrations of abstruse points in the theory of the second. When a scientific man speaks of truths in the establishment of which he has taken a prominent part, he commands the same sort of attention with which we follow the footsteps of Baker or Livingstone. Dr. Tyndall is a pioneer as well as an expositor of science, and the fact gives him a power over us which not even his perfect command of the secrets of lecture illustration could otherwise have secured for him. His new book has all the merits of its predecessor, and fewer defects. There is no reason why a scientific lecturer should deny his enthusiasm the ordinary vent of eloquence, but he ought never to forget that the pretensions of science are so lofty that she cannot condescend to attempt to attract attention from idlers. Dr. Tyndall's 'Sound' is seldom disfigured by the hyper-eloquent passages which irritated serious readers in the perusal of its predecessor.

There are few of the Physical Sciences which have a history so interesting as Acoustics. Without very many great discoveries to commemorate, an unusual number of men really remarkable have contributed to build up the symmetrical

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theory which Dr. Tyndall has undertaken to exhibit. It is natural to forget that the oldest Physical Science has attained no more than its two hundred and fiftieth year. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that before Galileo's time there was no such thing. On the broad foundation which his genius laid was reared the doctrine of rational mechanics, and its first and grandest application to Astronomy. Since then we have learned (almost without qualification) everything that we know of Light, Heat, Electricity, Chemistry, and Sound. All of them began in isolated observations, which have so converged that we may already hope one day to reduce all their phenomena under those elementary laws of motion whose first enunciation was the true starting point of modern physics. In an age which has given up so many great questions, and is despairing of any clear settlement of so many others, the recollection that there is one path in which the modern intellect has made an enormous and unquestionable advance may serve to sustain or to renew that faith in the human faculties which is the breath of life.

We could willingly linger, if space permitted, over the protracted and instructive history of ancient thoughts and theories about Sound. All the great founders of modern physics appear to have interested themselves in the subject. Dr. Robert Smith points out in his 'Harmonics' that Galileo was the first to explain—perhaps the first to notice—the singular fact, fruitful in consequences, that one vibrating musical string may set another, whose tension and mass are suitable, into isochronous motion. He showed us that in the same way a heavy pendulum may be set to swing by the least breath from the mouth, if the breathings be often enough repeated, and keep time exactly with the oscillations natural to the pendulum. The unwearying industry and encyclopædic knowledge of Father Mersenne entitle him to be reckoned among the pioneers of the science; but his labours were greater than his success. The first permanent and serious advance beyond the ancient limits was made by one in whom nobody would have expected to discover the founder (and, indeed, the namer) of the modern science of Acoustics. Joseph Sauveur was born in 1653. For the first seven years of his life he was dumb, and he never could speak freely. He was also deaf; he had a false voice, and no appreciation of music. In order to verify his experiments, he was compelled to rely on the friendly help of musicians accustomed to estimate chords and intervals. His contemporary, the blind Professor Saunderson, taught Optics in the University of Cambridge a few years later; but he has

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won for himself no abiding place, except among the curiosities of science. It was otherwise with Sauveur. In all the discussions of the ancients, and up to his time, certain relations of the notes themselves (octaves, fifths, &c.) had been constantly investigated. All the notes struck at one time could be compared with each other by reference to these intervals. No accurate comparison was possible between two notes produced on different days. Sauveur first pointed out that the character of the note depends on the number of vibrations, in a given period, made by the sounding body. The difficulty was to count them even in the grave notes where they are least rapid. If we take two organ-pipes which sound in perfect unison, and shorten one of them a little, it is well known to organ-builders that a curious pulsing sound, swelling and falling alternately, at regular intervals, accompanies the notes when they are both sounded together. These pulses are called *beats*, and Sauveur explained them, substantially as we do, by the periodic coincidences and oppositions of the condensed parts of the two vibrating air-columns. When the pipes produce concurrent effects, the loud pulse is heard; when they oppose each other, the sound dies away. The times of these coincidences and oppositions can be calculated. If the ratio of the numbers of vibrations (which depend on the length of the air-columns) be, let us say, as eight to nine, there will be a beat at every interval of eight vibrations of the one, or nine of the other. If 16 be heard in a second, there must have been 128 vibrations of the one column, and 144 of the other in the same time. Sauveur found in this way that the grave *do* of an 8 feet long organ-pipe makes 122 vibrations in a second. It is a curious illustration of the importance of his discovery and of the difficulty of comparisons between the musics of different periods which are founded on anything but the numbering of the vibrations, that the note which now goes by the same musical name (the grave *do* of the violoncello at 15° C) corresponds in Paris to 130½ vibrations. Chladni proposed 128 as a number readily subdivisible. The suggestion has been generally followed in physical discussions. The French standard was fixed by Ministerial Decree in February, 1859, and adopted at the Opera in Vienna and officially in Russia three years later. The English standard is 133½, and the German 132 vibrations. There had been a gradual rise at the Italian Opera in Paris, from the days of Sauveur, until the standard number came to be 134½, just before it was reduced by decree. Scheibler showed that one note had stood successively for 867, 872, 878, 880, and 889 vibrations in the course of thirty years of the present century.

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The next great step was taken by Brook Taylor, who gave a partial solution of the mathematical problem involved in the vibrations of a string. After a discussion which occupied the greater part of the last century, a complete solution was given by Lagrange.

A few years before this time Newton had investigated incompletely the velocity with which sound is propagated in an elastic medium. Laplace completed the investigation, and obtained theoretical results admitting readily of comparison with nature. We need not attempt to discuss the laborious experiments by which these results used to be verified. They were all made in the open air—usually on a perfectly calm starry night, when the air might be supposed to have attained an equable temperature. Observers at two points visible from each other may easily, at known instants and intervals, produce phenomena at either station, that may be successively seen and heard from the other. In consequence of the instantaneous propagation of light across terrestrial spaces, the interval between the two sensations is due simply to the velocity of sound. M. F. P. Le Roux ('Comptes Rendus,' March, 1867) has adopted an entirely different and a much more satisfactory method of measurement. A doubled tube, 36 metres long, giving therefore a length of 72 metres in all, is filled with air at a definite temperature and pressure. This air may be made perfectly dry, as we never can have it in the open. The actual length is measured with the greatest accuracy, and an allowance is made for the bend at the elbow, both according to direct measurement and by comparison of the sound produced with the bent tube used as an organ-pipe with that of a perfectly straight tube of similar dimensions. M. Le Roux estimates the possible error in this measurement as $\frac{1}{10000}$th of the whole amount. Across the ends of the tube two very thin caoutchouc membranes are very tightly stretched. The tube itself is filled with air, whose temperature, pressure, and hygrometric condition, may be accurately determined. Across each stretched end there hangs a little pendulum, which is part of the inducing circuit of an induction coil. The moment a motion is transmitted to the membranes, the pendulum is struck away, the circuit broken, and we have the induction spark. Independent investigations by M. Blaserna have recently shown that the interval between the break in the inducing current, and the creation of the induced one, is certainly less than $\frac{1}{50000}$th of a second. We may assume, therefore, that even if the spark be not absolutely simultaneous with the disturbance of the membrane, any difference that can exist may be dis-

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regarded. The only difficulty left is in the accurate registration of the precise moment at which the spark appears. M. Le Roux secured this by his chronoscope ('Comptes Rendus,' Dec. 1862), an instrument in which the spark registers its presence by its photographic action on a silver surface slightly iodised, which is made to rotate with very great but measurable rapidity. A little wooden hammer strikes a single blow on the membrane at one end of the tube. The inducing circuit is instantly interrupted, and a spark is produced and registered on the moving photographic plate. The shock transmits itself through the 80 yards' tube to the other end in rather less than a quarter of a second, interrupts the current a second time, and registers itself again. From a mean of seventy-seven observations, M. Le Roux deduced a velocity of 330·66 metres per second through dry air at 0°C. at standard pressure. He estimates the possible error in his result as $\frac{1}{1600}$th of its amount. It would be excessively interesting to repeat similar experiments in free air, at a distance between the points of observation not greater than that specified, and with precautions such as to secure that we may know accurately the temperature and pressure. The old observations all bore directly on this spherical propagation, and cannot therefore be absolutely compared with those in which M. Le Roux has determined the rate of motion in a closed cylindrical tube. Making the most probable corrections for hygrometric conditions, he found that the eight best results in the open give velocities varying between 332 metres and 332·44; Arago and the Bureau des Longitudes obtained 330·64; Goldingham, 331·1. A fact now familiar to meteorologists helps to explain the little excess in the older determinations. As he rose in the air during the night, Mr. Glaisher found that the temperature increased for a considerable distance. Observations by visible signals are naturally made from elevated points, so that the real temperature of the air traversed by the sound must have been higher than it was supposed to be from the thermometer readings. Its spring must, therefore, have been stiffer, and the velocity of propagation greater than that corresponding to the registered temperature. Making allowance for this, M. Le Roux's experiments may be considered to show that motion is propagated at almost identical rates through a cylindrical tube and in a sphere, and they may fairly claim to be considered the most reliable that have yet been made on the velocity of sound in air. We may hope for the experimental settlement of a vast number of interesting questions as to the

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effects of temperature, moisture, and pressure, from their further prosecution.

We should like nothing better than to discuss the investigations Professor Tyndall details, as to the velocities in gases, solids, and fluids. He is seldom so happy as in pointing out how results obtained by one method may be verified and checked by the application of independent principles. It would be useless, however, to offer our readers a mere epitome of a book in which everything that illustration and exposition can do for science has been already admirably accomplished. We shall be content, if, in this rapid review, we may hope to give them clear conceptions on a few leading points in the theory of Sound, occasionally supplying details which Professor Tyndall has omitted. One of the most curious of these questions is that which he touches, for instance, in a few lines of a note—that of the rate at which our sensations are propagated along the nerves. It is well known that modern physiology points clearly to the conclusion that all the disturbances to which different sensations are due, as well as the modes of transmission, are identical, but that each sense has a different troop of nerves assigned to its separate service. Whether they are excited by light, by pressure, or by pulling, the nerves of vision never make us conscious of anything but the sensations of light, those of touch give us nothing but that of touch, those of hearing only that of sound. The same motion of a tuning-fork which the ear perceives as a musical note, the touch recognises only as a set of regularly intermitted blows. Helmholtz and other observers have endeavoured accordingly to discover the rate at which our sensations are transmitted along the nerves. His earliest inquiries date as far back as 1850. The instrument used was what is called a myographion, and is on the principle of Le Roux's chronoscope. The first observations were made directly on the nerves of sensation. This unfortunate selection introduced a psychical process into the question involving an independent time interval that had rather to be estimated than measured. When one of these nerves is excited, its possessor becomes conscious of the sensation, and after a certain interval he moves a muscle by a distinct act of the will. When his attention is awake, the mental process occupies something like a tenth part of a second, more or less, according to the individual. The interval really measured is that between the excitement of the nerve and the motion of the muscle, and includes the varying and uncertain period spent in the mental process. The earlier experiments were rendered inconclusive

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by this element of doubt. His later experiments enabled him to say that the velocity of transmission in the nerve itself may be considered to be nearly 34 metres in a second. Other competent observers give almost the same result. Thus, Donders makes it 26·09 metres; Schelske, 29·6; Hirsch, 34. In one more recent set of experiments on the motor nerves, where there is no intervening mental process, Helmholtz obtains a mean velocity of 31·54; in a second set, 33·39; in a third, 37·49 metres per second. The average of these results —say, 110 feet per second—corresponds fairly enough with the velocity obtained by Hirsch and Helmholtz from the nerves of sensation.

The doctrine that the sensation of sound is due to vibrations communicated to the atmosphere, passed on to the ear, appeared very early in the history of science. The first attempt to count the vibrations was made by Mersenne, but he left a number of points undetermined that are essential to a complete demonstration. In 1681, Hooke generated a musical sound by successive taps repeated at measurable intervals. The human ear is immersed in a fluid ocean, every tremor of which produces an effect on it. Repeated at regular intervals, and rapidly enough, these tremors give the sensation of a musical note; at irregular intervals, the feeling of noise. When the idea had been once clearly seized, it was easy to test it by experiment. The brass wheels of Hooke and Savart, and the Siren of Cagniard de la Tour, are the familiar methods for generating the regular taps or puffs of air which cause regular tremors. In these instruments we find the same note due to the same number of pulses. When we calculate the number of vibrations of a stretched string or a rod held either at one end or at one or more points regularly disposed along its length, we find the same number as in other cases corresponding to the same note.

When the number of regular pulses falls below or rises above a certain limit, we hear nothing whatever. It is difficult to determine the lower limit, because the notes of all instruments are accompanied by secondary notes or overtones with rates of vibration which are multiples of that of the primary. As the fundamental sinks, the overtones may come into greater prominence, so that it is occasionally doubtful which of the two is really sounding at the moment. The notes of a piano or orchestra vary between 40 and 4,000 vibrations in a second, which corresponds to about 6¾ octaves. In very large organs, a 32 feet pipe is used, the air column in which vibrates 16½ times in a second. The note, however, has scarcely the character of a

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musical tone. At the other end of the scale, by employing small tuning-forks set into vibration by a fiddle bow, Despretz obtained a note which corresponds to 38,016 complete vibrations. The whole range is therefore nearly 11⅛ octaves. It is well known that the eye is sensitive to vibrations much more rapid than those influencing the ear. The sense of violet light is due to oscillations of the ether of which there are 728 million millions in a second, and that of red light to 497 million millions. This range corresponds almost accurately to half an octave. For the vibrations to which it is sensitive, therefore, the range of the ear is twenty times greater than that of the eye.

If the vibrations of the air really produce sound as those of the ether cause light, sounds ought to show all the well-known peculiarities of wave motion—reflection, refraction, interference, and polarisation. The familiar phenomena of echoes prove that sound is reflected, but not that the reflected waves obey the same law as the waves of light. The simplest experiment to show this is, perhaps, the following. Arrange two parabolic mirrors of burnished metal, so that their axes coincide and their cavities look at each other. At the two points on the axes known as the foci, place a ticking watch, and the ear. The observer hears the watch at a distance at which it is quite impossible to hear it without the mirrors. A little nearer the watch, or a little farther from it than this point, there is absolute silence. A single point has thus been selected out of space for a complicated effect of reflection. Let us now replace the watch by a bright point of light, and the ear by a sheet of note-paper. The image of the point comes out brilliant and well defined at the very spot where the ear heard the watch. The law of reflection for the two cases is therefore identical. We have nothing in sound corresponding accurately to the virtual images which simulate real objects in a mirror, only because, from whatever quarter they emanate, the waves of air are directed along our auditory canal to the drumhead of the ear, so that we cannot recognise the origin or direction of their source.

The second fundamental phenomenon is that of refraction. A convex lens converges the rays of light. Can we form sound lenses which shall do the same for sound? Can we determine the amount of convergence they produce? A serious difficulty presents itself at once. The glass lens is interpenetrated by the same ether which is the seat of the vibrations outside it, and the change in the rates of vibration, to which the properties of the lens are due, depends on its

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entanglement among the particles of the glass. In the transmission of sound from air to air through a given substance, there is nothing that corresponds to the continuous ether. The vibrating air particles must communicate their motion to those of the new substance itself, so that they in their turn may transmit it to the air on the other side. With ordinary lenses, it is as if the whirring of an insect's wings had to produce a perceptible effect in moving a stone. The light lenses, on the other hand, are merely masses of luminiferous ether entangled among the solid particles, and with their motion modified by their presence.

Doppler resolved to test the refraction of sound in another way. Total reflection is a well-known consequence of refraction. In Colladon and Sturm's experiments on the transmission of sound through the water of the Lake of Geneva this phenomenon had been observed. In 1849, Doppler suggested an apparatus by which it could be exhibited, and its numerical conditions determined. Sondhauss had previously made some direct attempts at an experimental solution of the question. He enclosed a gas between two layers of goldbeater's skin, but his first trials were only moderately successful. He renewed them on the discovery of collodion, with a convex lens, of which substance (consisting of two segments, shaped like a watch-glass), filled with carbonic acid, he was able to converge the tickings of a watch just as the parabolic mirror converged them on the membrane of the ear. His observations gave him $1\frac{1}{3}$, as the coefficient of refraction for this gas. Independent measures of the velocity of propagation of sound in it, show that it ought to be a little over $1\frac{1}{4}$. Hajech's more recent construction is much simpler, and by help of the instrument made on his plan by König, the celebrated acoustical mechanician, we may really determine experimentally the refraction of sound. The instrument is simply a very long tube closed by two membranes inclined to each other, the one of which is so arranged that a sound striking it may pass along the tube. We may suppose the axis of the tube to be the path of the ray in a large prism. The source of sound may be placed anywhere, so that the path after impact on the first membrane, may be along the tube. An apparatus is arranged containing a horizontal membrane strewed over with fine sand, which is set into vigorous vibration when it is set along one particular line issuing from the second membrane only. The whole path of the sound ray is thus determined, and the index of refraction can be calculated with ease. This index is the ratio of the velocities of

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propagation in air and in the substance filling the tube, and may therefore be calculated independently. In two experiments with hydrogen, Hajech obtained deviations of 8° 50′ and 6° 22′, instead of 8° and 7°. Two observations with ammoniacal gas gave 29° 20′ and 25°, instead of 30° 22′ and 26° 50′; with carbonic acid, 49° 50′ and 33° 20′, instead of 48° 19′ and 32° 33′; with sulphurous acid, 62° 30′ and 40°, instead of 61° 22′ and 39° 24′; with spring water, 7° 40′ and 5° 40, instead of 7° 58′ and 5° 37′. The theoretical law, therefore, which gives the ratio of the velocities of propagation in the two media as the refractive index may be held to be experimentally confirmed.

Refraction separates white light into its innumerable coloured components. Sun-light contains within it an infinite number of rays vibrating at almost all rates between the limits of the visible spectrum. When the oscillating ether over which the wave passes is entangled among the particles of an optical lens, the rates of propagation of the different lights which were uniform are suddenly and differently changed. There is no reason in theory to expect any similar separation in the case of sound. Sounds of all rates of vibration have a uniform velocity in every substance, as well as in air. However complex the note struck may be, it passes in all its complexity through the sound lens, and is not resolved into its components. We should never, therefore, have to correct such lenses for anything corresponding to chromatism.

The third property of wave motion is Interference. Let the reader suppose two stones dropped at some distance from each other on a level water-surface. The waves they make ultimately meet. At that instant it may happen that the particle they are both passing would naturally be at the crest of both. It must obviously be lifted twice as high by their combined effect. On the other hand, it might have been at the crest of one, and in the trough of the other. In that case, it would have remained at rest. The same thing happens to all the particles. Two equal waves may *double* or *annihilate* each other, or may produce a single wave anywhere between these extremes. This possible annihilation of wave by wave is a necessary consequence of the wave theory. Fresnel arranged two lights to produce darkness. The experiment suggested by Sir John Herschel gives us two sounds resulting in silence. Let us imagine a tube like a narrow rectangle, with two holes in the middle of the two longer sides, for the insertion of long tubes perpendicular to them. On the one side of these tubes the whole arrangement is permanent, on the other the rectangle has a sliding part as in a trombone, so that we may draw it

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out or push it in at pleasure. The tubings, therefore, which are at first of equal lengths to right and left of the insertions, may become unequal, and by any desired amount. At the open end of the one insertion let a tuning-fork be struck; at the other, which should be far enough removed to make it impossible to hear the tuning-fork without the help of the apparatus, let the observer place his ear. The vibrations travel down the first insertion, but divide into two halves to right and left of the opening into the rectangle. After pursuing their equal paths, they meet at the opening opposite, and pass down the second insertion-pipe to make a distinct and loud impression on the drum of the ear. When the right-hand tube is a little drawn out, the sound is enfeebled; when it is drawn out a certain length, it is not heard at all. The difference is half a wave length of air corresponding to the note sounded. Drawn out a little farther, the sound grows again, till, when it has got twice as far as at first, it is heard just as distinctly as before the tube was pulled out at all. If we cut off one of these interfering air-columns from passing into the second insertion-tube, the sound is heard half as loud as in the first case. The silence, the doubled sound, and all the shades of intermediate variation which theory requires are exhibited in the experiment.

König has arranged a beautiful apparatus to show the interference of the waves of two organ-pipes tuned exactly in unison, and standing side by side. Two gas jets are placed in a line one above the other, and they are fed by gas which passes through a vessel, one part of which is controlled by a valve opening or shutting on the condensation of the air in the middle of each pipe. When the two pipes are sounded, the note is so considerably weaker than it would have been from either by itself, that we may say there is silence. A mirror is now rotated rapidly before the flames. Had they been fed by continuous streams of gas, we should have had a long line of light in the mirror for each jet. As it is, we have a flame corresponding to a condensation at the middle of each pipe, and the gas is shut off and the flame extinguished for the rarefaction. Instead of a continuous flame-line, we have a series of separated images of the flame. Directly below is a second series, and we can see that the flames of the one fit into the intervals of the other. We have thus visibly compared the phenomenon and its cause. The two sounds produce silence—the two flame-lines show that a rarefaction for the one column corresponds exactly to a condensation for the other. We know no experiment more complete, surprising, or instructive.

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We owe to interference the curious phenomena of *beats*, which Sauveur used to determine the number of vibrations in a sounding air-column. Let us suppose two sources of sound, one of which makes one more complete vibration in a second than the other. If they begin their motion at the same instant —condensation corresponding to condensation—it is clear that after half a second they will be in precisely opposite states. Any layer of air subject to both influences is therefore at rest. On the other hand, at the end of the second, every layer of air is affected in the same way by the two waves, so that there is a doubled sound. In every second there is this pulsing sound—a loud sound followed by a silence. If the one pipe vibrates two more times in a second than the other, there will be two such pulses. In fact, the number of the pulses will be found by taking the difference of the numbers of the vibrations in the two pipes. The optical illustration of the phenomenon is easily accomplished by the little gas flames. We arrange a single jet so as to connect it with the middle of two organ-pipes which give nearly the same note. As we hear the beats, we see the flame dance up and down in perfect sympathy. As they grow faster, the flame flashes in increasing excitement. When they grow few and slow, it draws itself in and out, with a curious panting movement, the languor of which answers exactly to the slackened rate of the sound. Lissajons makes a dancing image do the work of these dancing jets. Our space compels us to omit all further notice of these beautiful optical demonstrations, as well as of those of Wheatstone, Melde, and Tyndall. No words, and scarcely any figures, can convey even a faint idea of the beautiful way in which they translate complex mathematical formulæ into visible forms.

It is curious that this theory of beats should have been so long familiar to scientific men before Helmholtz found in it the explanation of consonance and dissonance. Let us produce the two notes by organ-pipes, originally at the same pitch, on one of which we have fixed a telescopic slider. This is drawn out very gradually, so that the note of its pipe may correspond to a number of vibrations gradually diminishing. When it is one less in a second than for the other pipe, we have one beat —rising to two, three, and so on, as we draw the slider gradually farther. After a little, the pulsing rises to a rattling, and the rattling passes into the grating effect, which is known as dissonance, when we are no longer able to count the separate beats. Helmholtz fixes the highest number of beats which make any impression as such on the ear at 132. Beyond this we cease to perceive them, and we have the feeling of

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consonance. Below that limit there is always more or less dissonance. When they number thirty-three in a second, the dissonance is most intolerable. When they are much less numerous, they are recognised almost individually in an incessant hammering on the drum of the ear, accompanying the two musical sounds of the notes.

The simplest examples of consonance are those of the note and its octave, in which the numbers of vibrations are as one to two; the note and its fifth, in which they are as two to three; the note and its fourth, where they are as three to four. The ordinary gamut is constructed of successive notes, with vibrations in the ratio of eight to nine (a major tone), nine to ten (a minor tone), and fifteen to sixteen (a half tone). Any two succeeding notes are dissonant, those separated by half a tone excessively so. Euler explained the sense of consonance by the mental perception of the simple relations between the vibrations; the mind being gratified by the sense of the ratio of two to three, three to four, and so on. The ratio of eight to nine is just too much for it, and its pleasure changes, through a feeling of dull annoyance, into positive indignation when it has to notice two sets of simultaneous vibrations in the complicated ratio of fifteen to sixteen. Professor Tyndall is more amused by the explanation than we profess to be. It is quite true that the first discoverers of consonance knew no more about ratios of vibration than a mere opera-singer of the present day, and equally so that a perfect apprehension of Acoustics will not enhance the pleasure with which we listen to Beethoven's 'Fidelio.' There is no doubt, however, that the sense of distance is due to the solution—quite without the performer's consciousness—of a problem in trigonometry. We refute Berkeley's theory of vision by explaining that some people, ignorant of mathematics, are better judges of distance than most senior wranglers, just as completely as we demolish his theory of matter by knocking on the table.

In fact, there is no reason in the nature of things why we may not avoid dissonance with notes separated by other intervals than those of our European musical scale. In his 'Biographie 'des Musiciens,' M. Fetis narrates the experiences of M. Villoteau, a scientific musician, who had once been an opera-singer. He accompanied Bonaparte on his expedition to Egypt with a view to learn something of the music of the neighbouring Oriental nations. When he reached Cairo, he engaged an Arab music-master, who commenced his duties by singing over such airs as he wished his pupil to remember. M. Villoteau asked nothing better, and set himself to write down

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the music that his master sang. Every now and then a note sounded false, but he put it right on his paper as well as he could. When the lesson was over, he tried to sing the piece over to his master from the notes he had taken, but the Arab found fault with him at the precise points where he had corrected the Arab. Neither would confess himself wrong, and neither could endure the version of his rival. It is impossible to say how far the enraged musicians might have been tempted, had a happy thought not occurred to the Professor from the West. An *eoud*, which is a kind of lute, with the handle divided according to the intervals of the Arab musical scale, was brought into the room, and the Frenchman discovered to his great surprise that his European intervals were not the same as those of the Arab. Time and patience educated his ear till he could take a genuine pleasure in the music, which he had at first thought detestable. In fact, so long as the numbers of vibrations of two primary notes, sounded successively, differ by more than 132, and so long as the numbers of all, perhaps we may say, most of the secondary notes accompanying them in instruments obey the same law, there is no reason why they should have one definite ratio more than another. The intervals of consonance known in Europe are solutions of the problem of consonance, but it is perfectly possible that they are not the only ones, more especially for those instruments in which the primary notes are most free from their train of secondaries.

The analogy between the theories of light and sound is not complete till we compare them with respect to the fourth characteristic of wave motion—polarisation. If we have an indefinite stretched horizontal string, plucked aside horizontally at one of its points and then let loose, the point will continue to move in a horizontal plane, and its oscillating movement will be transmitted along the string at a certain rate. As each successive point takes up the motion, it oscillates in the same horizontal plane through the string, and in no other. The rapidity of propagation will be definite. If the weight stretching the string be considerable for the length, we may have a musical note.

This is an exact picture of a ray of polarised light. The particles of ether arranged along a straight line take up the oscillating movement one after one just like those of the cord. One after one they swing in the same plane, in parallel and never-varying directions. The propagation is in one direction, the vibrations perpendicular to it. On the other hand, the air layers in M. Le Roux's cylindrical tube vibrate all of them to and fro in the direction in which the motion is propagated.

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Transversal and longitudinal vibrations alike may originate the sense of sound. In the case of light we have not longitudinal but only transversal vibrations. In simple unpolarised light these are in all directions in the transversal plane, and every one can be decomposed into two along two fixed perpendicular lines. When this separation is effected physically we have polarised light.

We have thus a problem in sound, additional to that of polarisation, and naturally preceding it. When they accompany each other, we require to separate the longitudinal from the transversal vibrations before we need attempt to separate the latter among themselves. In a series of classical experiments M. Savart has shown us how this may be done for long glass rods. Quite recently M. Kundt has explained another case in which the separation produces and accounts for a very curious phenomenon. In one of the ends of a tolerably long glass tube, M. W. Weber inserts a cork neither so tight that it could not move nor so loose as to slip freely. The tube is held in the middle, and a moist cloth is drawn along the uncorked half. The cork moves steadily from the end to the middle of the tube. M. Kundt showed that the cork must not be cylindrical. When it is a little conical with the broad end outward, it behaves as Weber says. When the broad end is turned inwards, the rubbing sends the cork rapidly out of the tube. He produced the same effect by cutting out little circular or triangular paper frills which he hung over the tube, or by putting on the outside a piece of cork shaped like a bit of a saw, resting with its teeth on the glass surface. He predicted every detail of the phenomena on the theory that they are due to the transversal vibrations which accompany those longitudinal ones which the rubbing of the rod with the moist cloth is meant to produce.

The questions relating to the polarisation of sound have been by no means fully investigated, but we know enough already to enable us to assert that the necessary analogy between the wave theories of light and sound holds good at every point. The experimental verification of consequences involving so many details has done a great deal to strengthen the confidence with which we accept both theories.

The idea of exhibiting vibrations optically is due to Chladni. His method has fallen into undeserved neglect since the optical methods of Lissajons and Melde and the graphical methods by which Scott and König have registered the quiverings of the drumhead of the ear by the help of the phonautograph. Chladni strews a fine light powder on the

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surface of a horizontal plate, and observes the lines in which it arranges itself, when a fiddle-bow is drawn vertically down along the edge. The idea was suggested, as he tells us, by Lichtenberg's recently discovered electric figures. It was a happy one, and although Chladni himself scarcely understood his own results, they have been found since his time sufficiently instructive. 'Judge of my astonishment,' he says, 'twenty-four years later, when I beheld this phenomenon, 'which nobody in the world had ever seen before me.' Unfortunately for science, he devoted the best years of his after life to two instruments of his invention,—the euphon, a kind of harmonica, and the clavi cylinder. It is touching to read his own confession 'that the invention of these two instruments 'and their execution have cost me much more time and far 'more labour and expense than my researches on sound, of 'which they are the practical applications. Those who have 'worked at anything of the kind, those for instance who 'have tried to perfect the harmonica, can understand how 'many unexpected difficulties we encounter in such a task. 'Too frequently, when one seeks to apply in practice ideas 'that seem theoretically right, nature, consulted by trials 'and experiments, disavows his guesses, and puts insuperable 'obstacles in his way. After long and fruitless toil, I had 'sometimes to destroy everything I had done, and begin 'afresh. But the slightest success made me forget all these 'trials of patience.'

The clavi cylinder consists of a glass cylinder capable of rapid rotation round a horizontal axis, at the pleasure of the performer. This cylinder is wetted uniformly with a sponge, and metal springs are brought in contact with it and held there as long as the performer chooses, during the rotation, by pressing down the keys of a keyboard like that of the piano. Chladni's efforts to complete his instrument seem to have been too much for his temper at last. In a note to an elaborate account of it which he published in his old age, he says—

'It has happened to me two several times that ladies "gar zu "empfindliche," or setting themselves up to be so, have called my instrument "einen greuel (horreur)" a horror, because people have to lay hold of the wet sponge, for wetting the cylinder, with their fingers. Now it would not be impossible, of course, though it would be difficult and very inconvenient, to make mechanical arrangements by which a board covered with the sponge might be pressed on the cylinder with the knee or the foot; but it would be very troublesome to keep the machinery always in order, so that every part of the cylinder should be uniformly wetted, and so that such persons might have no trouble whatever but might leave all that to a

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servant, and it would also be very difficult to prevent parts of such complicated mechanism occasionally rattling or clattering; I cannot therefore on any account recommend it. Persons of this sort might manage at least to lay hold of the wet sponge with the tongs so as not to wet their fingers, and they would do still better, once for all, to give up attempting to play on the clavi cylinder, and still more on the euphon and harmonica, where they must wet their fingers even worse. A workman engaged in the manufacture of such instruments has so much to do, even after all that I have here pointed out to him, with real difficulties, with carrying out what is essential, and with the satisfaction of reasonable demands, that he will have neither time nor inclination to pester himself about people who persecute him with their ridiculous fancies and affectations.'

The clavi cylinder is forgotten, but the investigations of which the sand figures give us the results will always preserve Chladni's name. It was his method that Savart applied, and it is his method still by which Kundt, in a second remarkable memoir, has been enabled to determine the velocity of sound.

He takes a tube of glass about four feet long and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch diameter, and puts in it a little lycopodium powder, taking care to shake the tube, so as to distribute it evenly. He then corks it at one or at both ends, fastens it in a vice, holding it horizontally at its middle, and sets it into longitudinal vibration in the usual way. The two ends move backwards and forwards with the vibrations of the rod, and every vibration strikes the air inside. The number of these is definite, and the length of an air column which vibrates naturally at the same rate is equally definite. The enclosed air cannot settle itself till it has been broken up into columns of this precise length. The length of the air column will bear to the length of the glass tube the exact proportion of the velocities of propagation in the two materials. If there be sixteen vibrating air segments inside, the velocity in glass must be just sixteen times that in air. The air columns become visible because the dust arranges itself, as Faraday showed, in little heaps at the places of maximum vibration. The number of intervals between these dust heaps is absolutely independent of the diameter or length of the tube. It is simply the ratio of the velocities of sound in glass and in air. It is obvious that we may vary either the tube or the imprisoned gas, by changing its temperature and pressure. With a given tube filled with standard air, we find the velocity in the substance of the tube in terms of that in air. When it is filled with any other gas we find the velocity in terms of that in the mass of the tube, so that we can compare it with that for standard air.

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Different solids may be used for the tubes, and the experiments varied indefinitely. The results are very much more accurate than we should at first expect. In three series of experiments, in each of which we take the mean result of nine separate trials, Kundt made the velocity in brass 10·87, 10·87, and 10·86 times that in air, and in steel 15·345, 15·334, and 15·343 times as much.

The three fundamental qualities of a sound are its intensity, its pitch or rate of vibration, and what Dr. Tyndall proposes we should call its '*clang tint.*' The same note may be louder or feebler, because the oscillations of an individual air particle are made through a wider or narrower arc. The pitch depends on the number of vibrations in a second. Let us sound two notes of the same pitch on the piano and on the flute. It is easy to arrange that there shall be no perceptible difference in loudness. Yet there is a difference, and the special quality to which it may be attributed is called the '*clang tint.*'

Let us take the case of a string vibrating as a whole so as to produce a musical note. We may mark the limits and character of the vibration by drawing the two lines which the string occupies in its extreme positions. We may suppose that the intensity may be represented by the lens-shaped area between these lines, as the pitch is represented by the number of times it is crossed in a second. There might obviously be no change in the area or in the speed, even though the limiting lines took some different shape. The outside shape of a leather bottle full of water may be changed in an infinite number of ways without leaving any part of the inner surface uncovered by the fluid. The first explanation of clang tint rested on this idea, and asserted that the ear can distinguish the forms of these limiting curves, just as the eye could recognise their differences in a diagram.

The full explanation of the clang tint was reserved for Ohm and Helmholtz, though it was first indicated by Young. Let us take a wire like a harp-string, stretched across a sounding-board. It will give the same note wherever it is plucked. But as we move farther from the centre, though the pitch of the note does not alter, it becomes more brilliant and sharp. The explanation is found in the fact that a stretched string may vibrate not only as a whole, but as two halves, three thirds, and so on. It is impossible, indeed, to make it vibrate as a whole without introducing some of these secondary vibrations. Fourier showed that every possible form of the limiting lines could be accounted for by considering it as due to the superposition of an adequate number of vibrations in the regular lenticular form—as a whole, as two halves, as three thirds, and

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so on; each of these component vibrations obeying the analogy and law of the motion of a simple pendulum.

Let us return to our string plucked in the middle. That it may be possible for it to vibrate in two halves, the middle must be a point of rest like the fixed extremities. It is the same for all the even vibrations, such as four fourths, or six sixths. When the plucked point is the middle, it is therefore impossible that any of these notes should enter into the clang. The vibrations in two halves correspond to the octave of the fundamental note, those in four fourths to the double octave, those in six sixths to the fifth of this double octave, those in eight eighths to the treble octave, and so on. In the case of the string plucked in the middle, the simple sound can be reinforced by none of these notes, and this fact at once establishes a difference in character between it and every other. All the possible constituents may not be present in the actual sound, and the selection will depend on the character of the disturbance and on the nature and shape of the string.

Let us take a second string plucked at one-third of its length. Every point which requires this as a node, or point of rest, vanishes at once from the clang. We may have the octave of the simple note, we could not have its fifth; we might have the double octave, and so on. In this difference of composition the clang tint finds its explanation. Ohm has shown that the ear is sensitive only to the simple pendulum vibrations, and it has been shown by Helmholtz, both theoretically and experimentally, that their combination is capable of producing any required sound. These secondary notes are called the overtones of the string. If, in its vibrations as a whole, it oscillates 256 times in a second, its halves will each oscillate 512 times; its thirds 768 times, and so on. In almost all musical sounds we find a great number of these possible higher notes, and the richness and variety of the better class musical instruments are mainly due to special arrangements to secure their admixture in the clang.

Let us imagine a note and one of its overtones sounded together. It is easy to draw the curve which corresponds to the resulting vibration by adding the heights in each separate curve which correspond to the same point of the string. If the notes coincide in their commencement we get one curve. If they differ, we get a different form. The process of composition is the same, but different ordinates of the smaller curve are added to those of the larger. Ohm's theory requires that the ear should be quite unconscious of this difference in form. The result of an inquiry into this point is obviously conclusive, and

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it is unequivocal. The ear is absolutely unconscious of any of these differences in phase, or of the differences in the curve forms which depend on them.

It is easy to recognise the overtones. Let the reader press down the right pedal of a piano, so as to set all the wires free from their dampers. Let him then sing a given note into the instrument, the case of which is so opened as to expose the strings. He will find the same note continued by the string which corresponds to it after his voice has ceased. By damping it with the finger, he can stop the echo at once. This string, vibrating as a whole, has the same number of vibrations as that which corresponds to the note that was sung into the piano. As Galileo observed, it is ready to fall into oscillations at that rate, and it catches up the kind of motion natural to it just as a clock or watch on one side of a wall is set in movement by the ticking of another on the opposite side. If, then, a note contain a certain number of overtones sounding in company with the fundamental, we ought to find the corresponding strings set to vibrate in sympathy. Experiment fully verifies the anticipation. Let the reader strike a given note sharply, instantly letting its damper down so as to bring its string to silence, and at the same moment setting the string corresponding to its octave free. He will hear the octave sound clear and loud from this string which has not been touched. The note can only have been caused by sympathy with the overtone which was present in the compound clang. It is not difficult to prove in the same way that the fundamental note is accompanied by the third and fourth overtones.

It is not so easy to recognise the higher overtones of an ordinary musical note. Helmholtz contrived what he called resonators for the purpose. These are metal vessels, shaped like a pear, open at both ends, and so arranged that the stalk may fit readily into the ear. The air in the resonator, like that in the organ pipe, has a rate of vibration which is natural to itself. Whenever the corresponding note is sounded in company with others, the resonator takes it up, reinforces it powerfully, and brings it into clear prominence. Every other is heard more feebly through the resonator than if it had come directly to the ear. A student absolutely ignorant of music can analyse the most complicated clang into its elementary pendulum vibrations by means of a suitable set of resonators. It is in this way that we hear the 'murmur of the ocean' in shells which are resonators of a peculiar shape, capable of selecting the corresponding musical sounds out of the mixed noises of

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common life, and of raising them so that they become distinctly audible.

The discovery of the overtones and the establishment of Ohm's law enabled Helmholtz to give a complete account of the composition of vowel sounds. The first important researches on this subject were those of Willis and Wheatstone, but Helmholtz has taken a great step farther in the direction Sir David Brewster anticipated when he said, 'I have no doubt 'that before another century is completed, a talking and a 'singing machine will be numbered among the conquests of 'science.'

The organ of sound is the larynx, and an excellent imitation of what is essential in it may be produced by taking a wooden pipe open at both ends shaped like a test tube, and cutting away from both sides of a diameter of the top lip a little oblique section. Over the end thus shaped a piece of india-rubber is stretched, tied tightly round the tube, and cut so as to present a slit along the diameter which separates the two sloping sections. When air is urged through this, a certain note is sounded, just as in a reed pipe. The larynx is the test tube, and the india-rubber membrane closed by the slit corresponds to the vocal chords. When we perform on wind instruments the lips are the slit, and the cavity of the mouth corresponds to the test tube. In the larynx itself there are arrangements which enable us to narrow or broaden the slit and the tension of the membrane at pleasure. The test tube pipe is made of materials too soft and inelastic to permit it to act as a resonator in reinforcing sounds, so that the real character of the sound depends on the shape of the slit, and the tension of the membrane. A singer with a cold seems to have the sharp edges of this slit loaded with little masses of flocculent matter, clogging the vibrating membrane and preventing the free issue of the air. By a simple expansion or contraction of the muscles, it is in his power to thicken or thin the membrane itself, as well as to narrow or widen the tube. Under the slit lies a mass of soft wet inelastic membranous matter, which can probably be associated with the vibrating chords, and which in the deeper chest notes loads them, and slows their vibrations. The note leaves the larynx accompanied by many overtones. It passes through the mouth before issuing into the air. The cavity of the mouth is neither more nor less than a resonator of a shape variable at pleasure. Every opening or closing of the lips—every change in the form of the cavity, a great variety in which may obviously be secured even by the movement of the tongue, must alter the peculiar overtone

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which it brings into prominence. The sound issues not as it came from the larynx, but with some of the overtones reinforced and others so much weakened relatively that they are not heard. It is easy to separate these overtones by the help of resonators, and though it is harder to do so by the unassisted ear for the voice than for any other musical instrument, Rameau had already accomplished it the beginning of last century. The vowels, therefore, owe their individual character to the presence in the voice sounding them of selected overtones different for each. The selection is made in the act of shaping the mouth, as we do when we pronounce them. The effect is almost independent of the age or sex of the singer or speaker.

If this analysis of alphabetic sounds be complete we ought already to foresee the conditions that must be fulfilled in artificial imitations. The simplest of these is supplied in an experiment which may be very easily repeated. Let the reader press on the right pedal of a piano so as to free all the strings from their dampers. Let him then expose the strings and sing anyone of the vowels on a particular note into the instrument, directing his voice on the wires. When the voice ceases there is a clear full echo, not of the note only but of the vowel sound selected. The effect is very remarkable at night. Every tone and overtone of the original sound awakens the sleeping sympathetic strings, so that they give back the compound sound out of the same simple elements into which it spontaneously analysed itself.

In the vowel apparatus of Helmholtz a set of magnetised steel tuning-forks are placed in connexion with electro-magnets. The successive breakings and makings of the current happen at known intervals, because a tuning-fork of known vibration is used as the interruption hammer. The other tuning-forks vibrate, the first at the same rate as the interruption fork, the others at rates which are simple multiples of it. Every tuning-fork vibrates at its own rate, and its vibrations do not die away, because they are constantly maintained by the periodic attractions and repulsions of the electro-magnetic poles. Each of them is supplied with a resonance tube to reinforce its sound. With this apparatus we can obviously accomplish any desired synthesis of selected tones. Accordingly it is easy to obtain a perfect imitation of the several vowels, by sounding together the fundamental and the overtones which correspond to each separately. A series of arrangements, which it is needless to describe, enabled Helmholtz to compare any compound clang with another built up out of the same elementary pendulum

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vibrations, but distinguished from the former by any differences of phase. The result obtained is conclusive as to the truth of Ohm's theory of the composition of sound.

The mechanism of the vocal organs is complicated enough, and gives sufficient evidence of adaptation to obvious purposes, but that of the organ of hearing is even more intricate and interesting. The ear consists of three parts—the first of which is the all but cylindrical canal, with a slight bend in it, which leads from the outer air to the drumhead or tympanic membrane. This is stretched rather loosely across the end of the canal, and separates it from an enclosure called the drum of the ear. The drum is a hollow space surrounded by solid bony walls on all sides, except at the drumhead, and at two little windows nearly opposite, glazed with little membranes, and looking into the third part or labyrinth of the ear. The drumhead gathers sounds as the object glass of a telescope collects light. The little windows may be taken to represent the eye-piece. The labyrinth behind them containing the nerves of hearing may stand for the eye itself. Between the object and eye-pieces the telescope tube keeps a space clear for the passage of the luminous rays. The tube itself, like the bony walls of the drum, serves only to fix the apparatus. But the drum is occupied by a special series of movable bones which are meant to act like the pencils of light and concentrate the sounds gathered by the tympanic membrane on the eye-piece or the window which corresponds to it. These bones are known as the hammer, the anvil, and the stirrup. The hammer may be represented as a little pair of compasses, one point of which rides on the middle of the drumhead, the other being firmly anchored in the bony edge out of which that membrane proceeds. The membrane is most sensitive at its middle, and any vibration there will tilt the free compass leg, and make its joint strike on an adjacent object. This joint rests on the head of the anvil, with the intervention of a little lens-shaped bone apparently introduced to give greater freedom of movement. The anvil itself is shaped like a double tooth—the outer surface of which is its head—one root being firmly fixed in the bone opposite the drumhead. The free root is connected by a little prominence with a hole in the top of the third or stirrup bone. The name precisely describes the shape. The base is an elliptic osseous surface that has grown over and almost filled up one of the membrane windows (known as the oval window) opposite the drumhead. There are arrangements we need not detail which enable us to control this apparatus by slight voluntary or involuntary muscular movements.

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There is a fourth opening into the drum, namely, the Eustachian tube. This is simply a passage between it and the cavity of the mouth, which is closed by a door in the wall of the latter, lifted only in the act of swallowing. The obvious result is that the air on both sides of the membrane is kept habitually under the same atmospheric pressure. The remaining organ—the labyrinth—is that on which Nature seems to have lavished her utmost efforts. The main portion is shaped like a snail shell, twisting in spiral convolutions to its mouth. Arrived there, we may imagine three continuations shaped like tubular rings, each a little more than half complete, one of which is in a kind of prolongation of the plane at the mouth of the shell, the others rising perpendicular to it and to each other. These three tube rings form one continuous canal connected with each other because they all open into the shell. The rings and shell are all of bone, but within the rings, parallel and close to them, runs a membrane of concentric tubing. Inside this membrane is filled with water, and it is fastened to the outside wall, the shape of which it follows and imitates, by blood vessels and hearing nerves. The intervening space is also filled with water. Each of the rings is blown into a kind of open bulb at the end where it joins the mouth of the shell, and there is a similar smaller bulb at the end of the concentric tube. Farther on, the tubes are gathered into two little bags of thicker membrane, which are filled with small unequal sand particles, known as otolites, or hearing stones. The ends of the nerves that enter the bulbs pass through to the inside, where they encounter a number of stiff elastic hairs (known as Max Schultze's fibres) which wave like a little forest of reeds. The nerves which pass into the two bags, the substance of which is thicker than the rest of the membrane, find their ends stirring in the gravel bed of the otolites. Every slight movement of the water is instantly transmitted to the light membrane of the blown out bulbs, and by them to the little reeds, one or more of which takes up the suitable vibration and transfers it to the nerve which gropes about its roots. Slower vibrations are more slowly communicated to the little pebbles of the thicker membrane which give up these motions in turn by hammering the nerve ends embedded among them. The process of exciting a nerve in this way has been imitated with perfect success in Heidenhain's Tetanomotor.

The construction of the snail shell is not less complex. Every successive convolution is cut into two halves by a partition, the inner part of which is bone, the outer membrane. Only one of these halves communicates with the three crossed rings,

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forming with them one continuous space which looks through the oval window into the drum of the ear. The other half looks into it through the second little opening. There is a single narrow hole (*helicotrema*) in the partition, by which an excess of water on the one side may cross to the other.

When we look a little more narrowly at the membrane of the partition, we see that part of it consists of two parallel layers, the interval between which is filled with nerve fibres, and which is known as Cortis' organ. Out of the bony inner wall of the labyrinth issues the lower of the two membranous layers, the *membrana basilaris*, the upper issuing out of a sort of fleshy swelling just above the bone. The nerves proceed through interstices in the bone itself, they rise slantways from the edge of the *membrana basilaris*, cross to the upper membrane, to which they are jointed or tacked, and come down from it again by a similar slope on the other side to the middle of the membrane from which they started. The latter is that wall of the double partition which does not communicate directly with the three crossing rings.

Each of these nerves is like a violin string, rising from the narrow end on the one side, and falling away from the top of the bridge to the broad end of the instrument. The top membrane acts just like the bridge, holding the nerve string stretched. Out of the bony edge of the *membrana basilaris* rise 3,000 such strings. At the middle, where their second ends are fastened, the membrane is most sensitive to every vibration of the water in the labyrinth. Whenever the motion of the outer air is communicated to the drumhead, it is transmitted, by means of the hammer, the anvil, and the stirrup, through the oval window on which the stirrup rests, to the water of the labyrinth, the two divisions of which communicate with each other through the helicotrema. If all the remaining walls of the labyrinth were of bone, the only effect would be an infinitely slight compression of the water. As it is, the water is a spring, which, particle after particle, takes up the motion given, and sends it forward through the water of the rings and the outer labyrinth, across the helicotrema to the water filling the second or inner part, and there to the little round membranous window which lies between that part and the drum. The whole fluid in the labyrinth, on both sides of the partition wall, is thus set into vibrations which correspond to those of the outer air. When they are very feeble, Schultze's fibres take them up and excite the nerves among their roots. When they are long and slow, the little chalk stone hammers are set to work to pound on the nerve ends below them. In the ordinary case

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of a musical note where regular vibrations occur at fixed intervals, the *membrana basilaris* answers at its middle to the tremors of the water, and out of the 3,000 lyre strings which are stretched between it and the second membrane, it finds one or more ready to vibrate in sympathy. That string is a nerve, and each nerve gives us a separate and characteristic sensation. The ear acts just like the piano, into which we sing a given vowel on a certain note. All the simple vibrations which make up the clang find their sympathising strings, and when these sound, a note echoes back, which is the accurate reproduction of the first. Every nerve gives us its own sensation, though every one is excited, as Müller has shown, in the same way, by a simple vibrating motion. So far our analysis carries us, but we are as incapable as ever of bridging the mysterious gulf between the last physical motion and the first mental consciousness. As far as we can follow it, the physical mechanism obeys the permanent laws of all known musical instruments. 'Within the ears of men and without their 'knowledge or contrivance, this lute of 3,000 strings has existed 'for ages, accepting the music of the outer world and rendering 'it fit for reception by the brain. Each musical tremor which 'falls upon the organ selects from its tensioned fibres the one 'appropriate to its own pitch, and throws that fibre into 'unisonant vibration. And thus, no matter how complicated 'the motion of the external air may be, those microscopic strings 'can analyse it and reveal the constituents of which it is com-'posed.'

The 3,000 strings give 400 for each of the 7 octaves of ordinary instruments, within which the ear is most able to distinguish the gradations of musical tones, and 200 more which we may suppose assigned more sparingly among the more important of those more rarely heard notes that lie beyond these limits. Between them, there are thus $33\frac{1}{3}$ strings for every one of the black and white keys of the keyboard of the piano, which are quite enough to enable us to assign as many special nerves for every variety of vibration as are really required. Weber's inquiries have shown that a practised musician can distinguish between two notes, the rates of vibration of which are in the proportion of 1,000 to 1,001. If every distinguishable note had a separate nerve, we should thus require 64, or nearly twice as many strings for every key. Half these separable notes may therefore be said to have nerves precisely suiting them, the other half are recognised, because they set into simultaneous sympathetic vibrations two contiguous strings.

The theory implies that the same sort of action on each sepa-

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rate nerve should produce the sensation appropriate to it. The nerves of motion are more readily submitted to experiment than those of sense. It has been shown that certain electric changes accompany their excitement, and that in the case of the different motor nerves, these changes differ in amount but not in character. It is exactly so with those of hearing and sight. They are sensitive to certain movements, and these awaken in each individual nerve its appropriate sensation. As Helmholtz expresses it, a nerve may be compared to a telegraph wire. The nature of the current which it carries is always the same. It can only vary as stronger or weaker, as in one direction or in its opposite. But it may write out a message or fire a mine or decompose a chemical compound, or sound a peal of bells, or flash the electric light across the darkness of the sea. All the nerves are excited in the same way. As they pass to different parts of the brain or skin, they produce movements—glandular secretions—increase or diminution of the blood in the vessels and of the flushing or heating of separate organs, sensations of light or of sound. There is no trace of any qualitative difference either in the nerves themselves or in the phenomena developed in them as each is subjected to the movement to which the sensation appropriate to it is due.

It is curious to meet with a confirmation of this somewhat abstruse theory in an unexpected quarter. Hensen found in the ears of certain crabs, little bags filled with watery fluid and containing otolites, partly closed and partly open to the outer water in which the creatures live. The little pebbles in these bags hang at the ends of peculiarly shaped stiff hairs, varying in length and thickness and capable of free movement in the watery fluid. In one species he discovered a series of fine hairs like Schultze's fibres. So long as these organs or either of them are left to it, the animal is sensitive to sound. When the fibres are observed carefully with a microscope while a sound is conducted through an apparatus imitating the canal and drum of the ear into the water of a little vessel containing the animal possessing them, single hairs are seen to be selected and set in motion by given notes. The fibres in the ears of the crab imitate the process which our theory tells us is perpetually going on within the organs of men. There is little enough hope, unfortunately, that we shall ever be able to carry our verifications farther, and make the 3,000 strings of Corti's lyre write down the story of their motions on the screen of a popular lecture-room.

In this rapid survey of the physical theory of sound, we

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have given rather more prominence than Dr. Tyndall to physiological acoustics. To this branch of the subject the inquirers of the last century paid wonderfully little attention. No doubt a simple classification of its principal subdivisions is often of great service in assisting the early progress of a science. But, sooner or later, it is likely to be found rather a hindrance than a help. Even in the brief outline we have given, we have seen how physiological and physical acoustics have mutually confirmed and illustrated each other. We can never be too frequently reminded that knowledge is one system and not infinite details, and that science cannot safely be parcelled into separate fields, or put away in the labelled drawers of a cabinet. However necessary the enormous subdivision of labour which the immense development of modern physics prescribes imperiously to her ordinary followers, we must look for great advances to men who, like Sir William Thomson in this country and Helmholtz in Germany, dare to interest themselves in the general questions which underlie and connect details. No man can hope to leave a permanent scientific reputation who is careless of minutiæ; but that is the very last mistake a disciple of such masters is likely to commit. It is not now true, however, any more than it was in the days of Newton or Galileo, that physical science narrows the nobler intellects, or crushes them under her accumulated heaps of isolated truths. She has room in her temple for all kinds of worshippers. She needs and welcomes the humblest toil of the day-labourer who consecrates his life to the discovery of a solitary fact. Her high priests are those rare great men who in every age stand out from the common crowd 'to bear 'the vessels of the sanctuary.' 'They also serve who only 'stand and wait,' but the loftiest intellect finds its force spent before it has answered a tithe of the momentous enigmas that are yet unsolved. At the close of all labours, a man must ask to what good end he has given himself. There are few who will find the answer so easy as those who have contributed even the smallest help in widening our knowledge of the order of nature and in revealing for our adoration the divine ideas which are at the basis of all things. In the generous efforts they are called to make, they have a hope, better founded than most human expectations, that they will find that education of their faculties for the future which we may reasonably suppose to be the most important object of our present existence.

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ART. V.—1. *Essays on a Liberal Education.* By CHARLES STUART PARKER, M.A.; HENRY SEDGEWICK, M.A.; Lord HOUGHTON; JOHN SEELEY, M.A.; Rev. F. W. FARRAR, M.A., F.R.S.; E. E. BOWEN, M.A., F.R.A.S.; J. W. HALES, M.A.; J. M. WILSON, M.A., F.G.S., F.R.A.S.; W. JOHNSON, M.A. Edited by Rev. F. W. FARRAR. London: 1867.

2. *Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee on Mr. Ewart's Bill for University Extension.* Parliamentary Papers. July 31, 1867.

3. *Address by John Stewart Mill, Esq. M.P. to the Students of the University of St. Andrews.* 1867.

4. *Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster.* By D'ARCY W. THOMPSON. Edinburgh: 1866.

WITH the result of the efforts repeatedly made in the pages of this Review to call attention to the defects of the existing system of public school education in England, there is no reason to feel dissatisfied. Recent events have greatly stimulated the progress of opinion upon this subject. Politicians are no longer indifferent to the fact that, whilst the social forces of the nation have been moving in geometrical progression, the growth of its intellectual culture has not exceeded the arithmetical ratio. The educational question is at last admitted to be one of the highest political importance; and the public conscience appears to be thoroughly aroused to a painful sense of the annually increasing urgency of the problem which it behoves us to solve—not rashly, indeed, but with all possible expedition. For upon the prompt and wise solution of this problem is now imminently depending the position which England is henceforth to hold amongst the nations whose model and whose monitor she has been, in moulding and manifesting the civilisation of the modern world.

The words addressed by Mr. Mill to the students of St. Andrews, and by Mr. Farrar to the Royal Institution, have been echoed far and wide beyond the halls in which they were uttered.* The consistent advocacy of a system of education

* Mr. Farrar's address has had at least the remarkable practical result of upsetting for ever, at Harrow, the venerable system of forcing and drilling all boys alike, from their tenderest years, to write Latin verses; a system which was more than two hundred years old.

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which shall not be arbitrarily limited to a 'little Latin and less 'Greek,' by such men as Lord Lyttleton and Lord Clarendon, cannot but carry with it an authority, weighty—as regards the one, because so elegant and accomplished a scholar as Lord Lyttleton is unassailable by the personal accusation of ignoring the legitimate value of classical attainments; as regards the other, because of his great political experience and European celebrity as one of the most eminent of contemporary English statesmen. For if indeed, we may adopt in this age, to which educational comprehensiveness is far more necessary than it was to the men of the seventeenth century, Milton's noble definition of 'a complete and generous education,' as 'that which fits 'a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all 'the offices, both private and public, of peace and war'—('all 'which,' he adds, 'may be done between twelve and one-and-'twenty—less time than is now bestowed upon pure trifling at 'grammar'), then assuredly few men are better qualified to judge how far this standard is attained by our present public school system than one who has himself discharged the highest public duties in connexion with many of the principal offices of state both at home and abroad.

The impression made on the public mind by Mr. Lowe's pungent criticism of the present education of the higher classes of society proves how general is the dissatisfaction with which that practice is now regarded. But by far the most copious and valuable contribution yet offered to the course of educational reform is contained in the remarkable volume of 'Essays on a 'Liberal Education,' which we now propose to notice. What gives peculiar weight to the opinions so boldly expressed and so ably advocated in this book, is the fact that all the contributors to it are men who have themselves passed with peculiar credit and distinction through the entire process of the system against which the deliberate verdict of their experience is now publicly and emphatically recorded. Four of these essayists have been Senior Classics at Cambridge: one of them was a Senior Wrangler. All, without exception, have taken high class degrees, and are Fellows of their colleges at one or other of the great English universities. Two of them have been University Examiners; and there is not a single university prize, classical or literary, which has not been gained by one or other of their number. More than this. Those of the essayists who most energetically and decisively condemn the existing system, are men who have long been, and still are, teachers at some of our greatest and best esteemed public schools. Altogether, therefore, this interesting publication offers to the cause of

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educational reform an unprecedented *consensus* of experienced and deliberately expressed opinion, the practical value of which can hardly be exaggerated.

'I speak'—says Mr. Farrar, the accomplished editor of this book, and one of its most prominent contributors—'I speak of things I know; I come forward with a precise object, and a definite proposition; that proposition is one of an eminently practical character; and it is one to which, in spite of powerful tradition, and natural prejudice, I have been gradually driven by long years of laborious experience. I am so desirous to speak on this subject with perfect candour and unreserve, that, at the risk of startling on the threshold those readers whom I earnestly desire to convince, I shall say at once that the reform which I intend to advocate is the immediate and total abandonment of Greek and Latin verse-writing as a necessary or general element in liberal education.'

The arguments for and against the excessive predominance of classical studies in our prevalent educational system, are stated and examined by Mr. Sedgewick with a candour and impartiality which give great weight to the discriminating conclusions of his thoughtful essay on this subject; and few persons will be disposed to dispute the truth of his observation that

'Whatever be the cause, the arguments for classical education are often stated, even by able men, in a manner hardly worthy of their ability. They seem often so trivial and shallow, so partial and fragmentary, so vague and sweeping. They seem to suggest such narrow views of culture, such imperfect acquaintance with the intellectual development of mankind, so slight an effort to comprehend all the conditions of the infinitely important problem with which they deal.'

Mr. Gladstone, who can speak on no subject without the authority due to genius, erudition, and conscientiousness, has defended the monopoly of classical education as part of 'a 'divine dispensation,' assuming that 'the materials of it have 'been providentially prepared in order that it might become the 'complement of Christianity in the culture of the human being.' But even when adorned by Mr. Gladstone's rare eloquence and culture, all such transcendental arguments, like the gargoyls on our Gothic cathedrals, although they attract attention by their strange ingenuity of device, add no solidity or support to the venerable edifice to which they are applied.

The Duke of Buccleuch, when urging 'the importance of 'having science taught at our public schools, and the desira- 'bility of causing it to form a portion of the curriculum for 'the study in every school,' thought it worth while to add on a recent occasion, that 'you can no more drive science down

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'a boy's throat than you can attempt to teach mathematics 'to a horse.'* This was probably said in courtesy to the susceptibilities of those 'people who,' the Duke thinks, 'will be 'frightened and refuse to go along with you, if you push the 'matter too far.' Warnings, however, against the danger of pushing the matter too far are as yet premature. Of course you can no more drive science down a boy's throat than you can attempt to teach mathematics to a horse. But it may as truly be said that you can no more drive classics down a boy's throat than you can attempt to teach comic trimeter to a kangaroo, or Homer to a hippopotamus. The fact is, you cannot *drive* anything down a boy's throat. It is astonishing, and but for the evidence of daily experience it would be incredible, that the dreary dismal diurnal grinding at grammar and groaning over verse which are commonly dignified by the imposing title of Classical Instruction, should be seriously defended by any intelligent human being, for the very reason that they render gratuitously difficult the acquisition of rudimentary knowledge, and on the ground that they therefore constitute the most valuable mental discipline for youth. The natural inherent difficulties which beset the acquisition of knowledge are surely, in all conscience, great enough without being artificially augmented and intensified. The women of China do not learn to walk better in consequence of the difficulty of walking at all in shoes that are made too small for their feet. In the selection of educational methods the primary *desideratum* must be to reduce to a minimum the inevitable absorption of motive power by the mechanism on which it is employed; for that portion of it which is taken up and carried away by the process must invariably be deducted from the result. 'Economy of the recipient's attention,' says Mr. Herbert Spencer in his essay on the 'Philosophy of Style,' 'is the 'secret of effect.' And this canon is even more applicable to education than it is to literature.

'A waste of time and waste of energy,' says Mr. Bowen, 'generally go together. The perpetual routine of text-books wearies, distresses, dissipates. That one method of study is more pleasant than another is no small argument in its favour, if this pleasure mainly consists in a rapid process of the intellect. Lexicons are to beginners almost as noxious as grammars. Everyone who knows Greek in the end must remember well how dreary have been the hours which he has spent upon this simply mechanical exercise of turning over leaves with his eye fixed upon the heading of the page. . . . Grievous, how-

* Speech at the Meeting of the British Association at Dundee, September 5, 1867.

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ever, as his waste of time in this direction is, it is work of the fingers alone; the lessons of grammar that he learns will torture his brains as well, and will not even give him the satisfaction of feeling in the end that he has gained his grain of knowledge. He will have done something, it is true; he will not have been idle; he will have done as hard work as people do who turn a treadmill. The use of grammar has been defended on the score that it, after all, does give something for dull boys to do. The argument is perfectly clear. It is upheld as being, after all, *an excellent substitute for education.*'

Equally explicit is Mr. Farrar in rejecting the claim of Latin verses to disciplinary value as a mental exercise.

'Is it necessary,' he asks, 'that discipline should be so purely infructuous? Can we teach nothing in heaven and earth which shall be valuable as *an end*, no less than as *a means?* Is it not sheer blasphemy against the majesty of knowledge to assert that there is nothing worth *teaching* which shall be also worth *knowing?* . . . We are told of a certain philanthropist, that when work was slack he employed his labourers one day in dragging stones from one place to another, and the next day in dragging them back again. Well, he certainly kept them at work; and even such work is, I suppose, preferable to idleness. But would labourers so occupied be likely to conceive a high opinion either of the good sense of their employer, or of the high dignity of labour, and its infinite importance in the evolution of human progress? And was not such a work a mere waste of organised frivolity? Now we have been exactly imitating this philanthropist by degrading education into a mere discipline, and thus teaching our boys to disbelieve that *anything* was worth knowing; since the end set before them was, to the majority, alike unattainable and valueless. What wonder is it that so many of them have grown up to despise and to disbelieve in the necessity of any kind of intellectual effort?'

The best mental training is that which, by exercising the mind as an instrument for the acquisition of knowledge, renders the knowledge so acquired a valuable instrument for the improvement of the mind.*

* In his essay on 'The Teaching of Science in Public Schools' Mr. Wilson wisely remarks that certain mental instincts 'are almost 'ignored in the art of education. One of these instincts is curiosity. 'It is a mental phenomenon which the skilful master studies, a 'power he makes use of to educate the boy. It is the one principle 'that makes self-education possible; it is a form of the love of know-'ledge. . . . But it is often actively repressed, whereas it ought to 'be guided, stimulated, and strengthened. . . . It is the ordinary 'form of activity of a young mind, which it is unnatural and foolish 'to ignore as we do.'

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Burke has nobly said that 'the elevation of the mind ought 'to be the principal end of all our studies, which, if they do 'not in some degree effect, they are of very little service to us.' But what possible mental or moral elevation can be attained by the incessant rearrangement of words without ideas in arbitrary longs and shorts?

No man of real culture, or intellectual force, who has attained to perfect proficiency in the exercise of this sort of frivolous knack has ever valued the attainment highly. Cowley, who possessed it, despised it, and even in an age when accomplishments of this kind were held in the highest estimation, Montaigne spoke of his own faculty for catching the style of Latin poets in the composition of modern Latin verses, as 'an apish imitative faculty;' and he calls the exercise of such a faculty, in its effects upon the mind, 'a cruel 'imitation, like that of the apes which Alexander met with in 'a certain country of the Indies,' and whom their pursuers taught to glue up their own eyes, put their heads in running nooses, and hamstring and bind themselves; 'thus did those 'poor animals employ their mimicking humour, indiscreetly, to 'their own detriment.'

It is, indeed, but the futile and pitiable dexterity of a squirrel in the wire barrel of its cage: effort without progress. Nay, it is even worse, because more harmful, than the squirrel's labour. For progress of a certain bad kind, unhappily, there is. Vain progress into that 'Limbo large and broad,' where dwell

> 'Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
> Built their fond hopes.'

If anyone be disposed to think this assertion exaggerated, let him remember the literature of the *Renaissance*, with its Dead Sea flowers and fruits of conventional classic scholarship; and, if he still doubts the invariability of the law that, in every age, the like causes will produce the like effects, let him weigh candidly the testimony of a contemporary eye-witness:—

'I have even heard of Cambridge scholars,' says Mr. Farrar, 'who toiled through Ausonius, Silius Italicus, *et tous ces garçons-la*, in the hope of picking up here and there some gaudy epithet, some sonorous combination, some rhetorical παρήχησις, which might "pay" in a set of verses for the Tripos or for a prize. I have *known* even boys who thought it necessary to bathe themselves, εἰς ὦτα κλύζων, with the soft atmosphere of the "Amores," in order to improve their Latin verse, even if it were at the expense of all simplicity and ingenuousness of mind. Some of them have reaped their reward in university applause, and afterwards in the wander-

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ings of an enervated imagination and the over-refinement of an intellect at once fastidious and weak.' *

This, then, is the result of the system with those who succeed in making the best that can be made out of it. But think of the thousands who fail entirely to make anything out of it at all! And the result, even as it is exhibited in the success of those who succeed, is, if possible, more lamentable in its moral than in its merely intellectual aspect. To suppose that any educational system, the intellectual objects and methods of which are radically false, can ever be productive of a high moral result, is simply to suppose the impossible. Morality grows only by the growth of our intellectual conceptions of what morality is.

'We know,' says Mr. Bowen, 'what becomes of the man who devotes himself to particles. He is not the man to whom in nine cases out of ten his generation turns for help. There grows upon a society of "beautiful scholars" a distaste for things in which taste and refinement have little room for display, and in which breadth is more important than accuracy; and the result is a lack of sympathy with human struggles and cares.'

And hence arises indirectly a serious national calamity (serious in its immediate mischief, national in its ultimate consequence), which we shall presently have occasion to notice more particularly when speaking of our university system. We refer to the fixed idea which seems to be entertained by

* Mr. Farrar also instances the age of Nero, 'during which, 'in the countless schools of rhetoricians Grammar and Philology 'were everything, Philosophy nothing. 'What was the result? 'Never since the world began was there less invention for more 'men who taught the art of inventing. Never was the style of 'even those writers who had the gift of genius more pedantic or 'more obscure. Never was the degradation of the literary character 'more pitiable or more complete. Occupied from childhood in the 'art of writing in which they were forced to express emotions they 'did not feel, and sentiments they did not understand, what wonder 'that the poets ended by going off into emulous raptures at the 'beauty of lapdogs, and invocations of all the gods and goddesses to 'take charge of a minion's hair? . . . It was the age of τόποι and 'τρόποι, and *loci communes*; the universal triumph of barren plati-'tude, tricked out with affectation and grimace.' (*On the Uselessness of Greek and Latin Verse Composition.*) In M. Beulé's admirable lectures on 'Augustus and his Contemporaries,' he points out with great force the effect of this purely grammatical education, in which *words* are made to divert the mind from *things*, in promoting the fatal degeneracy of the Roman aristocracy under the rule of the Cæsars. *Absit omen!*

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many of the heads of universities, that instruction is only desirable as a preparation for certain special examinations, and that its exclusive practical object should be success in the competition for particular university prizes. This is a mean and miserable ideal of the dignity of study. Dr. Bateson, the Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, when asked whether, in his opinion, the professoriate could be made adequate to the instruction of extra-collegiate students, replies, 'No. I have 'no belief in the professoriate *as a preparation for examina-* 'tions.' The speaker seems to have been utterly unconscious of the shamefulness of his implied definition of the purposes of education. Lord North used to say, 'I hope that our Gene- 'rals will frighten the enemy, for I am sure they frighten *me:*' and we must confess that the language held to Mr. Ewart's Committee by some of the champions of Classical Education inspires us with a somewhat similar alarm on behalf of the many young minds which are annually drilled under the generalship of those educationalists to fight the difficult intellectual battle of this nineteenth century.* The worst thing in the history of those students of the 'Amores' who reap their reward 'in the wanderings of an enervated imagination, and 'the over-refinement of an intellect at once fastidious and 'weak,' is that they also reap their reward 'in university 'applause.' The fact is, that in most of our great public schools and universities, founded before the revival of classical letters had ceased to be eminently beneficial to society, the traditional systems and methods of that period have survived the social circumstances with which they were then in harmony.

'The fields which sprung beneath the ancient plough,
Spent and outworn, return no harvest now:
And we must die of want,
Unless new lands we plant.'

Enthusiasm, emulation, the wholesome natural joy which accompanies the sense of any faculty not in vain exerted—stimulants to effort which are yet fresh and strong in the temperament of boyhood—finding no adequate satisfaction in the schoolroom, now betake themselves, careless and boisterous emigrants, to the playground. There, at least, some

* The evidence of Mr. Balston, the head master of Eton, before that Commission, was in an especial manner discreditable, and the public have recently learned with great satisfaction that the learned gentleman has seen reason to resign an office he was so ill qualified to fill in these times.

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sort of reward awaits exertion; there enthusiastic and immediate approbation crowns success; there the daily increase of skill which is attained by assiduous exertion has some appreciable result; and the cravings of boyish ambition are satisfied. The encouragement given by parents to this tendency in their sons when at school to look upon games and sports as their principal object of study—the true ἐλευθέρια, or things which are respectable and gentlemanlike in proportion as they are enjoyable for their own sake, without any view to ultimate profit or advantage from the enjoyment to which they are conducive,*—is partly explained, and perhaps partly excused, by the peculiar refinement of uselessness which characterises the usual school course of study, the small value it appears to set on knowledge for the sake of knowledge, the little enjoyment it elicits from the pursuit of it, and the low kind of profit or advantage to the acquisition of which it is unswervingly directed. But, unfortunately, this undue cultivation of merely physical, at the expense of intellectual, preeminence is fast converting our great public schools into training schools for cricketers and boat-racers, with a supplementary instruction in Latin and Greek. Now, we have no wish to see the just claims of the body sacrificed to those of the mind in any scheme of education. But, in the first place, this exaggerated cultivation of athleticism is *not healthful*,—does not even attain the result which is the only excuse ever pleaded for the encouragement of it, viz. the perfection of the physical organism. A clever writer who has had no small experience of the physical and mental characteristics of boys, declares indeed, that 'a perfectly healthy booby 'is as rare as a live dodo.'† Without going so far as to endorse this sweeping generalisation, we have merely to notice that the average duration of human life amongst professional cricketers, Thames boatmen, and the generality of those who live by athleticism, is notoriously short. ‡ In the next place, these athletic games and exercises are now pushed at our public

* Aristotle, Rhet. b. i. c. v. 7, Definitions of Popular Terms.

† D'Arcy W. Thompson, 'Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster.'

‡ The advocates of athleticism affirm that it is not injurious to physical health because its devotees do not undertake any task of excessive muscular exertion without long preliminary training. But they cannot possibly assert that such physical training is compatible with simultaneous and severe mental labour. Therefore, whilst this inordinate cultivation of muscularity is probably injurious to both body and mind, it must certainly be injurious to either the one or the other.

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schools and universities to a point at which they cease to be merely *recreations*, and become serious *objects of study*. We object to this exaggerated cultivation of athleticism at our schools and universities not merely because it is utterly destructive of all the nobler and more legitimate aims and exercises of school and university life. That is bad enough. But infinitely more disastrous is the effect of it in after life: the low animal estimate of power, the callous unreceptive condition of mind, the coarse moral fibre, and semi-barbarous adulation of all that resembles physical force in man's dealings with his fellow-creatures, which generations of young Englishmen are thus annually carrying with them from the little world of school into the great school of the world. The evidence upon this subject, given by Mr. Roundell to Mr. Ewart's Select Committee, is suggestive of the most serious reflections.

'I think,' he says, speaking of the present tone of University students, 'that athletic sports are becoming a positive nuisance; and in place of men engaging in the true work of the university, those games and sports are positively almost taking the place of learning. Then I think, to speak generally, you see traces of that in after life in the professions, and in public life, and it would be extremely important to counteract that at its source.'*

And again:—

'Mr. Selwyn.—You have said that the athletic sports are a positive nuisance; do you propose to put them down by Act of Parliament?—No, I was speaking then of the prevailing tone of the place, and I hope I am entitled to speak about that, because I was myself in the university eleven, so that perhaps I may be allowed to speak on that point; and I must say, that in spite of my own natural prepossessions that way, I do lament most deeply what I take to be (which we see not only in the universities, but at schools and elsewhere) this giving over of people's minds to this idolatry of athleticism. It is one of the greatest mischiefs of the day.' †

Yet one more extract from this evidence of Mr. Roundell's.

'Also, if I may refer to one more point, I would refer to the bearing of this question upon our colonial relations, considering the remarkable number of persons who emigrate from this country and settle in the Colonies. If I might be allowed to give a practical instance of it, I would simply say this, that last year, when I was in the West Indies, I was strongly impressed with the great importance

* Parliamentary Papers, presented July 31, 1867. Oxford and Cambridge Universities Education Bill. Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee, p. 16, n. 273.

† Ibid. p. 22, n. 393.

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of a liberal education being imparted to those who would go out from this country to settle in our Colonies; in very many ways, to which I need not refer, I was deeply impressed with that observation.'*

This directly raises the question whether the acquisition of muscular strength, and a dexterous knack of imitating the metres and metaphors of Greek and Latin poets, be a sufficient compensation even to the few who succeed in possessing it —much less to the rest of their fellow-creatures—for profound ignorance (and what is far worse than ignorance, that self-satisfied stolid indifference, so often the fruit in manhood of ignorance that has been sanctioned in youth) respecting all which it behoves the citizens and subjects of a great empire to know and reverence.

To those advocates of Classical Education who would exclude all study of the modern world in which we live from competition with that of the poets and orators of a long extinct society, we may fairly apply the reproach expressed in that distich which Sir E. Coke inscribed on the title-page of Bacon's great Instauration,

'Instaurare pares veterum documenta sophorum:
Instaura leges, justitiamque prius.'

Is it not time to relieve this country from the disgrace of being compelled to acquiesce in the assertion of Hobbes, that it is at our public schools 'that men are brought up in ignorance of 'sound constitutional doctrines, the teaching of which should 'begin at the academies'?

'There,' he says, 'there, the true, and truly demonstrated foundations of civil doctrine are to be laid; wherewith young men being once endued, they may afterwards, both in public and private, instruct the vulgar. And this they will do so much the more cheerfully by how much themselves shall be convinced of the truth of those things they profess to teach. For seeing that at this day men receive propositions, though false and no more intelligible than if a man should join together a company of terms drawn by chance out of an urn, by reason of the frequent use of hearing of them; how much more would they, for the same reasons, entertain true doctrine suitable to their own understanding and the nature of things.'

But it may be forcibly argued that nearly all subjects which are connoted by the term 'civil doctrine,' cannot possibly be, as Hobbes asserts they ought to be, 'truly demon-'strated' at schools and colleges, for the simple but imperative

* Parliamentary Papers, presented July 31, 1867. Oxford and Cambridge Universities Education Bill. Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee, p. 16, n. 268.

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reason that these subjects are inevitably controversial. We know that the most serious danger in education is the danger of perpetuating error. And this danger, it may be urged, is inseparable from all attempts to give authoritative instruction upon subjects which admit legitimate difference of opinion. It is true, indeed, that a rigid application of this rule would exclude philosophy, and many of the higher and most important branches of science; indeed there is hardly anything which it might not exclude; for even the Latin grammar is a subject of animated controversy. But a man's interpretation of historical, social, and political phenomena undoubtedly bears, with a force unequalled by opinion on any other subject, upon the whole course of practical life. We fully admit, therefore, that there is much truth and justice in this view of the matter. It has been put before us by Mr. Mill with that impressive impartiality which is one of the great characteristics of his penetrating intellect. But are even erroneous opinions, if formed from a lively attention to facts, so mischievous as profound, premeditated, and complacent ignorance? Mr. Carlyle is in the habit of using historical fact as a merely decorative material for the illustration of certain theories of human life and national conduct, which we ourselves believe to be erroneous, and to a great extent mischievous. But the enthusiasm which the genius of this writer has awakened in a great number of young minds is infinitely preferable to no enthusiasm at all. Nor need instruction be always dogmatic. Perhaps it is the function of this age to promote and accumulate rich stores of individual opinion, from which it may be the task of our posterity to evolve some homogeneous body of general doctrine capable of re-establishing our scientific, religious, and social conceptions on a solid basis of intelligent faith, and placing them in harmonious co-operation with the material conditions and requirements of modern life. But all attempts to maintain artificial unity by ignoring existing controversies in matters of opinion can only retard the accomplishment of such a task.

'It cannot long be possible for us' (says Mr. Wilson) 'to consent to turn out men into the world totally unprepared to meet the problems which will necessarily force themselves on their notice. . . . We inherit a noble inheritance, the achievements of the intellectual giants of past ages, carried forward by the intelligent sympathy of thousands of their fellows. It confers on its inheritors a calmness and dignity and confidence which will ever increase. For them, no fear of to-morrow's discoveries breaks the night's rest; they utter no little shrieking cries of alarm; they are confident in the power and the ultimate unity of truth. Not to any generation is it given

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to outstrip its place in the history of philosophy; and the work of our generation is clear: it is to ascertain what is, and what is not true, by patient and trustful investigation.'*

Mr. Staunton, in the introduction to his work upon Public Schools, observes that—

'No English institution can fairly be measured by an ideal standard; for, if so estimated, nearly every English institution would be forthwith condemned. The simple question must be whether a particular institution harmonises with other institutions, and with a certain rude, vague, but quite intelligible something, which may be called the English scheme of life. The great endowed schools are less to be considered as educational agencies, in an intellectual sense, than as social agencies.'

We believe that these words very accurately represent the sentiment which disposes many persons to deprecate attempts for the improvement of our public schools as 'educational 'agencies.' But, even regarding them only as 'social agencies,' we must assert that they are, in their present condition, *bad* social agencies; and it is precisely because these schools no longer 'harmonise with our other institutions,' because they have ceased to promote, and are ceasing even to coincide with, what is at this day 'the English scheme of life,' that we earnestly advocate the reform of a system under which, whether we regard them as educational or as social agencies, it is impossible for them ever to become, what we hope ere long to see them become—flourishing and fruitful branches of the nation's intellectual growth. 'It is'—says Lord Houghton, referring to the type of Englishmen produced by these schools—'it is admitted that he may become a landed proprietor without a notion of agriculture; a coal-owner without an inkling 'of geology; a sportsman without curiosity in natural history; 'a legislator without the elements of law; it is assumed that he 'may frequent foreign countries without having acquired even 'a convenient intimacy with their language, and continually 'merit that ridicule which is especially disagreeable to his nature; and yet in the face of all these admissions, each attempt 'to supply these deficiencies is regarded as little less than revolutionary.'† We deny not the danger of 'organic rashness;' but the danger of organic ossification is greater. Let it not be thought, however, that we would substitute a technical or

* Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee, p. 253, n. 4246.

† Lord Houghton, On the Present Social Results of Classical Education.

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professional for a purely liberal and general education. There never was a time when really liberal education was more urgently needed in England than at present. Our sympathies, like our knowledge, are narrowed by augmented difficulty in the struggle for mere material means of existence, and the necessity of selection, with a view to practical success, from amidst an ever-increasing multiplicity in the details of knowledge. We are all inclined to look too much, each of us on his own *mêtier*, as the savage looks on his club, seeing in it, not only an implement of use, but also an object of worship. To the exaggeration of this tendency early comprehensiveness of education is the only practical corrective. 'If,' says Auguste Comte,* 'we have been accustomed to deplore the spectacle 'amongst the artisan classes of a workman occupied during his 'whole life in nothing else but making knife handles or pins' 'heads, we may find something quite as lamentable in the in-'tellectual class, in the exclusive employment of a human brain 'in resolving some equations or classifying insects. The moral 'effect is unhappily analogous in the two cases. It occasions a 'miserable indifference about the general course of human 'affairs, as long as there are equations to resolve, or pins to 'manufacture.' He adds that it is the social destination of Government, and it should be the national object of education, 'to guard against and restrain this fundamental dispersion of 'ideas, sentiments, and interests, which is the inevitable result 'of human development, but which, if left to itself, would put 'a stop to social progression in all important respects.' 'I 'hold,' says Mr. Wilson, 'that a boy is best educated by 'learning something of many things, and much of something; 'and that a man of the highest education ought to know some-'thing of everything and everything of something.'

What we complain of, therefore, in the present character of our highest class education is, not that it is too unprofessional, but that it is insufficiently liberal; that it either ignores altogether, or only contemptuously glances at, various subjects of study which ought to be regarded as fundamental to the curriculum of a high class instruction; that its aim is narrow, and its methods clumsy. It has been observed by one to whose singular conscientiousness and rare activity of intellectual labour this country will long be indebted,† that

* We quote from Miss Martineau's abridged translation, vol. ii. c. v. p. 149.

† Sir George Cornewall Lewis. 'Introduction to Methods of Ob-'servation and Reasoning in Politics.'

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'with equal natural ability, equal study, and equal experience, 'the man who is provided with a good method will outstrip 'him who employs a feeble or defective method, or who 'trusts to mere common sense.' Now, if we look for the causes of a fact admitted and deplored by all—that it is Germany, not England, which is now dictating the course of modern research and the development of modern ideas—we need not go far to find them. The Germans have been careful, while we have been careless, of selecting the best and most efficient methods for the education of the mind. 'No courage 'or discipline in an army could enable the spear or the arrow 'to contend with the musket or the cannon.' We have been fighting the battle for intellectual supremacy with bad weapons; weapons as rude and obsolete as the arrow and the spear; weapons which our own posterity will perhaps some day regard with a sense of wonder as contemptuous as that which is now excited in ourselves by the contemplation of those clumsy and ungainly relics which extinguished Allophylian races have left behind them, as the only traces of their existence, in our caves and fluvial deposits.

The common English remedy for every evil is 'to put it 'down by Act of Parliament,' as Mr. Selwyn ironically suggests with regard to athletic sports. But neither ignorance nor knowledge can be put down by Act of Parliament. We must suffer knowledge to come into rivalry with ignorance on at least equal terms. The excellence of a man's work is generally in proportion to the interest he takes in it. Boys are not to be decoyed from the pleasures of athleticism by dreary invocations to a course of study which they feel to be, for the most part, as frivolous and fantastic as it is frigid and forbidding. Even if these studies be considered only as what Bishop Berkeley calls 'crops which are raised not for 'the harvest, but to be ploughed in as a dressing to the 'land,' they are the worst kind of cultivation for such purely preliminary purposes. The dullest boys can perceive clearly enough that one half of what they are taught at school is not 'suitable to their own understandings and the nature of things.'

But it is said that even if the study of classical verse-manufacture be useless as a mental discipline, and preparation for other studies, it has yet many other recommendations. In the first place, it is the most *convenient* kind of teaching; or, as Mr. Farrar puts it, 'it enables a master to look over very 'quickly what boys have done very slowly; and it can be 'taught successfully even by stupid men who can teach nothing 'else.' We entirely agree with Mr. Farrar that such a re-

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commendation as this, is 'the worst condemnation of the whole 'system.' Well then, it is a means of learning the language. A means? yes, but the worst of all possible means. Mr. Farrar humorously asks (but his question is quite to the point) whether the head masters who assert this to be a good means of learning a language would themselves be willing to act up to that assertion by trying to learn Persian or Sanscrit in the same way. 'When they know a dozen or two Persian 'or Sanscrit words, and have laboriously toiled through, say a 'hundred lines of Ferdousi or the Puranas, let them be set down 'for five or six hours every week for some years to produce epic 'lines in the style of the Sháh-námah, or love poems on the 'model of the Hitopadésa.' And he justly points to the fact that our Greek is superior to our Latin scholarship, although much less time is devoted at schools to the composition of Greek than of Latin verses. But the most popular plea for this excessive study of Latin verse composition, and it is one that is maintained with a tenacity due to the obvious impossibility of finding any other that will even bear discussion, is that Latin verse-writing is the best means of cultivating taste and style. This we utterly deny; but granting it for the sake of argument, we must observe that such an argument involves what the logicians would call a ὕστερον πρότερον. It puts the cart before the horse. The sauce may be a luxury, but the meat is a necessity. The dinner may be a preparation for the dessert, but the dessert is no preparation for the dinner. Not only is the matter more important than the manner, but as a general rule we may be sure that bad taste and slovenly expression are incompatible with sound knowledge, accurate thinking, and noble feeling. There is nothing whatever in English or foreign literature to justify the assertion that the imitative manufacture of Greek and Latin verses is the best, or even a good, means of acquiring beauty of style and nobility of taste. The purest and most grammatical writers of their own language have rarely, if ever, formed their style by exclusive study of verse composition in Greek and Latin. 'If 'by taste,' says Mr. Farrar, 'be meant a fine sense of 'beauty and propriety, *that* is only attainable by moral cul- 'ture, and a constant familiarity with what is great in conduct, 'and pure in thought. *This* kind of taste, these fine har- 'monies in the music of the mind and soul, are certainly not 'to be won—although I believe that they may be irretrievably 'lost—by grinding boys into a laborious imitation of Propertian 'prettinesses and Ovidian conceits.' Then again, what can possibly be more absurd than our grammatical method?

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Grammar may be considered under two aspects, as a means, and as an end, as the instrument, and also as the subject of study. But grammar regarded as an important branch of the science of language is one thing, and grammar regarded as one of the many ways of learning a language is another thing. The undoubted importance of this study as an *end* is quite independent of its very questionable utility as a *means*, and whilst we are employing it as the *instrument*, we should be careful not to look upon it as the *subject* of instruction. Now, as the only grammar taught at public schools is that of the Latin and Greek languages, it is solely as a means of learning these languages that we have to consider the claim of grammar to the enormous amount of time lavished on the teaching, and the protracted labour exacted for the learning, of it by the existing school system. This will be denied by many persons. We shall be told that an English boy's only knowledge of the syntactical structure of his mother tongue is learnt from the Latin grammar. Possibly so. But this is no justification, it is only a shameless explanation of a shameful fact. When the lion's share of school study was first given to the Latin and Greek grammars, they were fairly entitled to claim it; for at that time neither our own, nor any other modern language, was perfectly formed. Not only were those grammars the keys to the world's literary treasure-house, they were also powerful instruments for the development of languages and literatures yet embryonic; although in some respects their influence upon that development has been decidedly prejudicial. But assuredly had Petrarch been born a contemporary of our own laureate he would not have trusted the immortality of his fame to a Latin poem on the Punic wars; assuredly neither Bacon, nor Descartes, nor Spinosa, were they now living, would adopt a dead language as the best vehicle for the circulation of their philosophical conceptions; and if a grammatical knowledge of Greek and Latin be still a most desirable accomplishment, a grammatical knowledge of one's own language is now an intellectual necessity. 'The propriety of introducing English 'grammar into schools,' says Dr. Priestley, 'cannot be disputed; 'a competent knowledge of our own language being most useful 'and ornamental in all, and a *critical* knowledge of it abso-'lutely necessary to all persons of a liberal education.' 'Whatever the advantages or defects of the English language 'may be,' says Dr. Blair, 'as it is our own language it deserves 'a high degree of study and attention.' Now the absurd proposition that the physiology or even the grammar of the English language can be vicariously taught by the rules of Latin

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syntax, is disproved by daily experience. Cobbett need not have confined his examples of bad grammar to selections from speeches from the throne. As a means of learning *English* correctly, the Latin grammar (the exclusive teaching of it, at least) is useless. But as a means of learning *Latin* rapidly and easily, will any man assert that it has been found successful? Universal experience should convince us that the worst way of learning any language is to begin at the grammar of it. 'There is not an Englishman in the country,' says Mr. Bowen, 'who, if he wanted to learn French, would begin by 'committing to memory a whole volume of rules and formulæ.' We may be told, however, that no analogy to the study of the dead languages exists in that of the living, Latin and Greek being so much more difficult than any modern language. If that be true, surely the natural difficulty of these languages is no good reason for artificially adding to it. But is it true? We believe Latin to be easier, and Greek not much more difficult, than German.

In that delightful little book, the 'Daydreams of a School-'master,' Mr. D'Arcy Thompson has hit this huge fallacy very dexterously on the head:—

'In the minds of many people' (he says), 'education is inseparably connected with the idea of difficulty and tediousness. They imagine that a great deal must be accomplishing, when painful efforts are being made. They find a grim satisfaction in the feeling of obstruction. So, when you row a boat against the stream, you hear the water ruckling at the prow; and you feel virtue go out of you at every stroke of the oar, and the boat is almost stationary. But, when you row with the current, you hear no noise of rippling; you scarcely feel your oar; and the boat is gliding like a swan.'

It is clear that if the object of teaching be learning, and if the object of learning Latin and Greek be to *know* Latin and Greek, the sooner and more easily those objects can be realised the better it is for all concerned in the process. It is equally clear that the grammatical method is neither easy nor speedy. But the importance of grammar, scientifically considered as the logic of language, is quite another matter. This most important subject of study ought, on all accounts, to be placed high in the curriculum, and reserved for a late period of the educational course, when the study of it can be satisfactorily prosecuted in connexion with the kindred sciences of Logic and Comparative Philology. But a scientific knowledge of grammar is not to be attained by committing to heart any number of rules of Latin syntax in the barbarous jargon of mediæval phraseology or modern pedantry. Locke wisely

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observed that 'grammatical learning, which is now almost 'confined to boys, deserves to be the study of men. For we 'have some reason to doubt whether language, as it has been 'hitherto employed, has contributed more to the improvement, 'or the hindrance, of knowledge.' Dr. Blair, regarding it from the same point of view, has said, 'It is apt to be slighted 'by superficial thinkers as belonging to those rudiments of 'knowledge which were inculcated upon us in our youth. But 'what was then inculcated *before we could understand its prin-* 'ciples would abundantly repay our study in maturer years, 'and to the ignorance of it must be attributed many of those 'fundamental defects which appear in writing.' Horne Tooke said of Locke's great work that 'perhaps it was a lucky mistake '(for it *was* a mistake), which Mr. Locke made when he called 'his book an essay on "Human Understanding." For some 'part of the inestimable benefit of that book has, merely on 'account of its title, reached to many thousands more than I 'fear it would have done had he called it (what it is merely) 'a grammatical essay, or a treatise on words, or on language.' To sum up this part of the subject, the reason why we object to our present school system of teaching grammar is that, considered as a means, it is too laborious, considered as an end, it is altogether inadequate. We have no wish to lead any indiscriminate assault upon the dignity of classical studies. Mr. Sedgewick, indeed, in his very judicial and careful review of the 'Theory of Classical Education,' points out the absence of any reason

'why Latin and Greek should be regarded as a sort of linguistic Siamese twins, which nature has joined together, and which would wither if separated. The qualities of the two languages, and the reasons for which it is desirable to study them, are in many respects very different; and it is only by a palpable looseness of thought that they can be joined in discussion as frequently as they are.'

Burnet, in his treatise on education, went so far as to say that, in his day 'the Greek language, except for the New 'Testament, is of no very great use for gentlemen, as most 'of the best books in it are translated into Latin, English, 'and French.' But Burnet was only eighteen when he wrote this, and, in any case, his opinion is not ours. If he considered translations to be all-sufficient, we know not why he should have excepted the New Testament from the list of other Greek books. A knowledge of Greek *does* appear to us to be 'of very great use to gentlemen;' and when all due deductions have been made from their exaggerated pretensions to be exclusively studied, the classical languages will still retain a

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strong and legitimate claim to be seriously taught, and, if possible, thoroughly learned. What we affirm and deplore is, that, according to our present educational system, they are taught—inordinately, indeed—but not seriously; and learned, laboriously, but not thoroughly. All we plead for is a little more proportion in our intellectual sympathies. 'It is not 'enough,' says Sedgewick, 'that the intelligence should be 'trained at one time and in one way, and the senses exercised 'separately.' The same opinion is expressed by Lord Bacon, in words which have been justly praised by Bolingbroke (in his 'Patriot King'), and more recently by Dugald Stewart (in his introduction to Locke):—

'In forming a human character' (he says), 'we should not proceed as a statuary does in forming a statue; who works, sometimes on the face, sometimes on the limbs, sometimes on the folds of the drapery. But we should proceed (and it is in our power to proceed) as Nature does in forming a flower, or any other of her productions. She throws out altogether, and at once, the whole system of being, and the rudiments of all the parts.'

Yet by those who form our classical type of education, how many of the parts are neglected, while the drill is busily perfecting some infinitesimal particular! Most fully justified is the noble bitterness of indignation with which Mr. Farrar exclaims:—

'When I consider how little at the end our schoolboys know, how vast are the regions of knowledge in which they are wholly ignorant, how valueless is much of their little knowledge, how dangerous the extent of their ignorance—and, above all, how rich in fruit might have been those many barren hours which have been wasted on the impotent effort to acquire a merely elegant accomplishment, then I confess that my regret deepens into sorrow, indignation, and shame.'

It is obvious that the right basis of educational reform must be founded on the 'profound and earnest conviction,' expressed by the same writer, 'that by the frank adoption 'of wiser and better methods than those which we now 'employ, we shall be able to teach much more in other sub-'jects without teaching one whit less in those with which 'hitherto we have been exclusively occupied.'

Now supposing the field of educational extension to have been thus judiciously disencumbered of rubbish, and thrown open to sun and air, the question arises, What are the new crops with which it may be most profitably planted? Even as regards the dead languages, are we wise in altogether excluding Hebrew? A knowledge of Greek is considered abso-

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lutely necessary for the clergy; but in the present state of theological controversy a thorough knowledge of Hebrew is even more necessary. On almost every disputed point of Biblical criticism the man who is not a Hebrew scholar is entirely at the mercy of the man who is. And be it remembered that, so long as the Church of England is an endowed establishment governed and maintained by the State, these questions of Biblical criticism are virtually social, legal, and political questions of no slight moment. Now, hitherto it has, rightly or wrongly, been deemed that what is necessary for the professional education of clergymen is highly advantageous for the liberal education of laymen. And in a free State, such as England, this would seem, for many reasons, to be a sound principle. Some knowledge of the Semitic languages, and of the origin and history of the ideas which these languages embody, is necessary to the solution of a great number of interesting questions which are not purely theological. Hebrew is the best key to such a knowledge; and the propriety of studying it would perhaps be more generally admitted if comparative philology were, as we think it should be, introduced into the syllabus of the higher forms at our public schools.

But when we come to the claim of the modern languages, it is not possible to urge it too strongly. If, however, we are called upon to say whether, in our opinion, public schools should undertake to teach modern languages, we shall be compelled, in honesty, to give a very qualified reply. We do not think that our public schools should undertake to teach modern languages *from the very beginning;* because, under all circumstances, an English public school cannot fail to be about the worst place in the world at which to learn a foreign language; and we cannot honestly recommend any man, or body of men, to undertake a duty which they are not able to perform well. Foreign languages are best learned in foreign countries, and easiest learned in childhood. But public schools ought to undertake the teaching of the literature of these languages; for this is a duty which such schools are quite competent, or can at least be made competent, to discharge. We conceive that, considering the wealth, rank, and comparative leisure of the class by which these schools are chiefly maintained, every public school would be fully justified in exacting, as a *sine quâ non* condition to the admission of pupils, a previous knowledge of at least French and German, which might be easily tested by a very simple entrance examination. But to exact from the pupil on entering school a knowledge, which after his entry is to be neglected and discouraged, would

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of course be highly vexatious. Place might advantageously be made by the side of classical composition for composition in French and German; and success in the one kind of exercise should be as highly rewarded as success in the other. A critical study of the literary masterpieces of these languages would enlarge the range of the student's intellectual sympathies and ideas, and probably do more to improve his style and taste, than whole reams of elegiacs or iambics. To be able to imitate the style of Voltaire or Paul Courrier would be no useless acquirement. To be able to understand the ideas of Goethe and Lessing would richly repay the study of their works.*

We have already expressed our belief in the propriety of some elementary instruction in the general principles of jurisprudence. But, undoubtedly, those subjects which claim the largest share of the time spared from classical studies, are the physical and natural sciences. Valuable for their own sake, they are also useful for the sake of everything else. It is in these sciences that the intellect of the age we live in is most active and progressive. It is by the order of mind to which the study of these sciences is conducive that our civilisation is chiefly guided and controlled. The treasures wrung from that study constitute the richest heirlooms in the power of this age to bequeath to its posterity. If we look to what should be the grand object of all study, namely, the formation of mind and character, we shall assuredly be compelled to admit that there is no kind of study so conducive to its attainment as that of science. For there is hardly any mental or moral faculty which science does not exercise, discipline, and develope better than anything else which a man can set himself to learn. Again there is this inestimable advantage in the teaching of science: the pupil cannot in this, as he can in purely literary studies, shirk conscientious labour; he cannot substitute knack for knowledge; he cannot jump over difficulties by the help of a 'crib.' There are no false 'keys' to the Book of Nature. But, at least, the lessons learned from that book are learned to

* Mr. Sedgewick remarks that many persons 'would perhaps be 'ashamed to confess how shallow an appreciation they had of Greek 'art till they read Goethe and Schiller, Lessing and Schlegel.' To us it seems highly probable that an Englishman, ignorant of Greek and Latin, but thoroughly acquainted with German, and therefore able to ransack all the German literature of classical criticism and research, would be better able to obtain a speedy and accurate insight into the life of the Greeks and Romans than one who, knowing Latin and Greek, but not German, should be only able to consult the literature of the Greeks and Romans themselves.

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some purpose. For the scientific method is the *practical* method in every subject on which a man's intelligence can be practically exercised. Those portions of Mr. Wilson's excellent essay on the teaching of science at public schools which discuss in detail the question of what sciences can, and what can not, be conveniently taught at a public school—the considerations in accordance with which they should be selected—the order in which they should be taken—the manner in which they should be taught—the time which can properly be spared to the study of them—and how that time may be best distributed and employed—are especially deserving of attentive perusal.

One word, in passing, may be spared on behalf of those too much neglected studies which tend to render the social intercourse of human life more *humanely* enjoyable, more beautiful, more gracious, more refined. Why do we appear to regard music as a means of mental culture so indispensable to women that, in their case, it must be studied at any cost, yet so worthless, if not mischievous to men, that, in their case, it must at any cost be dispensed with? The probable explanation of this paradox is, that we do not regard music, in either case, as a means of mental culture at all, but solely as a means of 'getting 'on.' The prevalent English notion being that the grand object of human life is to 'get on' in it, as fast as we can, we are somewhat disposed to look upon all knowledge too exclusively from this point of view, and estimate its value, in each individual case, less as a means of mental culture than as a means of making one's way in the world. In that 'rude 'vague, but quite intelligible something,' which Mr. Staunton calls 'the English scheme of life,' the *χρήσιμα* are everything, the *ἐλευθερία* nothing at all. Now to girls music is a *moyen de parvenir*. To boys it is not. Therefore, the whole of a girl's time, whatever her inaptitude, must be sacrificed to music, whilst no fraction of a boy's time, whatever his aptitude, is conceded to it. And, since in a society which, however loudly it may rail against 'utilitarianism,' is thoroughly saturated with the influence of this highly practical notion, there is, of course, no hope of getting knowledge chosen for its own sake, we endeavour (as in the case of wealthy but unpopular parliamentary candidates) to get it chosen by 'bribery and 'corruption.' Young gentlemen must be bribed by means of academic, and young ladies by means of matrimonial, or other social prizes,—the first, to produce Greek and Latin verses which no sensible man would read without being paid for it, and the last to produce miserable imitations of music to which

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no man of cultivated taste would listen for a moment if he were not, in courtesy, compelled by 'bitter constraint and sad 'occasion dear.' Yet, if there be any kind of mental culture in the study and knowledge of music, that mental culture is as desirable for a man as for a woman. And if there be no kind of mental culture in such study and knowledge, they are as worthless to a woman as to a man.

We have briefly indicated some of the subjects which might, in our opinion, be advantageously introduced into the course of study at our public schools; but, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the propriety or practicability of these or other changes in the general system of our highest class education, no difference of opinion any longer exists amongst thoughtful persons as to the impropriety—the danger—of making no change at all in it. Everyone feels and acknowledges that reform is necessary; and the first practical question, at present is, where shall reform begin? At the public schools? But the schools complain that they are bound hand and foot by the universities. For the universities the largest number of their pupils are prepared; and what the schools must teach is dictated by what the universities require as a preparation for entrance exhibitions and degree examinations. In the next place, as Professor Seeley acutely points out, the universities are practically at present our only normal schools. It is by them that our schoolmasters are trained; and the sort of knowledge on which the universities confer prizes is the sort of knowledge which schoolmasters will naturally prize most. It would seem, then, that the universities are better able than the schools to loosen those gilded chains that still fasten Learning, like Andromeda to her barren rock. But the universities complain almost as bitterly of the schools. The garment can only be cut according to the cloth. It is from the schools that the universities receive their raw intellectual material. And, according to all accounts, a very raw material it is. The average quality of what the schools produce and the universities accept may be tested by the average character of the pass examinations. Now look at the syllabus of the matriculation examination at a German university. The examination is conducted partly in writing, partly by *vivâ voce*. The written examination consists of:—1. German essay. 2. Latin essay, and 'extemporale.' 3. Translation into German of a passage from some Greek poet or prose writer *not previously read at school*. 4. Translation from French into German. 5. Mathematical paper, including at least two arithmetical, and two geometrical problems. The *vivâ voce* examination includes the

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following subjects:—1. German: prosody, grammar, metre, literature. 2. Latin: translations, and explanations, of passages from Cicero, Sallust, Livy, Virgil, Horace, with grammatical and antiquarian questions. (*This part of the examination is conducted in Latin, and tests the proficiency of the pupil in speaking Latin.*) 3. Greek: translations from Homer, Plato, Xenophon, Thucydides, Sophocles or Euripides—translation of German into Greek—Greek history, mythology, and art. 4. French. 5. Religion. 6. Mathematics: common arithmetic, powers, roots, progression, algebra as far as equations, plane and solid geometry, binomial theorem, logarithms, plane trigonometry. Compare this with an Oxford pass examination as described in the evidence of the Dean of Christchurch.

'Mr. Acland.—What is the state of the pass examination at Oxford; does the pass at Oxford require a competent knowledge of classics, mathematics, and physical science, or are any of those subjects omitted?—No; it requires a not very great acquaintance with classics, a very insufficient acquaintance with mathematics, and none with physical science.

'In point of fact, it requires no acquaintance at all with mathematics, as a matter of necessity?—Nothing but an examination in the first two books of Euclid, and a certain quantity of arithmetic, I think.' *

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* Boys enter the Prussian Gymnasia, or public schools (chiefly day schools) at the age of nine or ten; being required, previous to entry, to be able to read correctly in the German and Latin characters, to write from dictation without orthographical errors, and to possess some rudimentary knowledge of the doctrines of Christianity, Biblical history, and the common rules of arithmetic. The syllabus of study in the highest class (*Prima*) of these schools (at which there are six forms from *prima* to *sexta*) is:—Per week, I. Latin ten hours (two hours 2nd and 3rd Books of Virgil's Æn.; eight hours Cicero's Select Epistles, Livy's Roman History, Cicero's Oration, Pro Archia Poeta, Pro Marcello, Translations from German into Latin, Original Latin Essays, Extempore translations *into* Latin, Exercises in *speaking* Latin). II. Greek six hours, Hom. Odyss. vi. ix. xiii., Herod. b. ii., to be translated into Latin instead of German, Translations from German into Greek, written and extempore. III. German, two hours. IV. French, two hours (includes a considerable amount of instruction in the *literature* of these two languages). V. Hebrew, two hours. VI. Religion, two hours. VII. Mathematics, four hours. VIII. Physics, two hours; the laws of motion, solids and fluids, doctrine of heat. IX. History and Geography. X. Philosophy, one hour; leading principles of Psychology and Logic. In all the *lower* forms, music is taught. Verse composition is not practised in any of the German schools, except the most celebrated of them all—the Schul-Pforta. In the Real-

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But surely the universities have the remedy for this in their own hands. If the materials which now pass through the academic sieve are too coarse and too cumbrous, let them make the sieve finer. In the great work of national education, the function of the university differs from that of the school, not merely in *degree*, but in *kind*. The function of the school is *teaching*; that of the university is *learning*. The object of the school should be preparatory instruction; that of the university, vigorous investigation. Our great universities ought to be our great national reservoirs of original research—the stimulating centres of our intellectual activity. But it is hopeless to expect the efficient performance of this, their highest duty, until they are effectually relieved from all purely pedagogic functions. Not only should perfect *lehrfreiheit* be accorded to the professor, but also perfect *lernfreiheit* to the student; as Dr. Liddell sensibly points out that it *can* be, on the simple condition of an examination capable of guaranteeing at an early period a competent knowledge of classics and mathematics.* The fact should be recognised clearly that university students are not boys, but men; and that the teaching of men is, as Professor Seeley forcibly reminds us, a very different thing from the teaching of boys. The motives for study with which boys require to be artificially provided, and which in their case it may be judicious to furnish by means of a system of rewards and punishments, men are naturally supplied with by the dawning ambitions, the practical objects, the real necessities, of life. For the prosecution of original research by our universities, however, two conditions are absolutely requisite—a sufficient motive to undertake, and adequate leisure to pursue, the task of extending the bounds of knowledge. Now, at present, these two conditions are wanting. As regards the first, the motive is all the other way. The student is heavily bribed, by every kind of inducement and reward, to exclude from his reading and thinking all subjects which are not the subjects of examination papers. Even these prescribed subjects of reading are almost prohibited subjects of thought. They must be studied, not so much for the purpose of *knowing* them as for the purpose of *passing in them*. The sole question which the student is encouraged to ask himself is, 'What will pay?' 'He must,' says Professor Seeley, 'con-

schulen, the syllabus is :—Per week, Practical Sciences, fourteen to twenty hours; Modern Languages, ten to twelve hours; Fine Arts, seven to ten hours; Latin, six to eight hours.

* Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee, p. 71, n. 1347.

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'sider not what is true, but what will be set; not Newton, or 'Aristotle, but papers in Newton, or papers in Aristotle, and 'to prepare, not for life, but solely and simply for the Senate 'House. It is,' he adds, 'only persons ignorant of the facts 'who will consider this description exaggerated.'

As regards the second of the two conditions we have mentioned, the case is even worse. The leisure which ought to be devoted to original research is almost entirely absorbed in the routine of teaching. And this routine degrades even teaching into mere training. How many intellectual Samsons are thus kept 'eyeless in Gaza,' grinding at the mill for the benefit of the Philistines!

And now observe the inevitable result of this competitive system of ours. Knowledge is valued at our universities only as a means to success in examinations. And success in examinations is valued as a means of obtaining fellowships and triposes. And fellowships and triposes are valued for themselves. They are the 'end-all and the be-all' of university life. But, out of the whole body of students only a small minority even *aspires* to obtain fellowships and triposes. To the majority, therefore, by whom knowledge is not even valued as a means of obtaining fellowships and triposes, *knowledge has absolutely no value at all.* If the evidence taken by Mr. Ewart's Select Committee proves anything, as regards the present condition of our universities, it proves distinctly the existence in the undergraduate body of this general apathy to knowledge. Apathy, on the part of the most promising and laborious undergraduates, to knowledge for the sake of knowledge; apathy, on the part of all the others, to knowledge for the sake of anything whatever. Nor is the evil confined to the universities themselves. Education in England is practically, as Professor Seeley has remarked, what the universities please to make it; and men look upon 'the scheme of life' as they are educated to look upon it. The universities set the intellectual tone to the youth of the whole country. When asked by Mr. Acland to state what, according to his view of English society, appears to him the chief cause of the large number of lawyers and medical students which the university teaching at present fails to attract to Oxford and Cambridge, Dr. Perry replies—

'I think it is very much the want of a proper value being set upon high instruction at present in England. I think men look so much to the money advantages to be derived from this or that course that they do not set a sufficient value on high education.

'4460. I understand you to say that the defects of the English universities are to a great extent traceable to the low estimate

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formed in this country of scientific attainments in comparison with the capabilities of making money?—That is my opinion.' *

So that the state of things to which we have now come virtually amounts to this:—Those young men who do not need knowledge as a means of making money go to the university as a place of amusement which they can afford; and those young men who do need knowledge as a means of making money keep away from the university as a place of amusement which they cannot afford. How is this state of things to be remedied? All the Oxford witnesses, at least all those who deplore the existence of such a state of things, appear unanimous in the opinion that it might be greatly changed for the better by relaxing the collegiate system, and allowing undergraduates to lodge themselves separately, under proper supervision, according to their means and requirements. They argue that the introduction of this extra-collegiate system would attract to the universities a more frugal, intellectual, and laborious class of students, whose influence would, it is hoped, do much to leaven the whole lump of existing laziness and luxury, and so raise the intellectual tone of the entire student body.

These arguments and the fundamental theory on which they are founded, viz. that a university is a place for the cultivation of individual research—a great national storehouse for the accumulation of ideas, and the laying up of solid and profound learning—are stoutly opposed by those who hold the antagonistic theory that a university is nothing of the sort, but simply a place for the education of youth, a kind of finishing school for young gentlemen.

The disciples of this latter theory, who are enthusiastically represented by Dr. Pusey, maintain that the relaxation of the collegiate system, so far from being conducive to serious study, would infallibly be productive of insubordination, turbulence, and vice. Dr. Pusey charges the student body at the German universities with all these bad qualities. But Dr. Pusey's knowledge of German universities is apparently limited to the perusal of sundry mediæval writers, and his personal recollections of a year and a half's residence, which certainly does not seem to have been felicitous, at one of those seats of learning. Even if Dr. Pusey's knowledge of the subject on which he speaks with such singular self-confidence were very much greater than it appears to be, the peculiarities of his mind would render him a very ill-qualified judge of it; and every-

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 265, n. 4459.

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one who has any personal knowledge of the present way of life and tone of mind amongst the students of the great universities of Germany, must be aware that there does not exist anywhere in Europe a body of young men so remarkable for chastity of life and elevation of thought as these German students. The character both of the German universities and their students has been amply and ably vindicated by Dr. Perry, in his valuable evidence on this subject; and we all know that the results of the extra-collegiate system at our own Scotch universities are eminently satisfactory. The sanguine expectations of the Oxford witnesses, however, must be confronted with the fact that the extra-collegiate system is already established at Cambridge, and that there it has not hitherto been attended by those results which are so satisfactory in Scotland and Germany. The inference which we ourselves are disposed to draw from the example of Cambridge is, not that the extra-collegiate system is powerless to do good, but that it is not powerful enough to work miracles. We attribute the unsatisfactory condition of Cambridge at this moment—not to the extra-collegiate system, which is the only thing that Cambridge has in common with the Scotch and German universities, where that system is successful,—but to a variety of other things which are special to Cambridge, and in which her system essentially differs from that of the Scotch and German universities. Oxford, however, in her conception of the duties and destinies of a University, is, at present, very far in advance of Cambridge. Oxford is now striving to develope and elevate her own intellectual life. If she succeeds in this object, her success will be a great benefit, if she fails her failure will be a great misfortune, to the whole nation. Therefore, if Oxford hopes any good from the adoption of an extra-collegiate system, by all means let her try it. Professor Seeley's masterly essay upon University Reform, which is written with special reference to Cambridge, cannot fail to be read with peculiar interest, in connexion with the recent publication of the evidence taken before Mr. Ewart's Select Committee. He begins it by observing that

'Oxford and Cambridge are just now in low repute upon the Continent, and it is common with foreigners to remark that they have made few contributions of late to science and scholarship. Whatever it may be possible to urge on the other side, it is at least undeniable that original research is not prosecuted so methodically, so habitually, nor by so many people at Oxford or Cambridge as at Berlin or Leipzig. . . . This will hardly be disputed; and, taken by itself, it is a fact which everyone would deplore. But some regard it as

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inevitable, and as arising from an inherent inferiority of the English character to the German in industry and perseverance; while others consider that the energy withdrawn from original study at our universities is given to the instruction of the undergraduates, and that this is a better application of it.'

The theory of radical inferiority he dismisses with becoming scorn. The other explanation he admits to be true to a certain extent. Industry is absorbed in tuition. And, even when the leisure of college lecturers is not wasted in private tuition, their power of original production is wasted by not being concentrated on a limited subject.

'For example, if you make a man lecturer on classics, you spoil him for the purposes of original production. The subject is too wide. If he is required to lecture one term on a Dialogue of Plato, the next on an Oration of Cicero, and the next on Theocritus, he will lecture at best in a second-rate manner upon each. And if he hold such a lectureship for ten years, he will not, at the end of it, be necessarily much more learned than when he began. On the other hand, if an able man lecture on Aristotle for ten years, his lectures will soon become first-rate instead of second-rate, and he himself will hardly fail to become an Aristotelian, able to hold his own before Treudelenburg himself.'

Again, there is no division of labour. The same subjects are lectured upon at the same time in all the colleges; each college admitting only its own students to its own lectures. Good lectures attract no more attention than bad ones. But neither the bad nor the good (compulsorily attended as they are) attract much attention at all, or affect the reputation of the lecturer. If learning is to be sacrificed to education at Oxford and Cambridge, let us at least have other universities which will devote themselves to learning.

'Or, is the country already so impregnated with ideas that we can afford to sacrifice, without equivalent, our two principal nurseries of thought? Perhaps philosophy will grow of itself in England; perhaps every Englishman's head is such a hotbed of generalisations that it is unnecessary here, as in every other country in Europe, to encourage thought and study by special arrangements!'

Professor Seeley is not in favour of entirely superseding the tutorial by the professorial system. 'I do not advocate,' he says, 'the rhetorical method of instruction which belongs to 'the professor, as better than the catechetical method of the 'tutor.' But, viewing the professor as, to some extent, the friend and guide of the student, he observes, in reply to the argument that, after all, the student only gets from a professor what he might as well get from a book, that

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'It is deceptive to compare him to a book. In the first place, he is a great number of books; next, he is a book that can be questioned; and a book that can put questions; and a book that can recommend other books; and, last, not least, he is a book in English. As a rule, good books are in German, and it may happen that the student does not read German.'

Learning and education may flourish together; but if so, the education must be of a high character, and not such as to keep the student artificially in a schoolboy condition of mind.

'The question then arises, is the machinery of triposes so admirable for purposes of education?

'Let me enumerate the mischievous consequences of the system.

'The object of a tripos is to discriminate accurately the merit of the students. Now it is found that the difficulty of doing this varies very much with the subject of the examination. There are some subjects upon which it is hardly possible to gauge a man's real knowledge by any set of questions that can be devised. There are other subjects upon which it is much more easy to do so. And unfortunately the suitableness of a subject for the purposes of examination is not at all in proportion to the importance of the subject in education. Whatever theory of university education you may adopt; whether you hold that it should aim at a complete training of the faculties, or that it should prepare the student for the pursuits of later life, it is evident that the curriculum ought to be determined by other considerations than the convenience of examination. To be able accurately to measure the amount of knowledge a student has acquired may be important; but it is infinitely more important that the knowledge be valuable. Yet, when a tripos is made the principal thing, this very obvious fact is apt to be forgotten. The imparting of knowledge begins to be regarded as less important than the testing or gauging of knowledge.'

We have already noticed the mischievous effect of incessant competition on the mind of the student. But Professor Seeley observes with great justice that its effect on the mind of the teacher is, if possible, still worse.

'I think it,' he says, 'the greatest misfortune in a university that success in an examination should be held up by the teaching class in general as the principal object of study.

'The truth is that a university in which there are large and all-influential examinations is like a country invaded by the Sphinx. To answer the monster's conundrums becomes the one absorbing occupation. All other pursuits are suspended; everything less urgent seems unimportant and fantastic; the learner ridicules the love of knowledge, and the teacher with more or less shame gradually acquiesces.'

The changes, then, which Professor Seeley advocates are

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'1. Let the fellowships at every college be thrown open to the whole university. In other words, let the greatest rewards of learning, and the position of teachers, be given to the ablest men and best teachers. . . .

'2. Let the instruction given in the university be made altogether independent of the college system. That is to say, let the lectures at every college be open to the whole university; let it no longer be considered necessary for each college to furnish a complete course of instruction; and let each lecturer be directly interested in increasing the numbers of his class. In other words, remove the protection which is now given to second-rate lecturing by the college system. . . .

'3. So long as the tripos dominates, the teachers will always be trainers, though they may be good trainers. The evil is chiefly felt at Cambridge, and the way to remove, or at least diminish, it, without losing the advantages of the examination system, is pointed out by Oxford. Let the names in each class of the tripos be arranged alphabetically. This simple change would, I think, at once clear away all that vulgarity of competition of which I have spoken.'

The object, and probable result of these changes would be

'To produce moderate industry continued through life and producing great results, whereas the present system produces overwork, followed by listlessness and achieving nothing. Moreover it would be reinforced by a rational and manly ambition—an ambition for the great prizes of life, honour or fortune or station, an ambition for success according as each man conceives success; whereas the present system drops a curtain over the coming life, requiring the student to commit himself to his private tutor in the confidence that the currency of the university marks, if a man can hoard up a sufficient fund of them, are legal tender for everything that human beings covet.'

This is the more to be deplored, because the great interests and prizes of public life are no longer so immediately under the eyes, nor so closely within the reach, of the university student as they were during the *régime* of our unreformed Parliaments. In the modern type of the undergraduate there is often too much of the immaturity of childhood, whilst in the modern type of the public man there is perhaps too little of the elasticity of boyhood; a national disadvantage which can only be removed by connecting the objects of academic ambition more closely with those of after life. Well worthy of attention are the words in which Professor Seeley terminates his eloquent advocacy of the reforms above indicated.

'Those,' he says, 'who propose to sacrifice learning for what they consider the good of the students, do not seem to me distinctly to conceive the magnitude of the sacrifice they propose. They propose to sacrifice the intellectual rank and character of the country, which

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is left to chance when the universities renounce learning. Private thinkers and amateur writers may by accident rise to supply our credit, just as, if we should disband our army, volunteers might succeed in defending the coasts. But how much we all lose, nay, how much we have already lost, by our strange system, may be judged by anyone who will consider what has been done by university professors in the countries where the professional system is pursued. If we take the single department of philosophy, is it not evident that, if the English system had been followed in the Scotch universities, there would have been no Scotch school of philosophy? And has not the German school sprung entirely from the universities? Were not Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, without exception, university professors? That barrenness in ideas, that contempt for principles, that Philistinism which we hardly deny to be an English characteristic now, was not always so. In the seventeenth century, the author of "Argenis" considered the principal fault of English people to be their reckless hardihood in speculation, their love of everything new and untried. In the eighteenth century, Montesquieu calls us the philosophic nation; and at the same date, Holberg, the Dane, describes England as the land of heroes and philosophers. It is not then the English character which is averse to thought; we are not naturally the plain practical people that we sometimes boast, and sometimes blush, to be. If in the present century we have fallen somewhat behind, and instead of overrunning the continent with our ideas, as in the days of Locke, Newton, and Bentley, have suffered in our own island the invasion of French and German philosophies, it is assuredly from no inherent weakness. We must seek for other causes, and among them we shall find this, that in the warfare of thought we have hoped to resist regular troops with volunteers.'

Although the distinct individuality of each of the able writers of these 'Essays on a Liberal Education' is made conspicuous by the thorough sincerity with which their several opinions are expressed, yet all the essays in this book appear to have in common the same fundamental purpose of recommending the strict subordination of words to things, and theory to experience, in the reform of our educational system. Mr. Parker's brilliant and erudite sketch of the history of classical studies proves that our present theory and practice of classical education are the traditional relics of a period when the practical objects and available materials of education essentially differed from those of our own time. Mr. Sedgewick, who in his exhaustive analysis of this traditional system has dissected every fibre of it with the passionless precision of a masterly hand, shows clearly that the various arguments by which it is now defended are, for the most, *ex post-facto*, that they commonly confound the methods it employs with the aims it professes, and are vitiated by a general failure to distinguish the practical

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value of one detail from that of another in its relation to the whole scheme. Professor Seeley proves that the means by which this system is now galvanised into artificial activity are, for all purposes of solid and profound scholarship, positively mischievous; and Lord Houghton points out the inadequacy of it as a preparation for practical public life. Mr. Farrar, convincingly as we think, establishes the necessity of at once abandoning verse composition as a fundamental, or necessary, part of it; and Mr. Bowen decisively demonstrates the clumsy inutility of its grammatical method. Mr. Wilson vindicates for the physical sciences, and Mr. Hales for the English language and literature, the claim to a recognised place in its curriculum; and Mr. Johnson, whose pages, although marked by the conservative caution which becomes an Eton authority, are warm with generous thought and noble feeling, suggests many practical remedies for the admitted deficiency of the existing system as an education of the reasoning faculties. Altogether, this book is a courageous announcement of the matured results of experienced observation and conscientious reflection. By all who are already interested in the cause of educational reform it deserves to be gratefully welcomed; and we hope that the perusal of it may awaken in many minds an interest not previously felt in the various questions of which it is admirably adapted to facilitate the right solution. These questions primarily and closely concern our public schools and universities,—the universities, because the contrast presented by the splendour of their revenues to the penury of their learning is fast becoming intolerable, and the schools, because that popular estimation to which they owe their present high position as illustrious agents in the formation of national character, is seriously jeopardised by the known inability of their mediæval system of instruction to promote the development of what is really popular and national in the evolution of social and intellectual progress. But the importance of all such questions is not confined to schools and universities. These are questions which vitally affect the highest interests of our upper classes, for they are questions which will hereafter be answered well or ill by the capacity of their sons to guide and govern the social forces of an age materially different from that which their fathers directed. Already, in the tardy and panic cry now raised, for the education of 'our future masters,' is there not something of an unacknowledged misgiving as to the probable results of the education hitherto provided, at so great a cost, for the youth of those classes which must at all times trust for political ascendancy to the influence of intelli-

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gence rather than of numbers? The greatest danger to English institutions and to English society at the present time appears to us to consist in the fact that the education of the upper classes is not such as to qualify them to maintain the position they owe to their superior wealth and station; and that whilst knowledge of every kind is more rapidly diffused amongst the people, those who ought to be its guides and leaders are left to batten on the moor of classical antiquity and mediæval traditions. Finally, these questions demand the serious attention of the legislature; because without the efficient encouragement and co-operation of Parliament it will not be possible for our schools and universities to succeed in the wholesome effort which many of them are now making to conquer inveterate local prejudices, and break the *robur et æs triplex* of long-accumulated custom. The position now boldly taken and unflinchingly maintained by such men as Mr. Farrar, Mr. Bowen, and some other masters at our great public schools, is one of honourable danger, in which they ought not to be left unsupported by the sympathy of statesmen and the gratitude of parents. For the cause for which these men are contending is the cause of the whole English nation,—the cause of every Englishman who desires to secure for his country a foremost rank in the intellectual movement of the nineteenth century. Let it not be supposed that in such a cause the responsibility of initiative action rests only with schoolmasters, professors, and members of convocation. As we began this article by combating the despotism of classical studies, we will conclude it by paying tribute to the legitimate authority of a classical author. The importance and dignity of the subject we have been discussing cannot be more finely expressed than it was by Seneca when, eighteen centuries ago, he declared that 'nec enim is solus reipublicæ prodest qui 'candidatos extrahit, et tuetur reos, et de pace belloque censet; 'sed qui juventutem exhortatur; qui, in tantâ bonorum præcep-'torum inopiâ, virtute instruit animos; qui ad pecuniam luxu-'riamque cursu ruentes prensat ac extrahit, et, si nihil aliud, 'certe moratur; in privato publicum negotium agit.'*

And there is no time to lose. The tides of time flow rapidly in these days which are passing from us while we discuss our duty to the days at hand. The motto of all educational reformers should be that of Grotius, *Ruit Hora.* The irrevocable opportunity is fleeting by.

* De Tranquill. An. c. 3.

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ART. VI.—*Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis, K.C.B., with Correspondence and Journals.* Commenced by the late JOSEPH PARKES, Esq., completed and edited by HERMAN MERIVALE, M.A. In Two Volumes. London: 1867.

THE last century witnessed a phenomenon which it would be impossible to parallel by examples drawn from the political history of any other country. In an age especially distinguished by the vehemence of party-spirit and the virulence of Parliamentary factions, for three consecutive years England was kept in a state of excitement by a series of political letters, most elaborate in their composition, most antithetical in their style, most galling in their inuendo, most caustic in their invective. They rarely praised anyone, except *in odium* of somebody else. Almost every man of note in England was the subject of their abuse. Neither the eminent learning, high character, and exalted position of the Lord Chief Justice, nor the rank and dignity of the Premier, protected Lord Mansfield and the Duke of Grafton from assaults outrageously audacious or insinuations atrociously malignant. Nor was authority higher than that of Judges and Premiers secure against the onslaughts of a pen which was wielded with equal cruelty and strength. The King himself was attacked with a truculence of which the severity was enhanced by the simulation of loyal respect in which it was enclosed. But, keen as was the sarcasm, and vehement as was the invective, there was something which, more than either of these qualities, kept alive the attention and wonder of the English public. During the whole time that these letters were appearing, the author remained entirely unknown. Many had their conjectures, but no one could say with precision who was Junius. The authorship of the famous letters, from that day to this, has been claimed for forty-two different persons. The advocacy of these claims has put in requisition the highest talent and the most perverse ingenuity, the most critical acumen and the most uncritical conjecture. But, above all the trash and rubbish of writers who supported pretensions such as those of Dr. Wilmot, two or three have won an eminence in the literary annals of the country. Of these the best known and the most successful is the 'Junius Identified' of John Taylor. By a patient analysis of facts, dates, references, and style, this gentleman satisfied himself and a large portion of the public that the veritable author of the most famous pamphlets of the last century was Sir Philip Francis. This judgment has been affirmed by

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Lord Mahon, Macaulay, and the author and editor of these Memoirs. Of the arguments by which they arrived at their conclusion we shall speak more fully towards the close of this article.

The work before us is due in the first instance to the indefatigable industry of one who in his day was a well-known political wire-puller, the late Mr. Joseph Parkes. This gentleman devoted the spare hours of a very busy life and the bulk of his well-earned leisure to elucidating the connexion between Sir Philip Francis and the letters of Junius. This was to him a labour of love. He spared no pains and no expense in prosecuting the task which he had voluntarily undertaken. He got possession of numberless papers and documents, official and non-official, which were connected with Francis, or with some of the other reputed authors of the mysterious epistles. The duty of sorting the mass of materials he obtained from the widow and the grandchildren of Sir Philip naturally impeded the completion of the biography, which was left unfinished at the time of his decease, and which, if completed on the scale in which it was begun, must have been as voluminous as an encyclopædia, and more tedious. Thus the condensation and continuation of Francis's life have fortunately devolved on Mr. Herman Merivale, to whose accomplished pen the world will owe all the knowledge which it can possess of a man whose direct participation in the politics of his day was neither obscure nor unimportant, and whose indirect influence upon them we have good reason for believing to have been greater still.

Philip Francis was born in Dublin in 1740, where his father, the Rev. Dr. Francis, held a curacy. His grandfather was Dean of Lismore, and one of the Dean's sons emigrated to America, where he became an officer of militia under Washington, and married a Tilghman, with whose son Philip maintained an intimate correspondence for many years. The father of Philip was more celebrated as a scholar than as a divine or a parish minister. He belonged to that class of clergymen which rather graced society by its polite learning than edified the Church by its spiritual earnestness. Probably it never occurred to Dr Francis that an ecclesiastic who had translated Horace and Demosthenes had anything to do with awakening religious convictions or solving religious doubts. In the times and the society in which he moved, elegant scholarship and good address were better calculated to recommend a clergyman to preferment than an interest in the spiritual concerns of his flock. Promotion came from the favour of the great; and,

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promotion once attained, enjoyment followed. To obtain a deanery in Ireland, and then to be transferred to England; to pass winters in Bath and autumns in London; to frequent the society of learned or powerful patrons; to diversify the gaieties of either by a legal term of residence and economy in the obscure rectory, and finally to rise to the dignity of an Irish bishop; to pass one half the year in Ireland, grumbling at Irish parsons and Irish peasants, and the other half spending Irish revenues in England and intriguing for fresh advancement—such was the fortune to which some of Dr. Francis's contemporaries attained, and to which Dr. Francis himself aspired; and, judging from experience, he was justified in his aspirations. He had been a *protégé* of Lord Chesterfield, when his Lordship was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; he followed his patron to England, held a living in Norfolk, took pupils, became domiciled in the family of the first Lord Holland, and instructed both Stephen and Charles Fox in classics. He dedicated to this second patron his translations of Æschines and Demosthenes; he wrote tragedies for David Garrick and Mrs. Bellamy, and pamphlets for Lord Bute. He mixed with fine gentlemen and ladies, with actors and statesmen, and he might justly consider himself aggrieved in failing to obtain an Irish mitre. His son Philip, to whom he was tenderly attached, and who reciprocated his affection, remained in Ireland for some years after his father's departure; long enough, indeed, to speak of Ireland as 'his unhappy country,' and to fix its local associations on his memory. He then came to England; was eventually sent to St. Paul's school, then ruled by Thicknesse, a sound scholar and sound disciplinarian. Here, among other things, he learned an art which may now be almost said to be obsolete at public schools—that of a good handwriting. On leaving St. Paul's he obtained a junior clerkship in the office of the Secretary of State. In 1758 the first Pitt was carrying out his proud policy of humbling the House of Bourbon. Among other schemes which he projected was an attack on Cherbourg. The land expedition was to be under the command of General Bligh, and to this officer Francis was appointed private, with (as it would seem) the advantages of a military, secretary. On his return he resumed his official duties in London; and, after an interval of eighteen months, he was appointed private secretary to Lord Kinnoul, who was sent on a special mission to the Court of Lisbon. In this capacity Francis displayed that laborious industry which was the prevailing characteristic of his whole after-life. Lord Kinnoul's despatches were not only

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penned, but, to all appearance, composed, by him. And Francis's private letters to his father, which are very interesting, show that he was a most attentive observer of the political and religious condition of Portugal. However, on his return home, he found that his diplomatic employment had not much advanced his interests. He got nothing from his Lisbon services but a 'gracious' reception at Court, and had to resume his old duties as a junior clerk. But his labours were not confined to composing *précis* and docketing memoranda. He read—and not only read, but criticised with considerable power—essays of Lord Bacon on legal and metaphysical subjects; he translated the first book of the 'Annals' of Tacitus, and the fifty-second book of Dion Cassius; he abridged Gee's 'Treatise on 'Trade and Commerce;' he collected the private memoirs of the most conspicuous men and women at foreign courts; he made abstracts of the tariffs and revenues of most of the European States. In one volume he had written memoranda of the characters, not only of the leading European statesmen and diplomatists, but also of all the civil and military officers of the English Crown, at home and in the Colonies; in another he recorded the Latin titles of all the monarchs of Europe, and the rules which regulated the personal composition of royal letters; in another he had compiled passages on the laws and Constitution of England from the works of Prynne, Milton, Selden, Locke, Filmer, and De Foe. Reading so extensive and research so varied would naturally supply him with the armoury proper for such controversies as might afterwards illustrate the prowess of Junius, and certainly did divide the Council-Board of Calcutta.

Some time after his return home, Francis was employed in duties which were likely to exercise a lasting influence on his political opinions, sympathies, and aspirations. Within the last eighteen months of the Ministry to which the Great Commoner gave lustre and renown, Francis, as a clerk in the office of the Secretary of State, became Pitt's amanuensis. This duty was performed at Pitt's private house in St. James's Square. So fondly did Francis dwell on the recollection of his employment under the Great Minister, that, when he returned from India with his hard-earned competency, one of the first things he did was to take a house in the same square. Lady Francis relates an anecdote of him at this time, which shows not only in what estimation Pitt held his young clerk, but also how he treated his colleagues. Pitt was suffering, as he generally did, from gout; and differing, as he frequently did, from his colleagues. Being asked by one of the Ministers

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the reasons of some opinion which he had advanced, he replied testily: 'They are obvious; ask that youth' (pointing to Francis): then, turning to Francis, 'Have you heard the 'question? Then tell their Lordships why I object.' Francis, in complying, acquitted himself so well that Pitt exclaimed: 'I told you how it would be; you cannot answer a boy.' On another occasion, a dispute having arisen about a Latin word, Pitt said, 'Ask the St. Paul's boy.' And the St. Paul's boy decided the controversy. In this situation Francis was again destined to disappointment. For, though he obtained praise, he obtained nothing else from the Minister, who left office in 1762 without promoting him. Instead of a place, Francis got a wife. In the spring of 1762 he was privily married to Miss Mackrabie, a young lady of a respectable, but neither high-born nor wealthy, family. His father, who had recently been presented to the living of Chilham in Kent, had expressed his strong disapproval of the union, which, in deference to his wishes, was postponed for three months. But the son, although he delayed the marriage, was not willing to forego it; and probably, seeing small chance of gaining his father's consent, contracted it without his knowledge. An estrangement ensued between the father and the son, and when they began to resume their interrupted correspondence, old Francis still harboured resentment against the Mackrabie family, to whose manœuvres he attributed an alliance which he regarded as detrimental to the worldly fortunes of his gifted son.

After the formation of Bute's Administration in 1762, Lord Egremont succeeded Pitt as Secretary of State for the Northern Department. Although Francis was in this office, he seems to have acted as private secretary to Mr. Fox, who continued Paymaster of the Forces; for he preserved a long list of places destined for several persons, which had been copied in his own hand and corrected by Mr. Fox. He must therefore have been familiar with the mysteries of ministerial patronage in an age when it was most tainted with corruption. The secrets of all that haggling for votes and truckling for places which it was Mr. Fox's special duty to manage, and which reproduced the turpitude of Walpole's Administration at the close of Bute's ascendancy, must have been known to him and made a lasting impression on his keen and cynical mind. Lord Bute resigned in the spring of 1763, after the negotiation of a peace of which Mr. Parkes highly approves, but which we at this day agree with Lord Chatham in denouncing as ignominious and injurious to the interests of England. Francis, an ardent admirer of Pitt's foreign policy, felt as we feel respecting its

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conditions; and, in his letters to private friends, expressed his feelings strongly against the Duke of Bedford, by whom it had been negotiated, and whose correspondence with Lord Egremont he must himself have copied.

With the accession of George Grenville to power, other changes took place. The Duke of Bedford, after his return from Paris, ceased to hold the Privy Seal. Lords Halifax and Egremont were the two Secretaries of State. Mr. Fox, raised to the Peerage by the title of Lord Holland, retained the office and emoluments of Paymaster by an arrangement reluctantly made on the part of Lord Bute, and as reluctantly perhaps confirmed by his successor; but he ceased to take an active part in the government of the country. In the intrigues and corruptions of public life he had lost that which all statesmen court—the good opinion of the public; and he had lost what was of incomparably higher value—his own self-respect. Angry, moody, and disgusted, he retired from the world of politics to the construction of that fantastic villa at Kingsgate which provoked Gray's pungent lampoon. After a brief interval, Mr. Welbore Ellis became Secretary-at-War, with Christopher Doyly as his deputy, and Philip Francis as his chief clerk. Francis had now achieved a position not indeed commensurate to his talents and industry, nor such as his confidential relations to the elder Pitt and the elder Fox probably led him to expect; but a position in which he must necessarily see and know much of the leading statesmen of all parties, and become acquainted with the machinery of all the great departments of the State. Nor was the time at which he received his promotion one of ordinary interest. The new Ministry had not been in office above three weeks when the world allowed itself to be startled by the appearance of what Burke denounced as 'that spiritless, though 'virulent performance—that mere mixture of vinegar and 'water, at once vapid and sour'—No. XLV. of the 'North 'Briton.'

The history of the unfortunate conflict which Grenville thus provoked with the press, with the City, and with Parliament is too familiar to our readers to require repetition at our hands. It is, however, important to this biography, as, according to Mr. Parkes's view, it gave one of the first occasions of proving and sharpening the vigorous but anonymous pen of Francis. Additional interest is given to Francis's supposed connexion with the polemics of this epoch by the fact that the Under Secretary of State who seized Wilkes's papers was Robert Wood, the Greek antiquary, a private friend, to whom Francis owed in some degree his introduction into official life. Nor was this the only

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circumstance of curious and embarrassing peculiarity in Francis's position. Lord Egremont, one of the Secretaries of State who issued the warrant for seizing Wilkes, had lately been his official chief; Mr. Welbore Ellis was his actual chief; his own father was a political partisan and writer in the interest of the Ministry. It was under such circumstances as these—if Mr. Parkes's theory be correct—that Philip Francis first appeared as a polemical writer on great political subjects. He had written on the O.P. riots before, and probably on other subjects; for he told Lady Francis that he 'did not remember the 'time when he did not write.' At any rate, it was on August 2, 1764, that the 'Public Advertiser' contained the first letter signed 'Candor.' The publisher notified to his unknown correspondent his unwillingness to publish a second without a guarantee against loss from a prosecution. The writer forthwith transferred the rest of his communications to Almon in the form of a pamphlet. We will not now stop to analyse the reasons given by Mr. Parkes for attributing the authorship of the 'Candor' papers to Francis. We content ourselves with remarking that they are of the same kind as those which are adduced for identifying him with Junius, and are almost as strong as any can be that fall short of proof positive. The sentiments of 'Candor' on the liberty of the subject and the liberty of the press were equally the sentiments of Francis and of Junius. The letter of 'Candor' was followed by an 'Enquiry 'into the Doctrine of Libels, Warrants, and Seizures,' which equally excited the attention and baffled the curiosity of the public. It involved the publisher in a prosecution at the suit of Lord Mansfield, and led to an animated discussion between the puisne Judges of the Court of King's Bench and the Defendant's Counsel. In the course of eight months the 'Public 'Advertiser' was spiced with a caustic parallel between the degradation of Pulteney sinking into the Earldom of Bath and the degradation of Pitt sinking into the Earldom of Chatham. Other letters followed reflecting more or less severely on the apostasy of the Great Commoner. Of course it is impossible to prove that they were the production of Francis's pen. They were, however, very like the other letters which we have quoted, in style and tone, and they were honoured by the editor and publisher with the same precedence in his pages that was given to Candor, Anti-Sejanus, and Cato. If any one proof were required that about this time Francis was a contributor to the pages of the 'Public Advertiser,' that proof would be supplied by a letter signed 'Lusitanicus,' which appeared on the 2nd of January, 1767, and in which

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the authorship of Francis is revealed no less by his special knowledge of our relations to Portugal than by his eulogistic mention of Lord Chatham. Throughout the year he may perhaps be credited with several letters bearing different signatures; though on the assumption that he was the Junius of a later date, it is difficult to believe with Mr. Parkes that he was the 'Poplicola' of this period. But it is difficult to attribute to any other pen than that of 'Junius' the bitter invective and balanced antithesis with which 'Anti-Sejanus Junior' assails Lord Chatham. In the autumn of the same year appeared the famous burlesque of the 'Grand Council,' which had a greater success than any other political *jeu d'esprit* of the day, and which is known to have been written by Junius. Nor, perhaps, are public letters alone to be imputed to his pen at this date. If the private anonymous letter to Lord Chatham of 1768, signed 'C.,' was written by the same hand that had subscribed the signature of 'Candor,' and if Candor was Junius, in the same hand and with the same signature a private letter was also addressed to Mr. Grenville, containing a memorandum on a proposed auction tax. Numberless letters followed or preceded these during the years 1767–68, amongst them the letter signed 'Fiat Justitia,' denouncing Lord Barrington, who had succeeded Welbore Ellis in 1765 as Secretary-at-War, for a letter of thanks written by him to the officer who commanded the detachment of the Guards by which the dangerous riot in St. George's Fields had been suppressed.

In January 1769 appeared the first of the letters signed 'Junius.' It contained an attack on Lord Granby, which provoked the answer of Sir W. Draper. It is curious to reflect that the champion on whom Junius dealt some of his most terrible blows was a friend of old Dr. Francis, Philip's father. But in further examining the private history of Francis, we find reason to suspect that this was not the only instance in which his personal knowledge of those whom he attacked, gave aim and power and venom to the weapon which he employed. And it is not irrelevant to mention that young Francis had taken a strong dislike to Sir W. Draper, when first introduced to him by his father. It were needless to recapitulate the subjects and the topics of the letters which kept the world of politicians in almost continuous excitement for the two following years. We shall later give a summary of the evidence which tends to identify their author with Francis. Meanwhile we revert to Francis's life from the date of his appointment to the War Office.

His marriage turned out happily. His wife seems to have

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been, if not a clever woman, yet attractive and affectionate; and for many years Francis loved her with undiminished ardour. Indeed, the domestic affections ever exercised a strong influence over him. He was a tender husband and a most dutiful son. His father wrote to him in a style which would seem more appropriate to one young man addressing another than to an old man addressing his son. There is nothing stiff or distant or donnish or even dignified in the old man's letters. They are free, genial, friendly, and confidential. It would, under their respective circumstances, have been impossible for it to be otherwise. Old Francis was leading the life of a gay clerical scholar, passing from his rectory to Bath, from Bath to London, from one coffee-house to another, from coffee-houses to the theatre and the green-room, from the green-room to Foote's and Garrick's, and thence to Lord Holland's or Calcraft's. The proceeds both of his 'Horace' and 'Demosthenes,' added to the revenues of Chilham and the pension which G. Grenville gave him, were insufficient to meet the expenditure of the vivacious and genial parson. He must often have been in debt, and, whenever he was thus pressed, he probably had recourse to his sober, steady, hard-working son in the War Office. At least we have proof that at a later period he applied to the War Office clerk for assistance, and it was seldom that he applied in vain. Philip, whose family increased every year, and whose annual salary in time of peace could not have exceeded 500*l.*, always seems to have met his father's solicitations for money with prompt acquiescence. And we are at liberty to believe that this renewal of their former affection which had been interrupted by Philip's obnoxious marriage to Miss Mackrabie—was confirmed by Dr. Francis's paralytic attack in 1767. We quote the letter in which the poor old man communicated this grave calamity:—

'I will if possible scrawl a few lines to thank my dear Phil. for his very affectionate letter to Sally. The simpleton would write to you, but since you well know—struck with palsy from head to foot, blooded, blistered, packed, purged, with a thousand horrible &cs. I believe the malignity of the distemper is past, though not its effects. Farewell! All my wishes to your wife and little ones. To Dobson, Bruce, Adair, Wade, and Calcraft. Farewell!

Yrs. with all affection,

P. Francis.

'Remember poor Molly for me.

'Compliments to Mr. D'Oyley.

'Be so good as to send me half a pound of 16*s.* green tea.' (Vol. i. p. 165.)

He was destined to linger on for five years in this wretched

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state. He had a second seizure in 1771, and died in 1773. How sincere had been his affection for his son, and how unceasing his son's kindness to him, cannot be better proved than by the following death-bed memorandum, which we quote along with Philip's note upon it:—

'I have desired my ever faithful Sally not to send you this paper until the wretched writer shall be no more. Take, then, my dearest Phil., my last farewell. Take all my thanks, for your kindness and tenderness, your care and punctuality in my affairs. With regard to this world, I have only to hope that the money arising from Mr. Jennings' bond may be remitted to Sally, to pay the expense of burying me, with my servant's wages and the present quarter's rent of my house. I have no other debts.

'I am no longer able to hold my pen, and I shall end with my best assurances of my affection and esteem for you and all your family. Farewell for ever!'

'I received this letter on Monday, March 8, 1773. My good father died on the preceding Friday, at three in the morning, at Bath.

'P. Francis.' (Vol. i. p. 320.)

From the date of his appointment Philip's life was one of care and mortification. He was in a position which tantalized him by opening to his view a sphere of life of which he could be only an outside spectator. His functions as chief clerk brought him into confidential relations not only with the head of his own department, but with the heads of the Army, the Commissariat, and the Treasury. His most intimate personal friend was Doyly the Deputy-Secretary-at-War, on whom, in Lord Barrington's absence, would devolve the duty of receiving general officers and directing the correspondence of the department. As neither Lord Barrington nor Doyly was gifted with a fluent pen, the work of drafting official letters for both naturally rested with Francis. His intimacy with Mr. Wood admitted him behind the scenes of political life. But he had another friend, who took a continual interest in the fortunes of the Francis family, and who played an important but not conspicuous part in the political intrigues of the day. This was John Calcraft, the son of a solicitor at Grantham, who, through the influence of the Rutland family, early obtained a clerkship in the Pay Office. Here he acquired the friendship and the patronage of Henry Fox, to whose party he remained constant for many years. Giving up official employment, be set up as army agent. He became a contractor on a large scale for the Colonies. In this new business he prospered so well that, according to Francis's statement, by

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the time he was six and forty years old he had purchased an estate of ten thousand a year. On the same authority it appears that he then quarrelled with his patron, and in this quarrel, Francis splenetically says, 'he had as much reason of 'his side as an interested man can have for deserting an old 'friend and benefactor. There was not virtue enough in 'either of them to justify their quarrelling.' Whatever may have been the turpitude of Calcraft's desertion, it does not seem to have affected his social character and powers of enjoyment. He continued to be the confidential friend of many noble and eminent persons. He advised them on their private concerns and their public conduct. He lent them money. He attached himself particularly to Chatham when Chatham was in opposition. When the great orator was ill or absent from town, he was fed by Calcraft with city gossip and parliamentary news. When Chatham and Temple quarrelled, Calcraft was the peace-maker who helped to patch up their difference. Before this he had been the go-between when Lord Shelburne and Lord Bute disputed the terms on which Henry Fox obtained his peerage. In the discussion it came out that Shelburne had somewhat exceeded his authority in the extent of the concessions made to Fox. Lord Bute excused this misrepresentation as a pious fraud. 'I can see the fraud 'plain enough,' replied Fox; 'but where is the piety?' Calcraft's course of life was favourable to the indulgence of two passions—love and ambition. His intimacy with the great leaders of parties, his knowledge of the secret motives by which both were actuated, and his large fortune encouraged him to aspire to a peerage; and a peerage he was near obtaining. His wealth and temperament made him a favourite of actresses and the 'protector' of the beautiful Mrs. Bellamy, whose 'Memoirs' delighted the world with their pungent notices of himself and old Francis.

In the society of men like these—of Wood and Calcraft, of Doyly, perhaps of Doyly's connexions, Hans Stanley and Charles Duke of Richmond, and the chiefs of the Departments, with whom his official duties brought him into frequent contact—Francis imbibed no small knowledge of the great world. He imbibed also a desire to know more of it, and to rise higher. Every page of his confessed and recognised writings bears testimony to his self-appreciation, to his ambition, to his sensitive vanity, to his morbid irritability, to his equally morbid energy. He wrote, as we have seen, memoranda on many important subjects of the day. Internal evidence points him out as the author of many letters and pamphlets on contem-

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porary politics. Burke at a later epoch styled him the 'Prince 'of Pamphleteers.' Mr. Parkes gives a list of ninety-six volumes of pamphlets, including some of the pre-Junian letters, all enriched with Francis's annotations. He felt deeply and strongly on the great question of the liberty of the press, with the vindication of which his own name was destined to be associated; of English jurisdiction over America, on which he shared the views of his first political idol George Grenville, and disowned his other political idol Chatham; of the cession of the Falkland Islands, in attacking which he indirectly eulogised Chatham's vigorous foreign policy. He attended the debates in Parliament, he avowedly reported, he himself avers that he *made*, some of Lord Chatham's speeches. In all this activity of thought and hand he had no interest or sentiment common with his father, who had been retained as a writer on the side of Bute and the Court, and against Chatham. He had his own theory of the Constitution, his own political creed, and his own ambition. He availed himself of his intimacy with Calcraft to address a 'most secret' memorial to Lord Chatham, apparently designed to suggest the impeachment of Lord Mansfield. He evidently hoped to see Chatham in office again. 'If Chatham had come in,' says Francis in his Autobiographical Memoir, 'I might have com-'manded anything, and could not but have risen under his 'protection.' His ambition was not gratified, though his vanity was flattered; for he heard his own letter spoken by the great orator in the House of Lords. Nothing came of it. 'The prospect,' as he himself says, 'was on every side 'gloomy and dispiriting.' His family was increasing. But there came no increase of emoluments. He chafed under the disappointment of his hopes, the proud consciousness of great abilities, and the fretful impatience of a restless and self-tormenting energy. As he himself relates, he began to form projects for quitting the War Office: he thought of Indian employment. 'India,' says he, 'was the only quarter 'where it was possible to make a fortune, and this way all my 'thoughts were directed.' 'They were,' he goes on, 'rather 'thoughts than views, for I saw no opening; and only observa-'tion, and by changing the scene, helped to relieve my 'thoughts.' It is quite possible that the gloom of the prospect was heightened by the continuance of peace after the Spanish occupation of the Falkland Islands, which at one time seemed likely to bring about a war. Had a war broken out, the salary of the Chief Clerk in the War Office would have received a handsome addition from fees and perquisites. Nor were the

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probable advantages of a war confined to fees and perquisites. In his autobiography Francis writes: 'We thought a Spanish 'war inevitable. Lord Weymouth, in that conviction, resigned 'the Secretary of State's office, and I lost 500*l.* in the Stocks.' This was the first disappointment. The return of the Duke of Grafton was the next. But the climax which crowned all was the resignation of his friend Doyly, and the promotion of Anthony Chamier to the post of Deputy-Secretary-at-War. Whether Francis was offered the appointment and declined it, or was discarded, is one of those many mysteries which beset his early history. That he declined it would appear from the following letter to his relation Major Baggs:—

'You will have heard that Mr. D'Oyly has resigned his employment. He did it while I was at Bath. Immediately upon my return, my Lord Barrington was so good as to make me the offer, with many obliging and friendly expressions. I had, however, solid reasons for declining the offer, and Mr. Anthony Chamier is appointed. All this I should be glad you would communicate to anybody that is willing to hear it.

'I have schemes floating in my mind about a certain six months' voyage, which perhaps are not quite out of the cards, and that's all.' (Vol. i. p. 275.)

On the other hand, his own circumstances and his anxiety about promotion make it not impossible that he rejected preferment because the offer was coupled with certain conditions. A letter is still in existence from Lord Barrington which seems to point to some pre-arranged plan for relieving Francis from his duties as clerk. The tone of the note does not disclose anything like a previous rupture with Lord Barrington. Had Lord Barrington not offered the place to Francis, and was Francis's statement to Baggs untrue? Or was it offered and declined by Francis? Were conditions attached to his acceptance which wounded his vanity or prejudiced his interests? This must ever remain a mystery. But it is no mystery that the 'Public Advertiser' of January 10, 1772, has this sentence: '. . . . D'Oyly has resigned. 'The Deputy Secretary's place, being a mere clerkship of '400*l.* a year, could neither in advantage nor honour be 'worth holding by a man in the station and circumstances 'of a gentleman.' Neither is it a mystery that between the 28th of January and the 10th of March in this year appeared the letters of 'Veteran' to Lord Barrington, teeming with malignant and disgraceful scurrility. Not only was Lord Barrington assailed as a venal turncoat and cringing courtier, but the obnoxious Deputy was befouled in language as false

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as it was ferocious. There can be no doubt that envy, hatred, and revenge animated the pen which descended to the ignominy of defaming the man who succeeded to the post to which Francis might have aspired, and undoubtedly would have been well qualified to fill. Nor can one fail to conjecture the motive which dictated this course. 'Next to the Duke of 'Grafton, I verily believe that the blackest heart in the king-'dom belongs to Lord Barrington.'

In March, 1772, Francis ceased to belong to the staff of the War Office. It is difficult to trace his movements immediately after this time, as he then broke through his habit of keeping copies of his familiar letters, and kept no diary of his proceedings. We have seen in his 'Autobiographical Memoir' how, when all his prospects were gloomy and clouded, he had contemplated a tour in Italy. This design he put in execution in July 1772, when he left England with his friend Mr. Godfrey. Lady Francis tells a curious story in connexion with their voyage to Calais:—

'Francis was going with Godfrey to the continent during the publication of the "Junius Letters." A storm arose between Dover and Calais, and there were two English ladies aboard who were particularly alarmed. At Calais the passengers were being taken ashore in boats, the weather still being very alarming. One of the ladies begged the protection of Francis, and when he was going into the boats implored him not to leave her. He told her there were other boats less crowded than his, and the captain would see her safe. She refused to listen, threw her arms round his neck, and clung to him at imminent risk to the lives of both, until they reached the boat in safety, and thence the shore. The two ladies invited the two gentlemen to sup with them at their hotel, which they did, and found that they were the Misses K., fleeing from the notoriety which the allusions of *Junius* had produced. F. used to tell this story to his wife, and speak of it as an extraordinary rencontre.' (Vol. i. p. 303.)

While Francis was on his travels he heard of the death of Calcraft. This notable politician had on his death-bed remembered one who was both his friend and the son of a friend. For he left two codicils to his will, in one of which he directed his executors to secure for Francis his seat to Parliament for the borough of Wareham; in the other he left a legacy of 1,000*l.* to Francis, and an annuity of 200*l.* to Mrs. Francis, in case she survived her husband. On his arrival in England, Francis received the following mysterious letter from his old friend Doyly:—

'My dear Francis,—Calcraft's will is locked up at my house, but I shall be in town next Monday, and will have your point about the [legacy?] well considered before your return from Bath. You acted

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spiritedly to take the first opportunity of talking with L. N. (?) about Wm., and I am glad that he behaved properly on the occasion. Don't lose your money at Bath, or *play much*. Everybody is observing your actions. Adieu. I am,

'Ever yours most affectionately,

'CHR. DOYLY.' (Vol. i. p. 319.)

Another event which we have anticipated in our narrative occurred after his return to England. His father died in the helplessness of second childhood. Although he had been rather a drain upon his son's resources than a help to him, the removal of one who had been not only an affectionate parent, but a warm, genial, and confidential friend, could not fail, under the conditions in which he was now placed, to affect the spirits of Francis with profound melancholy. He was without employment, without income, without the valuable assistance of Calcraft, without any friends more powerful than Doyly to assist him. If the prospect was gloomy before, what was it now? How easy it is to imagine the angry indignation of that bitter spirit at the cruelty of Fortune! That he who had such great powers should have no opportunity of exhibiting or employing them in the public service! That he who was familiar with the secrets of great departments should be ostracised from them without compunction or compensation! It must indeed have been a dreary and depressing time; but it was not destined to be long. Never was there a stronger illustration of the proverb that the darkest hour precedes the dawn, than there was in Francis's case. Fortune had exhausted her slings and arrows on his head, and was now about to smile upon him with unexpected favour. A change was about to be wrought in his way of life, which doubtless startled many persons; but probably startled no one more than Francis himself. It was the time when Warren Hastings, perplexed by the specious and contradictory instructions of the Directors in England, had resolved to satisfy extravagant expectations by a dishonourable compliance. These instructions were compendiously translated thus by Lord Macaulay—'Be the 'father and the oppressor of the people; be just and unjust, mode-'rate and rapacious.' They inculcated the virtues of leniency, mercy, and gentleness; but they inculcated even more strongly and persistently the great duty of sending home more money. To obtain this money was one of Hastings's most pressing anxieties; and about this time a means of obtaining it had presented itself, which he had not the virtue to decline. Sujah Doulah, the Nabob Vizier of Oude, had set his mind on adding the rich plain of Rohilcund to his own fief. Unfortunately for his

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views, the Rohillas were amongst the bravest and most obstinate warriors of India. Their conquest would be difficult, if no impossible, without the assistance of English troops. Application was made to Hastings for that assistance on terms similar to those on which the assistance of German subsidies was sold by the Princes of Hesse and Wurtemburg to the English Government; and on similar terms it was sold by Hastings to the Nabob. The Indian Government was to receive forty lacs of rupees when its ally was put in possession of the rich plain which he coveted.

It was during these negotiations that Lord North carried through Parliament his celebrated Regulation Act. The provisions of this Act established, among other things, a supreme Judicial Court at Calcutta, and a Council. This Council was to have co-ordinate powers with the Governor of Bengal, who was henceforth to be Governor-General of India. The members of the Council were to be named by Parliament, to hold office for five years, and then to be replaced by successors, who were named by the Directors. The members originally named for the office were Clavering, Barwell, and Cholwell. While the Bill was passing through Parliament, Francis, in the extremities of despondency, was debating with himself the propriety of settling in Pennsylvania, where his brother-in-law, Macrabie, had bought 1,000 acres of land for him. What changed his train of purpose will be better narrated in his own words:—

'The question now seriously agitated in my own mind was, whether I ought not to transplant myself at once before my little capital was exhausted. This was actually the subject of a dismal conversation between Macrabie and me, on the 4th of June; when we accidentally met with a gentleman in the park, who informed me that John Cholwell, one of the intended Commissioners for India, had declined the nomination. I immediately went to Doyly, who wrote to Grey Cooper. It was the King's birthday, and Barrington was gone to court. I saw him the next morning. As soon as I had explained everything to him, he wrote the handsomest and strongest letter imaginable in my favour to Lord North. *Other interests contributed*, but I owe my success to Lord Barrington.' (Vol. i. pp. 324, 325.)

Perhaps few more strange incidents ever befell anyone than this. Here was a man, thrown of a sudden from a position of activity and competence into one of poverty and idleness, the terrors of which haunted him daily, and as suddenly lifted again to an important share in the government of a gorgeous dependency, with corresponding emoluments. We will revert later to this part of Francis's history in connexion with sundry inferences which it suggests. Well might his cousin Tilghman

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write to him from America, 'But how did you get the appointment? It is miraculous to me that a man should resign his office in 1772, and, in 1773, without any change of the Ministry, be advanced in so extraordinary a manner.' It is miraculous too, that Lord Barrington, who had either affronted him by not promoting him, or been affronted by his rejection of promotion, should be his patron on this occasion.

Ten months elapsed between the passing of the Regulation Act and the departure of Francis and his colleagues for India. The delay was partly caused by the necessity of obtaining from the India Board a ratification of the appointments and the authority for fresh instructions. It is worthy of notice that about this time the 'Public Advertiser' teemed with letters from 'Porus,' 'Æsop,' 'Sujah,' and others, pointing out the inexpediency of restricting the powers of the new Councillors. In the same paper appeared also the following paragraph in reference to the denomination of Francis, who had been in some report described as a clerk in the War Office.

'In justice to Mr. Francis, whose name was mentioned in our paper of yesterday, it ought to be observed that he resigned his place of first clerk in the War Office a year and a half before he was appointed councillor.' (Vol. i. p. 344.)

Among the arrangements which Francis made on the eve of his departure was one with Calcraft's executors for giving to his friend Doyly the seat for Wareham which Calcraft intended Francis to fill. Another was with his trustees to make an annual payment to his wife as long as he should be absent. They were to pay her annually 631*l.* 6*s.*, and, if this were found insufficient, 50*l.* more. And he left an additional 500*l.* at the bankers for her use. This does not seem a large allowance for a man to make out of 10,000*l.* a year. But Francis had learned the value of money. He had been brought up in a school of necessary parsimony. He had been obliged not only to support a wife and family, but also to contribute to the wants of an improvident father, out of a clerk's petty stipend. He had been for a year and a half wholly without employment, and the employment to which he was now appointed was to last only for five years. It is not to be marvelled at then that he did not set apart a larger sum for Mrs. Francis's housekeeping, or gratify the European society of Calcutta by a more generous style of hospitality. Like other men who have felt what poverty is, he resolved never to be poor again; and it was in conformity to this resolution that he determined to reserve for the future necessities of English life so much of the 10,000*l.* a year as could well be spared from the necessities of his five

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years' residence in India. And we may further note, that although his original instructions only provided for an annual allowance of 630*l.*, his additional remittances from India enabled his trustees to increase it to 800*l.* At the same time—as Mr. Merivale reminds us—he was contributing largely to the support of his wife's father, Macrabie.

On the 1st of April, he embarked on board the 'Ashburnham,' along with Clavering, Barwell, and Monson. His friend and brother-in-law, Macrabie, went with him as private secretary. The Judges of the newly-created Supreme Court—Impey, Hyde, Chambers, and Lemaistre—embarked at the same time on board the 'Anson.' The two vessels kept as nearly to each other as was possible in a six months' voyage. They touched at Madeira and at the Cape together, and entered the Hooghly at the same time. It was well that the Members of the Council and the Judges of the Court went in two different vessels; for Francis's eager and irritable mind had already been fretted by contrasting the powers of the Councillors and the Judges. He saw, or thought he saw, in their respective commissions only the shadow of power resting on the former, while its substance centred in the latter. But there are fancies which touch the self-love of mortals more deeply than realities. And Francis's temperament was just of the kind to conjure up matter of annoyance from forms and ceremonies, when everything else failed to supply it. In framing the new Judicial Charter, precedence had been secured to the Chief Justice over every official person, except the Governor, and to the puisne Judges over all future Members of Council. This was gall and wormwood to Francis, who had taken office with the inward resolution of controlling the Council, the Governor, and everyone else. And now, whenever the two vessels touched at any foreign port, the honours of the reception were to be filched from him and his colleagues by that intolerable Chief Justice. Whenever the 'Anson' and the 'Ashburnham' entered a harbour, it was to the head of the Judicial corps, not to the Council invested with the government of India, that the first compliments of the local authorities were offered. These troublesome trifles had produced their natural effect on Francis's temper before their arrival at Calcutta in October, and seem to have soured the temper of his Secretary Macrabie, who thus speaks of their reception at the Seat of Government:—'The procession 'to the Governor's house beggars all description; the heat, 'the confusion; not an attempt at regularity; no guards; no 'person to receive or show the way; no state. . . . Surely,

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'Mr. Hastings might have put on a ruffled shirt!' Probably Francis was not sorry to find grievances of any kind ready made. He was prepared to thwart, obstruct, and embarrass, if he could not conquer or control, Hastings. No long time elapsed before he began to put in execution his cherished purpose. The invasion of Rohilcund had met with the success which might safely have been predicted. An English brigade had won a hard-fought battle against the Rohillas. The chief of that warlike race had met his death like a hero, as, endeavouring to renew the fight, he fell shot through and through by English bullets. When the battle was over, the Oude allies began their work of spoliation and dishonour, and things were done that made English officers blush for the discredit of the English name. But Rohilcund was annexed to Oude, and the forty lacs of rupees paid to the Government of India. In England the Rohilla war was denounced, and by none more warmly than by Lord North. A strong feeling was excited in the mind of Ministers against Hastings. At Calcutta this feeling was foreseen or anticipated by Francis. He combined with the majority of his colleagues against Hastings, if he did not suggest and inspire their opposition. He wrote to John Bourke in England to enlist the sympathies of his relation Edmund Burke in an attack on the policy of Hastings's Government. He wrote to Wedderburn, Welbore Ellis, and Lord North. He and his colleagues within a few weeks after their arrival at Calcutta had condemned the whole plan of the invasion of Rohilcund, had withdrawn the English brigade from the country, had recalled Hastings's agent Middleton from the Court of Oude, and had substituted a friend of Francis's, Mr. Bristow, in his place. When we say 'his colleagues,' we mean Clavering and Monson, for Barwell generally sided with Hastings. To the policy of Hastings Francis was from the first opposed, and he seems never to have done justice to the real greatness of his rival, but his hostility became personal only with the lapse of time.

From the first Francis entertained views regarding the Government of India which were nearly a century in advance of his age. In a letter to Lord North he sketches a plan of administration in some details nearly identical with that which arose from the chaos of the great mutiny of 1857. The monarch of Great Britain was to be the sovereign of India, and the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court to be extended over all the native subjects of the Crown; lands were to be granted to Zemindars, Talookdars, or even Ryots, either in perpetuity or for life with fixed rents; colo-

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nisation from England was to be discouraged. Such were Francis's ideas. Hastings, too, had his; and it increases one's admiration of poor Lord North's industry and patience when one thinks that, in all the troubles and difficulties of the American War, he was holding the balance of opinion between Hastings and Francis, and trying to manage the Court of Directors as he managed the House of Commons. Of the results of the contest between Hastings and himself, Francis did not at first appear to be sanguine. Indeed, his correspondence reveals an apprehension of being obliged to return home before the expiration of his term. In a letter to Lord Barrington, he commends himself to his lordship's patronage, as he may have to return home without even a moderate income. He says nearly the same thing to Lord Clive. To his friend Godfrey he writes that he does not hope to carry home more than 25,000*l.* after five years of the severest parsimony. He would gladly accept half that sum if he could be up to the neck in the Thames. He complains that he passes his life in one eternal combat with villany, folly, and prostitution of every kind. Then he is dreadfully frightened at a rumoured marriage between the daughter of his friendly colleague Clavering and his hostile colleague Barwell. Whether it is to neutralise the effect of this combination, we cannot say; but he certainly addresses to Lord North a letter which it would be deemed highly indecorous for any official man nowadays to address to the head of the Government against a brother-official. He tells his lordship that 'without denying Hastings some little 'talents of the third or fourth order, we were as much deceived 'with regard to his abilities and judgment as to his other 'qualifications.' With an enemy so acute and so vindictive as Francis, it was not to be expected that hostilities should be confined to ill-natured sneers or contemptuous depreciation. Opposition took another, a more open, and a more formidable shape. Hastings was accused of corruption, and refused to produce his accounts or defend himself before his own Council. Then came the sad and memorable affair of Nuncomar. Into this tragedy it is superfluous to enter. The eloquent pen of Macaulay has rendered a repetition of it unnecessary and an improvement of it impossible. Suffice it to say that the unhappy Maharajah on the eve of his execution recommended his son to the care of Francis in language at once touching and dignified. It is also worthy of note, that when a petition of the executed prisoner some time later found its way into the Council Chamber, it was Francis who moved that it should be burned by the common hangman on account

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of the reflections it contained on the judges of the Supreme Court. Probably by this time the authority of Hastings had shown itself to be irresistible, and Francis may have recognised the truth which, according to Macaulay, every native felt, namely, that 'it was safer to take the part of Hastings in a 'minority than of Francis in a majority.' And indeed it would seem that though in reading, in writing, in cultivation, in knowledge of letters and knowledge of that world which lay between St. James's Palace and St. Stephen's Chapel, Francis was the superior of Hastings, yet in the knowledge of those arts by which large masses of men are attracted and subdued either into love or fear, Hastings was just as much the superior of Francis. Nor did the respect with which the European society regarded the talents of Francis obliterate the impression made by his egotism, his presumption, and his irritability. His haughtiness and self-conceit had in his first year of residence won for him the designation of Francis the First. Probably it was by the exhibition of these ingrained qualities that while he was persecuting his avowed enemy, Hastings, he managed to quarrel with his avowed friend, Clavering.

But it would be a great error to suppose that, occupied as Francis was with the multifarious business which his office provided for him, or which he provided for his office, he was occupied with nothing else. On the contrary, his Diary lets us into the secrets of a life which was as unlike as possible to that of a cynical moralist or a bitter politician, or a sedentary bureaucrat; and from it we learn that the haughty, ambitious, and indefatigable rival of Hastings found time for gallantry and cards. His winnings at whist amounted at one time to 20,000*l.*, of which sum he acknowledged that he kept 12,000*l.*; and he wrote to his friend Godfrey to ask him to look out for a venture in diamonds by way of investment. Before he had completed his two years at Calcutta he talked of returning with 'a for-'tune,' by which he meant 40,000*l.* But for a temperament like that of Francis the excitement of politics, even when united to the excitement of whist and of hatred, was not sufficient. His restless nature craved for something more stimulating, and found it in an intrigue. Mr. Merivale censures Francis's loose habits and manners inculcated by bad instructors. Like Lord Mahon he quotes the famous letter to Junia, as an evidence of an impurity characteristic of the author. For our own parts, we cannot see anything in this letter which ought to make us turn up our eyes at the immorality which it is said to indicate. Neither in this nor in the Hints to a Traveller is there anything which reveals a looseness

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more than was then habitual in men of good station in life; certainly nothing which approaches the grossness which Smollett's novels show to have prevailed not a whole generation earlier. The fact is, the age in which Francis lived was, if not essentially, at any rate openly and undisguisedly, looser than ours. Francis, so far from being worse, was really much better, than many of his contemporaries. He was fond of philandering, of elaborating pretty phrases of gallantry, and of standing well in the opinion of distinguished women; but up to the time of his leaving England for India, there is no proof whatever of his indulgence in profligate habits. His known industry would suffice to rebut such a presumption.

It is not, then, to any habitual depravity, nor to any ostentation of gallantry, so much as to the attractions of a pretty woman, the vanity of a conceited man, and the separation from his wife and family, that we must attribute the intrigue with Mrs. Grand, which formed so striking an episode in Francis's Indian life. Mrs. Grand was the daughter of M. Worlée, Captain of the Port of Pondicherry, married to a Swiss gentleman, who, after residing at Chandernagore, took up his abode at Calcutta. She was in her sixteenth year, and, from her portrait, seems to have been a beauty of the soft and sensual type, and to have first made the acquaintance of Francis in 1778. The only key to the commencement of his passion is the quotation of '*Omnia vincit Amor*' in his diary of November 24th. A year later the same subject inspired numerous Latin quotations of the same kind. How long the intimacy had continued, it is impossible to conjecture, but it reached its climax in December. On the 8th of that month the husband, according to his own story, was, in happy unconsciousness of his fate, supping at Barwell's house, when a servant came in and whispered that Francis had been caught in his house and secured by a jemmadar. On this Grand rose, left the company, called on a friend of whom he borrowed a sword, and, thus equipped, proceeded home. On his arrival, he was astonished to find Mr., afterwards Sir George, Shee, bound to a chair, with two friends, Mr. Shore and Mr. Archdekin, standing by his side and joining in entreaties to the servants to liberate him. These, it appeared, had heard Francis call for help and rushed to his assistance. The unhappy husband ordered their release, went to a neighbour's house, and wrote a challenge to Francis. The latter replied curtly that, 'conscious of having done no injury, and 'that Grand laboured under a complete mistake, he declined 'the proposed invitation.' An interview between the injured

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husband and the sinning wife, which lasted for three hours, was followed by her consignment to the care of her sister and brother-in-law, and the commencement of legal proceedings against Francis in the Supreme Court. The action resulted in Francis's condemnation to pay damages to the amount of 50,000 rupees: a large sum, if, as Francis always protested, and as the presence of his two male friends seemed to prove, he had wooed the lady unsuccessfully. However that may have been, after this scandal so grateful to Indian gossip, Mrs. Grand soon returned to Calcutta, where she remained under the protection of Francis for a year, during which time she sufficiently teased and tormented that irritable nature in the intervals of writing minutes, intriguing against Hastings and quarrelling with him. She returned to Europe with another protector, and took up her abode in Paris in 1780, where a destiny such as neither she nor her lover could ever have dreamed of, awaited her. She was still young and beautiful, and attracted the attentions of Talleyrand, to whom, after she had obtained her divorce from her husband and the ex-Bishop had received a dispensation from his ecclesiastical vows, she was married. After her marriage it is said that she compensated in some degree for her past frailty by obtaining for her former husband employment under the Batavian Republic. The story which Francis told his second wife, represented Madame Grand as a beautiful and virtuous girl married to a miserable gambler, who had lost much money at play and was not very particular as to the means of repairing his losses; who had expected Francis's visit to the house and stationed his servants in ambuscade; it further represented that while the lover was making advances and the lady repelling them, they rushed forth to make the seizure which their master had enjoined; that Francis's friends arrived to rescue him, and that Grand returned. It only remains for us to crown the story by recording that in 1801, the lady, now become Madame de Talleyrand, entertained at her villa at Neuilly a party composed of Mr. and Mrs. Fox, the Chief Justice who had tried her case, Sir E. Impey, Sir Philip Francis her former lover, M. Grand her former husband, and M. de Talleyrand her actual husband!

While Francis was winning money and making love, great events were occupying the attention of the Europeans in India. Hastings had his romances as well as Francis; a romance of policy and a romance of love. Three years before, when Hastings found himself confronted at his own council-board by a hostile majority, and threatened with the defection of his native partisans, he had sent his agent, Colonel Maclean, to

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England with his resignation, ready to be presented in case of need. Meanwhile matters had greatly changed in Calcutta. Monson died; this weakened the opposition: then Clavering quarrelled with Francis; this weakened it still further: then success crowned Hastings's policy, both civil and military. Opposition in Bengal was discomfited. But it sank in the East only to rise stronger in the West. At home the Ministers were furious at the Rohilla War, and incensed at the reported extravagance and oppression of Hastings's government. Lord North, whose resentment was probably kept alive by a succession of vigorous philippics from Francis, urged the Court of Directors and the Proprietors to present an address to the Crown praying for the removal of Hastings. Macaulay describes the conflict thus: 'In the Court of Directors parties 'were very nearly balanced. Eleven voted against Hastings, 'ten for him. The Court of Proprietors was then convened. 'The great sale-room presented a singular appearance. . . . 'Fifty peers and privy councillors, seldom seen so far eastward, 'were counted in the crowd. The debate lasted till midnight. 'The opponents of Hastings had a small superiority on the 'division; but a ballot was demanded; and the result was that 'the Governor-General triumphed by a majority of above a 'hundred votes over the combined efforts of the Directors and 'the Cabinet.' Lord North, a rare thing, lost his temper at this defeat, and threatened to convoke Parliament before Christmas, and to bring before it a bill for depriving the Company of all political power. Maclean became nervous, and in his alarm for Hastings produced the resignation, which he had now had in his keeping for a year and a half. The Directors gladly accepted it, although it was irregular in form, and sent out orders that Clavering should succeed Hastings as Governor-General, and Wheler should succeed Clavering at the council-board. But this was not to be. Monson, as we have seen, was dead; Clavering and Francis had quarrelled; Hastings and Barwell were united; and Hastings had the casting vote. Hastings was resolved not to resign. Two months after his first instructions to Maclean, he had written a letter retracting his resignation. On this he now acted. While Clavering went to one Chamber and took the oaths as Governor-General, Hastings sat with Barwell on the other, and refused to admit the legality of this obtrusive Commission. With admirable sagacity, he referred the dispute to the Supreme Court, which confirmed him in the retention of his office. He was now all but absolute. The same fortune which had thus smiled on his policy smiled on his love. All who have read Macaulay's

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brilliant Essay remember the wondrous tale of Hastings and Madame Imhoff. It was at this conjuncture that he received tidings that the long-sought divorce of Imhoff and his wife was at last granted. The most ardent wish of his heart was now fulfilled, and he married the woman he had long loved. Mr. Merivale says that he can find no authority for the picturesque addition with which Macaulay embellishes his narrative of this marriage, namely, that Hastings went to Clavering's house and brought his vanquished rival from a sick bed to the gay circle which surrounded his wife, and that Clavering died of the exertion a few days after. It did not need this supreme strain upon Clavering's nerves and temper to kill him. He had undergone much. He had been enfeebled by the climate; worried in Council; tormented by high hopes and bitter disappointments; cheated of the gorgeous prize of Empire at the very moment that it seemed within his grasp. All this was enough to kill him: he died; and his death made Hastings really absolute. Nor did the arrival of Wheler from England destroy this ascendancy. It is curious that of these very important events which preceded Clavering's death, Francis makes no mention in his Diary, which about this period abounds in details of evening parties at the Impeys', or the Chambers's, and of the relations between the new Mrs. Hastings and the wife of the Chief Justice.

Our circumscribed limits forbid us to linger over details which, whether viewed from a political or from a personal point of view, are highly interesting. The reader will find in Mr. Merivale's second volume, in which he has extracted a most interesting story from Mr. Parkes's mass of papers, abundant materials for reflection on the strangely compounded character of Francis. His Diary is full of grumbles; grumbles against Hastings, and grumbles at the state of India. His correspondence with his friends in England repeats these grumbles, with repinings at his own unprosperous fortunes, and alternate eulogy and vituperation of his political patrons, according to their zeal or inertness in his behalf. It was probably about this time that he fed the absorbent mind of Burke with those Indian facts and suggestions which the philosophical statesman turned to such great account afterwards; and fed it also with no small share of his own morbid hatred of Hastings. Burke writes to him in a very friendly tone, and bespeaks his interest on behalf of his cousin, John Bourke, for whom Francis obtains a place. His suspicion of Hastings seems to have been equally genuine and unfounded; for at the very moment when Hastings was surmising that the French, encouraged by our American disasters,

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had conceived a design on our Eastern possessions, and was revolving plans for their discomfiture, Francis, in his Diary, perpetually sneers at his 'shuffling' and 'supineness.' At another time he records that Barwell agrees with his opinion of Hastings's 'indolence and incapacity.' They were both wrong. Hastings was vigilant and bold; but he wanted generals. A great general, already famous in India, was sent out in the person of Sir Eyre Coote. A newly arrived general or councillor was to Francis what a new belle is to a man of gallantry—an object of immediate attention and prospective aversion. Francis fluttered about Coote as a beau flutters about his mistress. Notes, colloquies, conversations of three hours together, were the agencies which he employed to engage the adhesion of the distinguished soldier. But as it was with Monson, with Clavering, with Lord North, so it was to be with Coote. Either he could not always agree with Francis, or he could not agree sufficiently, or he was not disposed to be a thorough-going partisan of anyone. Whatever it was, we find Francis soon jotting him down in his Diary as a 'poor man who has no head.' 'From Futtygur to Calcutta the whole army curse and despise 'him.' All these sneers and petulances are curiously interspersed with quotations from Horace, in reference to the matter which just now probably lay much closer to his heart than French aggression, Hastings's incapacity, or Coote's stupidity; namely, his passion for Madame Grand. The journal of three consecutively recorded days runs literally thus: '17th. O cara 'Phillide, rendi me il cor.' 27th. No Council: Hastings 'comes up to Ghiretti to take leave of Coote, who proceeds 'this evening up the river. 29th. Quæ spiravit amores.' In a letter to his friend Doyly he says of Coote, 'I never 'knew so abandoned a scoundrel.' Six days later the only entry in his Diary is, 'Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa, rident 'simplices nymphæ.' A little later we come on

'quoquo vestigia tendit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor;'

and nothing else.

We cannot enter into a history of the truce which in 1779 was established by common consent between Hastings and Francis, or of their common war against the Supreme Court. The conflict of the Governor-General with the Judges, and his 'arrangement' with Impey, are known to everyone who has read Macaulay's brilliant essay; and whosoever has not read it, ought to set about it at once. There can be little doubt that Francis had grounds for his denunciations both of Impey

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and of Coote; that Hastings had bought off the opposition of the former by a bribe of 8,000*l.* a-year, as he bought the co-operation of the latter by a bribe of 18,000*l.* a-year. It is only fair to add the defence urged by Impey's son on behalf of Impey; viz. that he never drew the salary which was voted. Coote was not likely to leave undrawn any money that was voted for him. All these proceedings of Hastings fretted Francis; they drove him into a fever and terminated the hollow truce which subsisted between the two men. The occasion of their final breach was Francis's infraction of a stipulation which he had made with Hastings. Hastings was to reinstate certain friends of Francis in office and make other concessions, on condition that Francis was not to oppose him in his plans for conducting the Mahratta War. Hastings performed his part of the compact; but Francis did not perform his. The plea which he preferred was that he was to support Hastings, not in each and every operation which he might undertake against the Mahrattas, but solely in those which he had originally directed on the Malabar coast; that the expedition on the Jumna was not included in these, and therefore was not included in the conditions; and consequently that he was free to oppose it. He did oppose it; he wrote a minute on it: in answering this, Hastings said that he judged of Francis's public conduct by his private, 'which he had found to be 'devoid of truth and honour.' This was met by an oral challenge to fight, which Francis conveyed to Hastings after the morning's Council, and which Hastings accepted. They met before sunrise on the broad plain which is washed by the Ganges, and Francis was badly wounded; the ball was extracted and he recovered. After such an event, it was evidently impossible for Francis to stay in India if Hastings remained there. The hopes of succeeding to the highest post of Government, which his friends had alternately fostered and discouraged, entirely broke down when the Act was passed for continuing Hastings in the Government for one year more. Francis was utterly miserable, and weak enough to declare his misery. He took ship in December 1781, and quitted India and official life for ever.

His fame and his character preceded him. His fretful irritability, his womanish caprices, his violence of spirit and speech, his fierce enmities, his unreasonable and short-lived reconciliations, were known in England. He returned an unpopular and discountenanced man. It was said that when he went to Court only two persons would speak to him—the King and Lord North. He was known to have used his pen in a private

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correspondence with his English friends to the injury of his Indian opponents. And in London he was suspected of using it anonymously with great bitterness. One of the first events after his return was the appearance of the 'book-'seller's edition' of Junius, with the addition of fourteen new letters, and the assertion that 'Junius' and 'Philo Junius' were the same. However, it was not in republishing obsolete letters that a mind so restless as Francis's was likely to be employed. He had other and more practical objects in view. He had to settle the long account of unappeased revenge and inveterate hatred with Hastings. He set about this work with his wonted energy. Pamphlets written either by him or under his auspices, letters to Burke, to Sir G. Elliot, and every leading statesman, prepared that grand impeachment which threatened to crush Hastings in the dust. Two Parliamentary Committees sat on Indian affairs. One of them resolved that the Governor-General ought to be recalled; but the Company refused to recall him. His term of office remained extended to 1785. Fox introduced his celebrated India Bill, which destroyed the Coalition Government and brought about a dissolution of Parliament; and in the new general election in 1774, Francis was elected not for Calcraft's borough of Wareham, but for Yarmouth. He was known to the House before he entered it. If he was known to some as the hot-tempered, fretful, and impatient enemy of everyone who would not share all his opinions, he was known to others as the subject of the studied eulogy of Burke, as 'the man whose 'deep reach of thought, and whose grand plans of policy, make 'the most shining parts of our reports.' From the first he achieved the reputation of a vigorous speaker, although he never attained that of a great debater or a powerful orator. He had written too much and spoken too little to possess the fluency, which, though it does not constitute, is indispensable to, Parliamentary success. At a later period he complained that his fortune had been 'distressed' by his entrance into Parliament. He had saved 3,000*l.* a-year; not a large income for a man who was bidding for a conspicuous position in the legislature of England; very little in comparison with what others had brought home after a shorter Indian service than his. He complained, too, that a seat in Parliament had not given him that which he hoped to obtain from it; viz. preferment. He forgot to record that it had enabled him to attain another object which, notwithstanding his rhetorical disclaimers, he had at heart—the gratification of his cherished resentment against Hastings. To the indulgence of this passion he gave himself up

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heart and soul. Hastings returned from his vice-royalty in 1785, expecting office, decorations, and a peerage. The King was with him, and the Chancellor was with him; nor as yet was Pitt against him. But he was doomed to a bitter disappointment. In the Session of 1786 Pitt veered round and voted for his impeachment. In the Session of 1787 the House proceeded to elect the managers of the impeachment. Burke, who had derived all the matter of his charges from Francis, stood at the head of the list; but Francis's name was not even upon it.

This omission gave rise to much and angry debate at the time, and is not very easy to justify now. It is true that Francis hated Hastings with an intense hatred on personal and public grounds; but, as it was observed at the time, this prejudice, though a disqualification for a judge, was rather a recommendation of a prosecutor. No one had such a minute and intimate acquaintance with the substance of the charges as Francis possessed, and even while he was formally disconnected with the prosecution, he was in reality pulling the wires and prompting the performers. His exclusion from the management elicited from Sir Gilbert Elliot an indignant remonstrance combined with a most eloquent panegyric of Francis. In this, speaking of him, Sir Gilbert said: 'Of all the great and considerable men whom this country possesses, there is not one in the Empire who has a claim so much beyond all question, as this gentleman, to the admiration, the thanks, the reward, the love of his country and of the world. If I am asked for proof, I say, the book of his life is open before you. . . . Has a single blot been found? Is there one page which has not been traced by virtue and wisdom?' The managers of the prosecution addressed him in a highly complimentary letter, in which they solicited permission to apply to him for that information which it was so especially in Francis's power to bestow. But neither the compliments of Elliot, nor those of the managers with Burke at their head, were able to assuage the pangs of Francis's disappointment. He felt his exclusion deeply, and felt it to the end of his life. Excluded from open interference as a manager, he gave as a member of Parliament incessant attention to all that concerned the conduct of the impeachment. To the end of the great trial—

'Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,'—

he claimed, in 1795, the credit of having given more constant attendance at its different stages than any other member of Parliament.

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When Hastings was acquitted, Francis's occupation was well-nigh gone. The main object of his later life and labours was lost. The two great rivals had engrossed the attention of the country and the talents of its leading statesmen and orators for years. The theme of their contest was now exhausted and out of date. The generation which pronounced the acquittal had few ideas in common with the generation which had heard the arraignment. The accuser and the accused, as Mr. Merivale justly says, 'had to sit by, haunted by 'the importunate shadows of what might have been, and see 'the business of the world, of which they still felt themselves 'most capable, transacted by younger men.' This, however, was not Francis's view of his position. He still cherished hopes and ambition. He had, after his return from India, become intimately associated with the leaders of the Whig party. Burke had introduced him to Fox with this eulogistic condemmation :—'*Multum in parvo.* His style has no gummy 'flesh about it.'

He was intimate with Sheridan, Windham, Lord W. Russell, the Thanets, and the Queen of the Whigs, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. His letters to her and to Lady Thanet combine wit, playfulness, and gallantry. There can be no doubt that Francis was a favourite with the great ladies of the party to which he had attached himself, and that he enjoyed a social reputation equal to his Parliamentary fame. Under the auspices of this brilliant society he had been introduced at Carlton House, and become a favourite of the Prince Regent. He was in the House of Commons, and, long after the acquittal of Hastings, had spoken with remarkable vigour on the principles of our Indian policy. He had therefore a right to expect office when his party came into power; and there was one office on which he had set his heart; that to which he had aspired when he first went to India; that from which he had hoped to hurl his invincible rival. In 1806, the death of Lord Cornwallis placed the throne of the Governor-General at the disposal of the Government. Fox was then Minister; and to Fox Francis applied for the exalted post. He applied in vain. By whatever reason the Ministry were actuated—whether it was a dread of Francis's temper and energy, or, as was more probable, by a consideration of the great changes which had taken place in India in the quarter of a century since he had left it—is uncertain; at any rate, they rejected his claim, and conferred the vacant office on Lord Minto, the Sir Gilbert Elliot, whose panegyric on Francis nineteen years before we have already quoted. Francis himself, in a Memorial of a later date, says

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that he was offered the government of the Cape, and the contingent government, if ever we should take it, of Buenos Ayres. If he was offered these, he declined them; and after his long and restless career received only the empty decoration of a Knight of the Bath. Lady Francis records that the Prince of Wales showed much sympathy with him in his disappointment, and actually said to him, 'Francis, if you will accept the Cape, 'I will send you farther when I come into power.' Of the intimate terms on which he lived with His Royal Highness these Memoirs contain many interesting proofs; and amusing anecdotes are told which show that amongst the courtly qualities which he must undoubtedly have possessed, servility was not one. The air of freedom which prevailed at the Prince's parties may be inferred from the following story, which Francis relates:—

'We were giving names in lieu of titles to each other one evening at the Pavilion. The Prince said the Man of Ross was greater than Lord Ross; Fox was the man of the people, &c. The Prince did your humble servant the honour of calling him the "Wise Man of the East." S. looked vipers at me, and enquired whether *sage homme* meant *à peu près comme sage femme?* All laughed, and I said that, being so honoured by the Prince, I had no wish to change my title or (bowing to Mr. S.) I might be celebrated as the man in debt *to* Mr. S.; but as that would be incredible, I would try to acquit myself by giving him the choice of two names, the man who extends England's credit or the man of the papers. (N.B. that very morning a puff had appeared which the P. said was *un peu fort.*) H.R.H. and C. laughed till they saw S. was cut to the quick, when the Prince, with a pitying air and tone, said, "Don't mind him, old fellow! His penalty shall be to find a name for *me*, and woe betide him if I'm not content with it!" None had yet ventured on one for *him*, and all called out, "Name, name." I said with strong emphasis, "*The* Man," and paused. "Go on," said S. "I've done," said I. "I'm content," said the Prince, bowing gracefully round.' (Vol. ii. p. 361.)

But Francis never forgave the slight put upon his pretensions by Fox. In his Memorial of 1812 to the Prince Regent he distinctly affirms Mr. Fox's acquiescence in the Prince's recommendation of him to the Government of India; and certainly he appears to have earned the gratitude of that statesman; for, as he complains, Mr. Fox made up to him, and had received faithful and valuable support from him in anxious and critical times. He had spent out of a moderate fortune 15,000*l.* on Parliamentary elections, and had devoted his Parliamentary life mainly to the political interests of Mr. Fox. Fox, he added, at a time when office and pa-

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tronage seemed beyond his hopes, had always declared that Francis was the fittest man in England to govern India; and then, when he had it in his power to reward merit and service, passed him by. Francis was not the man to be silent at such treatment. That keen pen was unsheathed to denounce his former friends. No wonder that we find him chuckling over the trap into which the Whigs had fallen by taking office. It was, he said, a Machiavellian policy of the King to make the friends of the people odious in the people's eyes by accepting service under the Crown; and when this end was achieved, 'they would be sent packing again.' The death of Fox prevented a personal quarrel. But the wounded partisan avenged himself on his memory by a keen anatomy of his character. In this he exhibited all the qualities of a 'candid 'friend.' It may have been disgust at this ill-treatment which disinclined him to continue in Parliament after 1806. He was not re-elected at the new general election in 1807; and his public career then closed for ever.

His private life had not been without its sorrows. We have seen that in the case of Francis, as of other violent and passionate politicians, there was a strong undercurrent of affection. Vehement, irritable, and combative abroad, he was playful and tender in the bosom of his own family. His absence in India and his liaison with Madame Grand (if not with others) somewhat estranged him from the pretty but commonplace wife who had inspired the love of his early youth. But, if his devotion to her was chilled, his affection towards his children was increased by time. To his son he was that which his own father had been to him, a kind and confidential friend. To his daughters his love was unbounded. He always spoke of them as his 'younger sisters.' They were five in number. Of these, Elizabeth and Harriet, the two to whom he clung most fondly, became victims of an hereditary delicacy of constitution. Harriet died in 1803, at Nice, where she was tenderly nursed by her sister Elizabeth, who was doomed to follow her in the following year. Francis's grief at this double loss was poignant and profound. In 1806 Mrs. Francis died, before her husband attained his title, and Francis remained a widower for eight years. In 1814 he married his second wife, the daughter of a Yorkshire lady named Watkins. The difference of their ages may be gathered from the admission of the lady, that she was born ten years after the last of the Junius letters was published. Mr. Merivale justly observes that in Lady Francis 'her husband found not only a very attached com-'panion, but one of the most uncompromising of all possible

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'admirers.' Her devotion to his memory was exhibited in the assiduity with which, after his death, she collected his papers; and it is deeply to be regretted that her capacity was not equal to her zeal. She might have produced a valuable memoir of her husband, had not her ignorance and credulity disqualified her for using her materials aright. As it is, her Memoir is wholly untrustworthy, except so far as it shows what Francis wished her to believe, and also, perhaps, what he wished her to chronicle. It is given to few men to be heroes in the estimation of their wives. When they are so, it may be doubted whether the veracity of history is benefited by the devotedness of conjugal reminiscences.

During the latter years of his life Francis suffered from a most painful disorder. But no physical infirmity could impair his political sympathies, or warp the original bent of his political principles. In 1817 he published a pamphlet on behalf of the prisoners who were then detained under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. This was the last production of his pen. He was, it is said, much troubled by the appearance of Taylor's 'Junius Identified,' and the questions to which that work gave rise. He died in December 1818. Although his previous sufferings had been great, his end was composed, easy, and painless. He passed imperceptibly away from a world in which he had played so busy and important a part, and his watching wife was only made aware of his dissolution by the cessation of his breathing.

The character of Francis is a complex one. But it can only be described properly after a complete reply to the question, Was Francis Junius?

Was Francis Junius? We wish that, after reading the papers collected by the industry of Mr. Parkes, and analysed by the subtlety of Mr. Merivale, we could answer the question decisively. But we cannot. All that we can say is, that the evidence of all kinds points more clearly to Francis than to anybody else. There is a certain amount of evidence—especially internal evidence—in favour of Burke's authorship. If energy of diction and style, and the use of peculiar phrases alone were to decide the question, we should be half-inclined to give our suffrage in favour of Burke. Not that the style of Junius was the style of Burke. What was said of the two men, Gibbon and Burke, might be applied to the two styles, that of Junius and that of Burke. One might have been chiselled out of the other. There are individual paragraphs in Junius's letters which Burke might have written; but there are no two consecutive pages in any of Burke's pamphlets

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which could have been written by Junius. The sentences of Junius sometimes have the true equipoise of Burke's shorter and sharper sentences. But none of Junius's have the volume, copiousness, and majesty of Burke's, when Burke is full and warmed with his subject. The germs of their ideas on many subjects are the same; but the fruitage of the one mind is far more luxuriant than that of the other. Junius illustrates his positions by rare, though correct, imagery; the affluent imagination of Burke teems with the redundancy of metaphorical illustration. Burke had at command a supply of galling sarcasms and terrible invective. But these were tempered by a consideration of times, persons, and circumstances. Burke could crush with his hot indignation a system or a party, a communistic club or a regicidal gang. But he could never have taunted his Sovereign with the imputation on his mother's fame, nor have dug out from hells and bagnios the obscene scandal about Lord Irnham and his wretched dupe. Burke himself says that his blood ran cold on reading the 'Letter 'to the King.' No better contrast can be conceived between the indignation of Junius and the indignation of Burke, than the contrast between the tone in which Junius writes to one Duke of Bedford, and that in which Burke writes of another. One is like the stab of a stiletto; the other is like the fall of a thunderbolt. There are, too, many letters of Junius which Burke would never have brought himself to write; and which there was no necessity for his writing. He was a member of Parliament and had the opportunity, as he also had the courage, to say all he wanted to say for or against the public men of the day. Besides, we have Burke's thrice-repeated and most earnest disclaimer of the imputation. He denied it in terms which, proceeding from a man of his veracity, are entitled to the most implicit belief. Then there is Colonel Barré, for whom a great deal might be said on the score of energetic style. A very good case is made out for Lord Temple. But, putting aside all discussion of style, it appears to us physically and morally impossible that a great peer and party leader, with a fine country-house half a day's journey from London, where he used to receive his guests and followers, should for five years have been sending letters, hints, warnings, directions and misdirections, to a London publisher, without being detected. Still more unlikely that he should have addressed to his brother George Grenville the two letters which we know were addressed him by 'Junius.'

We dismiss about forty other candidates as wanting the essential elements of a good title. We recur to the question,

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what constitutes the title of Sir Philip Francis? His title is made up of many concurrent probabilities, which, if they fall short of actual proof, come so very near it, as to be ultimately almost equal to proof. The evidence is twofold, external and internal.

With regard to that which is external, the most forcible is that of time. The times at which the letters of Junius were received by Woodfall tally with the dates of Francis's known residence in London. The intervals between their cessation and resumption tally with the dates of his known illness or absence from London. This of course is not conclusive; but it goes a good way.

It is, to say the least of it, a very curious coincidence that of a certain limited circle of men likely to write certain papers at certain times, one particular man can be cited who was always on the spot when the papers appeared, and always ill or absent when they did not appear. Now these conditions seem to have been fulfilled in the case of Francis and Junius. For instance, in the summer of 1770 Francis was, with the exception of a few occasional visits to London, staying at Margate from July 1st to August 17th. Coincident with this absence was the discontinuance of the Junius letters, which began to reappear on the 22nd of August, five days after Francis was known to have returned. There is also an intermission of the 'miscellaneous' letters during the same time, with the notable exception of a few days in June, when Francis was on one of his visits to Town. Again, Francis writes to Macrabie on the 5th September of the same year; and after this there appear no miscellaneous letters, no letters of Junius, nor of Francis. Again, on 31st July, 1771, Horne writes an elaborate reply to Junius, intended to be a compendious summary of their bitter controversy. Junius does not answer this till the 13th of August; and Horne sarcastically comments on the length of time which the rejoinder cost. Francis's letters to his wife at Fulham show that in the interval Francis was travelling from London to Derby, from Derby to Manchester, to Oxford, and back from Oxford to London. Again, in January, 1772, appeared the last of the letters of Junius; in May, 1772, the last of the miscellaneous letters ascribed to the same pen. In July, 1772, Francis left England on his Continental tour. In the middle of December, 1772, he is back again in England, and the 13th January, 1773, is the date of the next and the last of the private letters to Woodfall, which is not answered by the latter till the following March. Before the following July Francis had accepted his Indian ap-

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pointment. By the end of October, 1781, Francis was back in England; and in 1783 appeared the 'bookseller's edition' of Junius, with such alterations and corrections in the body as a man intently careful about the substance of the work would be likely to make, and with such slovenly variations of inessential adjuncts as only a non-professional editor would be likely to allow. Further: when the sale of Sir P. Francis's books took place, there were sold three several editions of the work, with notes, additions, and corrections by Francis, and these were identical with the notes, additions, and corrections in the edition of 1783. All these are not indeed by themselves proofs that Francis was the author of Junius. But when viewed in combination with other facts they certainly do tend to support that conclusion. Let us now see what other external evidence there is. It must be admitted there is very little. From the nature of the subject there could be very little. A secret so well kept at the time could only be revealed at a later period by the author, or by some one in his confidence. Francis himself never confessed to the authorship. Indeed, Junius had declared in his letter to Woodfall that his secret should die with him; therefore he could not confess directly. If there was anyone to whom he was likely to confess, it was to his daughters or his second wife. But they had never any assurance of his authorship from him. The testimony of Lady Francis on this subject is very curious. From her account it would appear that Francis gave her as a marriage-present an edition of Junius, and bequeathed as a posthumous gift a copy of 'Junius Identified;' and that he was in the habit of hinting a knowledge of the author, of explaining at length the reasons why he should preserve his incognito, and of dilating upon the vital interest which its mysterious parentage had secured for the work. At other times, if Lady Francis chronicled correctly, and wrote less from her imagination than her memory, he must have all but divulged the secret; for she says, 'He had other powerful motives. Too many people of high rank had fallen under 'the two-edged sword of Junius, to whom, or their descendants, 'Mr. Francis felt in after-times deeply indebted; and sometimes 'he was aware that he had been unjust, and had taken too 'severe a revenge for trifling or fancied injuries. To so quick 'a sense of moral justice as he had, this sensation was intolerable, and I have seen an agony and irritability attend 'the idea of its being fixed upon him that must have had its 'source from wounded conscience, &c. . . . . He was certainly extremely alarmed when he heard of the work called '"Junius Identified," and refused for months to read it, lest

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'he should find something that might necessitate him to make 'some declaration; and he detested the falsehood he might be 'drawn into, though . . . he used often to say, that no man 'was obliged to criminate himself in a court of justice.' After relating that when he was staying at a friend's house, he took the book up to his own room to read, she continues, 'It was 'evident, on his return to the family, that he had been greatly 'agitated . . . . his cheeks burned, and his eye betrayed what 'was passing within him. . . . . He said soon afterwards that 'he could have put the writer upon a track which would have 'fixed it, and that he was very glad to find that he had missed 'it.' She adds, that one day, when a friend began some inquiry with this preface, 'Sir Francis, give me leave to ask one 'question,' he was met by the startling interruption, 'At your 'peril, sir!' 'On his return to town,' she adds, 'he withdrew 'his name from Brookes's, of which he had long been a member, in order to avoid the vexatious question which was sure 'to be put to him. To one of his interrogators he gave a reply 'which forced from his baffled curiosity the comment, "I don't '"know whether he is Junius, but I am sure that he is '"Brutus."'"

Now these instances of nervous alarm and anxious vigilance, if they were genuine, tend to strengthen the suspicion that Francis was the author of these celebrated letters. But they unfortunately raise this question, Were these genuine or simulated feelings? Francis had been long regarded by a considerable body of intelligent persons as the original of Junius. He had been almost identified by Taylor's clever analysis. He was an Irishman; he was therefore neither insensible to the emotion of vanity, nor incapable of the stratagems which are sometimes necessary to ensure its gratification. From what we have already seen, and from what we shall still further see, of Francis's character, it would be hazardous to deduce a conclusive conviction either from his denials or from his alarms. In his own family, and by his first wife, it seems never to have been surmised that Francis was Junius. His father (to whom in the first instance Taylor had ascribed the honour) never suspected him. The old man contented himself with repudiating all share in the composition and all knowledge of the author of the letters. This negative disproof of the authorship does not amount to much. We have seen how different were the characters of the father and the son; how much more of caution, prudence, foresight, and balance there was in the young man than in the old one. It is therefore quite consistent with the relations of intimacy which subsisted between them, that

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Francis, if he were Junius, and anxious to keep this secret, would abstain from giving his confidence to the clerical *bon-vivant*, whose discretion might not be able to resist the double temptations of bibulous garrulity and paternal pride. There was another person to whom Francis was bound equally by the ties of affinity and friendship, and that was Macrabie, his brother-in-law, and afterwards his private secretary in India. In him Francis reposed great confidence; but he—at least up to 1770—had not the faintest idea who Junius was. Writing in that year to Francis from Philadelphia, he expresses his admiration of the letters to Sir W. Draper, but his total dissent from the more celebrated letter to the King. This he condemns; and afterwards asks, 'Who the devil can Junius be?' This ignorance may, after all, be a proof rather that Francis was discreet than that he was not Junius, unless we fall back upon the hypothesis that Macrabie feigned ignorance, even when writing to Francis himself. Thus, we get rid of two telling pieces of external evidence. Failing these, then, there is that great fact, his Indian appointment. How did he get it? What had this subordinate War-office clerk ever done, to be uplifted to a share in the government of India with 10,000*l.* a year? He had been passed over or had refused promotion in his own office. How did either of these contingencies entitle him to such magnificent preferment? How did it excite Lord Barrington's sympathy in his behalf? Posts of dignity and profit are not conferred on young clerks for nothing. And Francis—as Francis, the War-office clerk—had done nothing to extort this rich prize. But, if he were the shadow of a name greater than his own—if his pen had scathed with relentless wrath personages higher than the greatest Minister—if, obscure and unknown, he had yet been a Power in the State—and if this had become known to the King's friend, Lord Barrington; then it is intelligible why it should have been thought desirable to get him out of the kingdom, and why Barrington should have used his influence to procure him this post. On this assumption, there were only two things to be done; prosecute or promote him; and the Crown had had enough of prosecutions of the press. It therefore would probably choose the wiser part. We know that on Francis's disappointment, the 'Public Advertiser' teemed with scurrilous letters against Lord Barrington. We know that 'Scotus' at any rate was Junius. There is internal evidence that 'Nemesis' and 'Veteran' were written by the same hand as 'Scotus.' If Lord Barrington found himself suddenly bitten by this three-headed monster—this *ὀνομάτων τριῶν μορφὴ μία*

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—was it unreasonable that he should be anxious to see so formidable an assailant transferred to a distant sphere? This is not, indeed, directly proved. It is only a suggestion, which applies a fact, at once notorious and unintelligible, to the only theory which is both consistent and intelligible.

Admitting, however, that even this is not conclusive evidence, and being dissatisfied with such external evidence as meets us, let us see what we can get from internal evidence. Let us examine the indications which the Letters afford of the author's birth, social position, acquaintance with men in power, his fortune and his prospects. Let us compare these with what we know of Francis's life; the style of the Letters with the style of his known compositions; the handwriting of their author with the handwriting of Francis. We begin with the weakest and least trustworthy evidence, that of handwriting. The most feeble-minded of men can be taught any style of penmanship. The most skilful experts can be misled in their efforts to identify handwriting. But there are certain inseparable characteristics of every handwriting—those which are the spontaneous produce of a rapid and undeliberating writer—which must reveal him. Now, Junius's Letters are in a feigned hand; but its general character agrees with that of Francis, who learned his penmanship at St. Paul's. When it is least studied it agrees the most. Many little peculiarities are common to both: such as the 'a' always placed above the '&c;' the 'i's' not dotted, but dashed with an oblique stroke; the use of the capital 'Y' at the beginning of 'You' and 'Yours.' Taylor also collected numerous examples of peculiar modes of spelling common to both. So far as such evidence goes, the evidence as to handwriting and spelling tends to identify Francis as Junius.

Then, what would the Letters lead us to believe was the birth, position, and fortune of the real Junius? The first thing that strikes us is his Irish birth. This is unmistakeable. Junius is Irish at the core, with an English surface. He is Irish in his fervour, his imaginativeness, his vehemence, and his unscrupulousness. He is Irish in his style—Irish in the style in which Barré, and Floyd, and Grattan became famous; terse, antithetical, and nervous—

'So Latin and so Gallic all the while.'

Irish, too, in his display of local knowledge and allusions, like those, for instance, to the Luttrell family. The next thing which strikes us is, that he was not a university man. Scurrilous and foul-mouthed as he is, none of his scurrilities have

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any reference to the academical life of his victims. His sneer at the Duke of Grafton's election to the Chancellorship of Cambridge University is such as would be uttered by a stranger, not by a member of that body. As to his station in life, we cannot agree with Mr. Parkes in saying that his writings prove him to be 'plebeian.' He had the language and the ideas of a scholar. That he was not a Member of either House of Parliament is inferred from the entire absence of such allusions as an actual Member might be supposed to make to the debates of the House in which he sat. It is also inferred from the solicitude he evinced in his private letters that the House of Lords should rescind its order for the exclusion of strangers on an important occasion. Of these inferences, the first is merely negative, and both, we think, are erroneous. The first proves nothing. Anxious as he was to escape every chance of detection, he would naturally, if in Parliament, avoid furnishing any clue which might guide his brother senators to discovery, and he would therefore abstain from any Parliamentary details. As to his solicitude to be present at a debate in the House of Lords, two suggestions offer themselves. This desire might be feigned, and it might be genuine. If feigned, it might be for the purpose of misleading Woodfall, or of causing Woodfall to mislead others. Such 'blinds' are common to every theory of Junius. Whoever was Junius must have lived two years of incessant dodging, simulation, and subterfuge. Even if he were in earnest, this would not prove him not to have been a Member of the Lower House, for the Lords had already cleared their House of Members of the Commons who had attended a debate, and it was against the repetition of this Standing Order that Junius invited Woodfall to publish his little hints and warnings. Neither are we to attach much credit to his vaunts of high position and fortune. His liberality to Woodfall smacks as much of discretion as of disinterestedness. Any pecuniary contract must have revealed the unknown author. He does not seem to have had access to the deeper secrets of Parliamentary leaders, but yet to have had that general acquaintance with the political men and events which a well-read man in society could not fail to attain. With one department he had a special and personal acquaintance. This department was the War Office. On all military affairs Junius wrote with knowledge and authority. His letter of the 17th October, 1769, on the arrest of Major-General Gansel, the outrage to which it led, and the riots which followed, could hardly have proceeded from one who had not special opportunities of learning the minute details of the occurrence. Still, if it is urged that these details might

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have been mastered by any intelligent man who had good sources of information, there remains one signal indication that the writer was connected with the War Office, and that he could hardly have been any other than Francis. During the whole period of the Junius publications Lord Barrington had remained almost unassailed, though as a Trimmer and one of the King's Friends he was particularly obnoxious to attack. On one occasion he had been attacked, but feebly, under the signature of 'Fiat Justitia.' In January, 1772, Junius had written his last letter, and taken his farewell of Woodfall in that character. Suddenly he reappears in the columns of the 'Public Advertiser' under two fresh disguises, to assail Lord Barrington, not with his accustomed barb of polished and envenomed sarcasm, but with the heavy sledge-hammer of Billingsgate abuse. And why? In the interval since Junius last wrote, a promotion had taken place which inflicted a wound on the susceptibilities and the hopes of Francis. His friend, Doyly, had been 'discarded,' as he phrases it, from his place of Deputy-Secretary-at-War, and the successor appointed was not Francis, but Chamier, the brother-in-law of Broadshaw. Immediately after this, for a succession of weeks, the 'Public 'Advertiser' is defiled with the ribald outpourings of 'Veteran,' 'Nemesis,' and 'Arthur Tell-Truth.' The bright and caustic irony of former days is superseded by vulgar scurrility about 'Tony Shammy,' 'Little Three Per Cents!' 'a Scrip of a 'Secretary,' 'Syringe the apothecary with his glister-pipe;' and all the blackguard names which tickle the ears of groundlings. Then the note is changed. Lord Barrington is, for the first time, savagely denounced for his official conduct of four years ago—conduct which, at the time, would have furnished grateful and appropriate matter for censure or indignant and biting philippic at the hands of a constitutional writer like Junius. When he thanked the Guards for what some described as the 'massacre of the people in St. George's Fields,' in 1768, Junius was silent, and Fiat Justitia tame. Four years later, when the memory of crime or blunder had died away from the popular mind, Junius holds him up to the indignation of mankind as a detestable compound of half parasite and half butcher, who aggravated his cruel letch for the blood of the people by his grovelling baseness as a sycophant of the Court. Unable at last to wrestle with the force of his own rage, he loses all temper and discretion. For the first time, the writer who had evinced the most minute knowledge of military details, names persons on the staff of the War Office, and names them in a way to identify himself with their cause. 'I think,' says he,

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'the public have a right to call upon Mr. Doyly and Mr. 'Francis to declare their reasons for quitting the War Office. '... What can be the cause that the public and the army 'should be deprived of their service? There must certainly be 'something about Lord Barrington which every honest man 'dreads and detests.' Now, we certainly think that this is circumstantial evidence as conclusive as circumstantial evidence can be to prove that the author of Junius was employed in the War Office; that while the Letters of Junius were in progress, he was on good terms with his chief, Lord Barrington; that, after these letters were concluded, he was injured by his chief; and that he rushed again to the columns of his wonted 'Adver-'tiser,' under new designations, to denounce a man whom he had never denounced before, because that man had never injured him before. It only remains to add that he who acted thus must presumably have been either Doyly or Francis. Nothing that we know of Doyly's life and character warrants the belief that it was Doyly; everything that we know of Francis's life and character harmonises with the inference that it was Francis. Again, whoever he was, he was clearly not a lawyer, though he probably mixed with lawyers and read law books: for his legal knowledge was that of a layman, not of a lawyer. He was as clearly not a clergyman, though he had a knowledge of theology and a ready command of Scripture; for his tone on all religious subjects is scoffing and irreverent. He was not a man who could defy detection; for his private correspondence with Woodfall betrays the most nervous anxiety to elude observation, and even suspicion. He is ever giving some fresh direction about the coffee-house where his letters are to be received, or about the telegraphic language in which he is to be addressed, or about the gentleman who does their 'conveyancing' business; he is in a vehement rage at the curiosity of Garrick, who was a friend of old Francis, and to whom his own handwriting might be known. All these signs of anxiety, and his amusing attempts to mystify his correspondents about his age, appearance, and quality, were only reasonable on the part of a subordinate in a public office, whose exposure must have subjected him to disgrace, to beggary, and the alternative of being horsewhipped or being shot. Add to these elements of evidence that many of the letters addressed to Woodfall are written on War-office paper, sometimes folio paper, sometimes gilt-edged note-paper, but for the most part paper bearing the water-mark in use in the office. Add also that old Francis's patron, Lord Holland, is never assailed, though mixed up with the most flagrant jobberies of the day;

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that Doyly's relative, Hans Stanley, who opened the negotiations for the peace which young Francis's idol Chatham struggled to avert, is never condemned; that the Duke of Bedford, who concluded those negotiations, is the victim of Junius's coarsest satire, as he had been of Francis's private censure; that in the 'Public Advertiser' Chatham is alternately bepraised and befouled according to Philip Francis's approval or disapproval of the great statesman's policy; that George Grenville, old Francis's benefactor, is singularly lauded both by Francis and Junius; that Lord Barrington is for the first time publicly bespattered with the Billingsgate of an Irish fish-woman, when Francis denounced him in his private letters as the man of 'the blackest heart in the kingdom.' Consider these circumstances, and then say to whom does this convergence of testimony point as the veritable Junius if not to Philip Francis? It may be asked, how could a War-office clerk afford time to write an elaborate letter twice a week for a series of many months? And how could he escape detection? We reply that the character of Francis explains much of this difficulty. He was a man of 'proud precipitance of soul.' He was young, ardent, imperious, ambitious, an Irishman, and a theorist. His mind was bursting with the accumulated stores of classical and political lore. He had read, copied, minuted, and annotated speeches, tracts, and pamphlets innumerable. He had studied Tacitus and Montesquieu with equal care. Beyond all this, he was inspired with the passion of writing. Writing was to him what gambling was to some, intrigue to others, hunting and racing to others of his contemporaries. It was a study, an art, a recreation, and an excitement. As he said himself, he could not remember the time when he did not write. He was styled by Burke the 'Prince of Pamphleteers.' To array paragraphs of pungent invective, to preserve the balance of antithetical periods, to reserve the stinging inuendo for the appropriate clause, to point the poisoned epithet at the opportune moment—these were delights and diversions accordant with his taste, his reading, his nationality, and his youth. This man, of such a temperament as he was, saw the government of the country contested between a young king and a few commonplace lords; a great minister like Chatham ousted by the imbecility of Newcastle or the courtly qualities of Bute; half-a-dozen great families fighting for the power and emoluments of office; the House of Commons passing from the condition of a representative chamber to that of a narrow, exclusive, but squabling club; public opinion silent almost everywhere save in London, and there howling the pæans of a factious idol-worship. How could

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such a man help writing? How could he help writing impetuously, vehemently, cruelly? What was in him must come out, be it discreet or indiscreet. He thought less of the wounds he inflicted, than of the scandals which he exposed, the misgovernment which he denounced, the imbecility, waywardness, or cowardice in high places, upon which he spat his contempt. Next to these he thought of his art and his style. He wrote as men of this temperament usually write, with the fervour and fire of impassioned speakers. His very success constituted his danger. The difficulty of evasion was as great as its necessity. Both were exceedingly great; but both were less than the instinct of writing. Great, however, as the difficulty was, it was less in the case of a junior clerk than it would have been in that of a powerful peer or distinguished member of Parliament, with a large tribe of adherents. In the latter case detection must, sooner or later, have been inevitable. In his case it might be staved off by subterfuges and pretences; misleading representations as to age, station, figure, fortune, and connexions; in a word, by such representations as Junius did make. If Francis were Junius, he might use these successfully. If Lord Temple or Burke had used them, they would have broken down in six months. Discrepancies therefore between what is known of Francis and what Junius said of himself, are not sufficient to destroy the value of the general evidence. If it is argued that nothing in Francis's known writings is equal to Junius, we make this reply. From the nature of the case this equality could not exist. How ever much critics may differ about Junius, they will all agree that its style is marvellously elaborate. There is not one of the more celebrated letters but what must have been submitted again and again to the artistic touch of the composer. The characteristics of Junius are a passionate desire for the triumph of his own opinions, combined with an intense effort to express them with concentrated force. These are youthful characteristics. The letters of Junius could not have been written by an elderly man. With youth, the freshness, the energy, and the power of youth would have departed. Still, in later life, there would be some indications of the same turn of thought and the same turn of expression. Now to us there do appear the same epigrammatic point and antithetical balance in some of Junius's letters and some of Francis's avowed productions. There are sentences in the short autobiographical memoir—that about Calcraft and his old patron, for example—which smack strongly of Junius. The dissection of Fox's character shows the same hand which scalped Draper and Grafton, with only that difference which

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would be caused by an interval of forty years and the substitution of avowed for anonymous writing. There are phrases, too, in his letters to Mr. Perry of the 'Chronicle' and in his Indian speeches, which are redolent of Junius all over.

This evidence is not direct, positive, unequivocal. It is only circumstantial, as from the nature of the premisses it could only have been. But never did circumstantial evidence bear more strongly on any case. And if we once admit this, then we cannot fail to admit that what we know of the character of Francis agrees with what we know of the character of Junius. Their characters agree in their good and their evil traits; in the vehement irritability, the selfish love of domination, and the fitful and overpowering malignity; they agree also in the geniality, the generosity, the love of wine and the admiration of women which are common to both. They agree in being more Irish than English; more French, perhaps, than either. The Francis who fastened on Lord Mansfield and the Duke of Grafton with pertinacious and implacable hostility was the double of the man who fastened on Barrington and Hastings with the same hostility. If there be any difference between them, it is a difference not of kind but of degree. And the difference of character was traceable to difference of climate and of circumstances. The sun of India had inflamed the passions and exasperated the temper of Francis; and the emoluments of India had dissipated his caution by improving his fortunes. He became, under the double influence, more vehement, more impulsive, more impetuous. He was pitted for the first time in open and undisguised conflict with a man who was fully his match. He had been, as Sir W. Draper styled him, the 'viper' biting from beneath a cover; he was now the cobra flashing with bright and passionate eye, raising his mask-like hood, openly defying the foe whose destruction he meditated. The conflict seemed to spectators to resemble one which is sometimes seen on the plains of India or Ceylon. There is but one rival capable of contending on equal terms with the terrible cobra di capella; and that is the ticpa longa. A mutual jealousy inspires these two serpents, each of which is gifted with the utmost agility and armed with the deadliest poison. When they meet, the rapidity of their movements almost defies observation; the two angry snakes attack and elude each other by the most dazzling fence. Accident may interrupt the contest and save both combatants; but unless interrupted, it ends only in the death of one of them. But the Francis who at Calcutta could mingle his pleasures with his hatreds, his social urbanities with his political rancours,

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after all, only reproduced the Francis of the War Office, and the Junius of earlier days. He who could alternately abuse and eulogise Lord Chatham; he who could within the space of a year revile Lord Barrington as a butcher and own his obligations to him as a patron; he who, after eating Calcraft's bread and drinking his wine, could then parade Calcraft with a sneer for the contempt of the public, and mangle him in his private memoirs; he who, after serving Fox with devoted fidelity and eulogising him with studied panegyric, could blast his memory by subtle depreciation; such a man would find no difficulty in passing from the passionate debate in the Council Chamber to the tea-table of the Impeys and Chambers in the evening, joking with the enemy whom he would have jockied, and winning money from the colleague whom he could not cajole. What a man and what a character! What baseness! what meanness! what duplicity! Yet what persistency of purpose! what firmness of principle! what courage! He tricked, he intrigued, he caballed. But the man to whom he did all this, he challenged to open combat. He did base things, but he enunciated immortal principles of freedom. He was fiendishly cruel. But he was cruel on the impulse; cruel only to the powerful and the exalted, not to the lowly and the weak. This queer composition explains much beside. He who was so various when he was famous, must have been as multiform when he was comparatively unknown. Only a man who could refresh himself after the labours of the study and the Council with the diversions of gallantry and gambling, could relieve the tame drudgery of the War Office by the indulgence of the strong political passion which breathes in every page of Junius. And only such a man could, while persecuting King, Ministers, and Judges, so baffle an inquisitive world by an alternation of impudent lying and tricky subterfuges, that not even his father, his intimate friend, his fellow-clerks working in the same office, his brother-in-law, the wife of his bosom, or the person the most interested, the printer and publisher of the letters, should ever guess who was the author! Or he had the wonderful power to make all these persons lie on his behalf! It is this dualism of nature which all but identifies Francis with the author of the letters. It is this dualism which makes him an object of mingled respect and contempt; of contempt for the man who could stab so fatally in the dark, and of respect for the man who—when the convenient season came—could so boldly champion his opinions and principles, his resentments and dislikes, in the light of day and in the eyes of the world

Had this dualism of character not existed in Francis, we

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might have been spared the contemplation of painful inconsistencies; we might have been spared the malevolence which destroyed the repose of the kind and inoffensive Draper; which lacerated with the refinement of torture the genial humour of Barrington and the easy epicureanism of Grafton, which carped at the legal knowledge, and stigmatised the probity, of a great magistrate like Mansfield; but we might also have lost the fruits of that intrepid energy which won the first battles of the press in spite of frowning judges and lukewarm Parliaments, and which, if it too often condescended to be the handmaid of an intolerant malignity, yet contributed to the interests of national justice, and, by blighting the ambition of one man, made the irresponsible government of India an impossibility for ever.

In conclusion, we feel it our duty to express our gratitude for the industry with which Mr. Parkes collected such a mass of information respecting the life of a man who, whether he was or was not Junius, was one of the most distinguished Englishmen of the last century. We acknowledge also a deeper debt to the gifted member of a gifted family, whose discriminating and scholarlike pen has shed light, life, and interest over materials almost repulsive in their bulk; though we cannot hope that even Mr. Merivale's verdict has set the question of the authorship of Junius at rest for ever. Whilst these sheets are passing through the press we have received an able pamphlet, published by Mr. Hayward under the title, 'More about 'Junius,' in which that acute and accomplished critic arrives at a conclusion diametrically opposed to that of Mr. Merivale. But, considering the research and ingenuity which Mr. Hayward has brought to bear on the question, we are surprised to find that so little can be said to shake the belief in the authorship of Sir Philip Francis. Every detail of his life has been carefully sifted day by day; and if it be true, on the one hand, that no direct and positive proof of his connexion with the Letters of Junius can be produced, it is equally true that no single fact or incident can be named which is positively incompatible with it. One such fact would be conclusive, and would outweigh a mountain of inferences and conjectures. But whilst a multitude of circumstances lead to an affirmative presumption, we do not find any insurmountable obstacle or argument to rebut it. If the same test be applied to all the other persons who have been named, they vanish one by one. Sir Philip Francis alone appears to us to support that ordeal.

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ART. VII.—1. *Souvenirs Militaires de* 1804 *à* 1814. Par M. le Duc de FEZENSAC, Général de Division. Paris: 1863.

2. *Essai sur le Système Militaire de Bonaparte.* Par un officier D'État-Major Moscovite. London: 1810.

3. *The Campaign of* 1812. By Lieutenant-General the Duke de FEZENSAC. Translated from the French, with an Introductory Notice, by Colonel W. KNOLLYS. London: 1852.

No subjects have created wider differences between critics than the military genius and system of Napoleon. To some few of those who have considered them, the admiration usually lavished upon them appears fulsome and indiscriminate. This section (of whom the late General Mitchell is the type) regard the French Emperor as nothing more than a bold and unscrupulous adventurer, seizing the reins of power by political intrigue, and then using his authority to collect and throw into the field unheard-of masses of men, to whose numbers and courage, opposed to feebler adversaries, his long train of imperial conquest was due. Such men balance Acre against Toulon, Aspern against Austerlitz, Leipsic and Waterloo against Friedland and Wagram; and confident in the fact that they find weaknesses and flaws in the object pressed on them as perfect, refuse to recognise any strength or brilliancy in it. A far larger class there is (we speak with all respect of a class which has Thiers for its representative and Napier in its ranks) who err almost equally in the opposite direction. To these Napoleon, regarded simply as a general, appears faultless. His administrative arrangements only failed by lack of care in others; his strategy never erred; his tactics were to the last superior to those of his foes. Climate, diplomacy, the deficiencies of his lieutenants, the envy of his allies, even his own want of political judgment and moderation, may have caused his disasters; but they are never to be attributed to want of foresight in his arrangements for the field, or mistaken views of the military events around him. Let any evidence be rejected, and any supposition entertained, rather than believe that he was ever wanting to his army, or his army to its chief.

A third school of critics has of late arisen, who pursue a simpler and more truthful method, the only one worthy a sound writer of military history. This is to lay aside, as far as may be, all prepossession for or against the man, and look only

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at what the general did. Take nothing for granted in what, after all, are mere matters of evidence and fact. Accept no one-sided statement from any national historian who rejects what is distasteful in his authorities, and uses only what suits his own theory. Believe not that any man ever lived who, in so dark and uncertain a science as war, had the gift of infallibility. Gather carefully from actual witnesses, high and low, such original material as they offer for the construction of the narrative. This once being safely formed, judge critically and calmly what was the conduct of the chief actor; how far his insight, calmness, personal control over others, and right use of his means were concerned in the result. This plan is that which Clausewitz has pursued with the campaign of 1812, Cathcart with that of 1813, Quinet and Charras, with singular success, in throwing light on the great struggle of Waterloo. The work of the latter has left scarce anything to be added as regards his special subject, and his untimely death alone prevented his repeating this literary triumph by carrying his researches further back. The fragment lately published of his intended 'Guerre de 1813' shows the same industry and clearness which distinguished his former writings. Had he lived, we may believe he would have laid bare the inner details of the gigantic struggle in Germany with the same thoroughness which had placed him already at the head of all writers who have treated of Napoleon's later campaigns.

For this high class of military history, which aims at truth, and seeks first to know what was done, before delivering judgment on the action, all genuine narratives of eyewitnesses have a peculiar value. Many such narratives have already served to illustrate the history of Napoleon's wars, but there has hitherto been wanting an account by some writer who had held every rank in the Grand Army from the private to the general, had intelligence enough to reason from its details up to its general action, and who could admire the genius of Napoleon, without in any way being identified with the system which he founded. The memoirs of no marshal, chamberlain, or grand equery meet these conditions. They could be found only in a man who had rank independent of Imperialism, education outside the Lycée, and patriotism superior to party.

Such a man was the Duke de Fezensac, whose death, at a most venerable age, the present Emperor has just noticed in a feeling letter to his family. His 'Military Recollections' will hereafter occupy a high place amongst the contemporary literature of the Napoleonic era. That portion which bears upon the campaign in Russia was published long ago, and seems

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to have won its way but slowly to general acceptance; for an interval of more than ten years elapsed before the author was emboldened to offer to the world the complete work. There needed not the apology of his modest preface to make it acceptable. The personal details which abound in it do, as he truly says, paint the very manners and spirit of the times. Let us add that they paint the true features of the system of war which the author observed in the midst of it with a force and accuracy, which give this unpretending volume a genuine historical value far above that of the brilliant pages of 'The 'Consulate and Empire,' which M. de Fezensac, like many other loyal Frenchmen, rates higher than their worth. To tell plainly and without exaggeration or concealment the truth with regard to Napoleon's method of war; to show how great it was on some fit occasions, how full of shortcomings it proved when overstrained; to trace the effect of its deficiencies in the vain efforts of the great conqueror to stem the European tide when it once turned full against him; to do all this with the spirit of a keen-eyed observer, yet of an honest soldier of France, is no trifling task to have accomplished. Moreover, M. de Fezensac has taken pains to throw his personal Memoirs into an historical form by adding here and there outlines of the general course of events connected with the war; yet he has carefully distinguished between what he saw and what he only gives from report. Where he differs broadly from the usual authorities as to the actual working of Napoleon's army, he does so in the most modest way, and gives good reason for his own sounder opinion. In short, the reader who visits under his guidance the camp of Boulogne, follows him thence through the brilliant strategy of 1805, 1806, and 1807 in Germany and Poland, passes on with him to Napoleon's own brief personal command in Spain in 1808, and later makes the disastrous campaigns of 1812 and 1813 in his company, will know more of what the warriors of the Grand Army really were and did, at these successive periods, than could be learnt by a lifelong study of popular French works on the subject. M. de Fezensac does not indeed pretend to tell us what went on in the German and Russian camps during epochs so glorious and so fatal to the pride of France. In this he shows no special ignorance, but much superior honesty to historians of the '*Victoires*' class, who take no trouble to search any records but those of their own nation, and to those who, like M. Thiers, never use any records, save when they seem to corroborate their own prepossessions. The campaigns above-mentioned do not include all the service

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which the author saw, but special circumstances prevented his keeping personal notes of the gigantic struggle between Napoleon and the Archduke Charles in 1809; and although he witnessed the great events of Eckmühl, Aspern, and Wagram, he modestly mentions his omission to record them, and dismisses them in a page. Through the other portions of his narrative we now purpose to follow him, not with the intent to rewrite the story of well-known marches and battles, but to show how much the popular histories which delight the worshippers of Napoleon, lack a reality to be found in the observations of one single-hearted individual of his million soldiers.

The book opens with the camp at Boulogne, where the author, then a youth of twenty, went to join his regiment. He was already too old for a military college; for his parents had long withheld their consent to his entering the army of one whom they, as members of the old French aristocracy, regarded as a low-born usurper. 'Like all the young fellows,' he first thought of the cavalry; but a friend of the family who commanded the 59th Regiment of the line, persuaded him to enter under his tutelage into that arm—a step, he assures us, never afterwards repented of. In the capacity of a private soldier, therefore, he first became acquainted with the vast machine by which Napoleon's busy brain was preparing to intimidate England in the first place, and, when this failed, to strike Germany prostrate. 'If I consulted only my attachment to you and to your family,' said his friend Colonel Lacuée, 'I would make you my secretary and keep you personally about me. But for the sake of your own career, you must learn to know those whom you will one day command; and the way to do that is to live among them.' '*By doing this,*' he added, '*you will learn to know their virtues; otherwise you will only know their vices.*' The author italicises these words, as implying that he considers them the key to the whole relation between officers and men. Such was, at any rate, the creed of the republican soldiers who furnished Napoleon with his materials, of whom Colonel Lacuée was a fair specimen. A favourite at one time with the First Consul, he had shown, in common with a vast number of the higher officers, a sympathy with Moreau which the new ruler of France could not brook. One must look deeply into the history of the time to understand how widely this feeling of sympathy extended through the ranks of the army, and how bitterly Napoleon resented all manifestation of military respect and of personal regard towards the great general who more

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than rivalled him (according to the candid statement of his own favourite, Dumas) in its affections.

Lecourbe in exile, Dessoles pining in neglect, Richepanse sacrificed in an obscure expedition in the tropics, testified to the animosity with which he pursued the more distinguished members of Moreau's staff. Lesser men felt it only in a less degree; and Colonel Lacuée, having among them shown an interest in the fallen general, was dismissed from snug employment on the staff, and ordered to take the command of a regiment which Napoleon told him, as he left, was one of the worst in the army, and which from its ill appearance had gained the sobriquet of the Royal Tatters (*Royal Décousu*). The 59th had had for their last colonel an officer who did not scruple to embezzle from the regimental chest; a fact the author mentions as though it were no extraordinary occurrence in that *ci-devant* republican army, of whose severe purity much has been written. Lacuée was at least a gentleman, though ignorant, it seems, of the duties assigned to him as the head of a regiment. He had contented himself with acquiring the power of manœuvring his battalions and enforcing discipline, leaving in the hands of the quartermaster the more vulgar care of improving the ill condition of the clothing which had made the regiment so notorious. This good colonel, with his aristocratic habits and republican theories, was of a disposition superior to the troops he commanded, and his rough subordinates hardly understood him, though they learnt to like him. M. de Fezensac has traced the lineaments of his character with a loving hand, and leaves them as clearly drawn in these opening pages as though he sought to tempt some future novelist with a ready-made hero.

Handed over by Lacuée after a few days' holiday to the captain of his company, the young aspirant began his new life by laughing at the eccentricity of his uniform, a compromise between the stiff republican garb of the expiring age and the imperial extravagance of the future. From a full description of this dress, with its three-cornered hat, black gaiters, and long powdered hair, we pass to an admirable account of the life of the camp at Boulogne, as seen in the winter of 1804–5. Here he at once digresses, to show us how different practice is from theory, even in the most elaborately formed army. We hear of regulations which, as in certain other services, exist only to be broken. Of these infractions the most striking (for an army constituted as the French up to that time had been) related to the sergeants, those important links between the officers and their men. The rule was that they should live among the latter; the practice was that they had a separate

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hut to themselves in each company. 'This arrangement,' says the author, 'had its good and its bad side. The sergeants 'being separated from the soldiers, could not exercise so active 'a watch over them. During my apprenticeship as private and 'corporal, I saw many things escape them. But they were 'the more respected for being the less often seen, and I believe, 'to speak decidedly, that this is the more important matter.' Theorists who would construct an ideal army upon the model of some French or Prussian Book of Regulation may here learn how little mere written rules may signify when they conflict with the spirit and habits of the service. Those who have judged the separation enforced in our own army between non-commissioned officers and men to be the mere product of aristocratic prejudice may find their lesson and reproof in this disinterested opinion.

Placed as M. de Fezensac was for the next few weeks in the position of a private soldier, it is interesting to see how far a young man of fortune seeking promotion through the ranks of Napoleon's army, had to submit to real hardships, and in what his lot differed from that of the ordinary recruit. In some matters, it seems from the details afforded, the French gentleman private was destitute of the special advantages of a Prussian *freiwilliger*, or an Austrian regimental cadet. He ate, sat, and slept with the other privates, could occupy no separate lodging, employ no recognised servant from among his comrades, nor escape being nominally detailed by his sergeants for the most repulsive duties of the camp. On the other hand, when closely looked at, his service as a private was little different from that required of the young German noble, except in the matter of his enforced companionship with those of a different class of life. His comrades paid him to the full the respect due to one who, in their soldier's phrase, 'had 'a louis a day to eat of his own,' and could give a dinner to forty of them at a time. For a few sous any one of them would take his turn at sweeping and cooking. The hairdresser of the company connived at his avoiding the growth of the obnoxious and antiquated cue. The corporal who placed him on the only turn of sentinel duty that was ever allotted him connived at his quitting his post before the proper time for relief. In fine, if brought further from the level of his personal rank for a few weeks, he had the advantage over the volunteer private of other armies in the quick promotion which rewarded his endurance. Having only left Paris in the month of September, he gained his first step of corporal on the 18th of October. Of this he frankly tells us he proved hardly worthy,

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receiving various reprimands for his irregularity in his new duties, to which it was possibly owing that he was allowed to continue in this rank until midwinter, finding his life, still spent among the men, at times intolerably irksome. Ordered to go in January with a guard detachment on board one of the gunboats which Nelson kept imprisoned in Étaples harbour, he murmured openly to his friend the colonel, and finding no comfort in the cool reply, 'You must learn to be put out,' went off in sad humour with his new duty, which was to last a month. Lacuée was, however, merely testing his patience by this service, and on the fifth day he was summoned back to camp on promotion to the rank of sergeant, a step which raised him out of immediate contact with the rough privates with whom he had now been for four months herded. None of these, it would seem, showed any jealousy of the elevation of their aristocratic messmate, for birth, wealth, and education had become as sure passports to promotion in the army of the Consulate as in that of the most ancient monarchies. Two months had not passed over the new sergeant's head when he was brought before the colonel, charged with a dereliction of duty; but his supposed offence being shown to be but an ordinary practice, though irregular enough, the colour-sergeant (or company sergeant-major, according to French grade) was broken for not reporting it, and the cause of his disgrace promoted in his stead. At six months' service young de Fezensac thus found himself in a position which gave him practical charge of a company, and which was, as it still is, the recognised stepping-stone of the deserving soldier to a commission.

The sergeant-major of that day differed little from the subaltern in social condition. The officers had all passed through this rank, and all who now held it were entitled, if qualified, to look for the epaulette of a sub-lieutenant in their turn. Many, however, were not thus classed, for a certain degree of education and some small means were in practice necessary for further promotion. As this last qualification sounds like an anomaly in a service where merit was vulgarly thought the sole road to advancement, the autobiographer has taken pains to explain his mention of it. It seems that in those days the captain of the company left to his sergeant-major the charge of the accounts, subject only to a quarterly settlement; and as the pay of the latter was actually insufficient for his wants, it followed that, if he could not eke it out by other means, he usually had recourse to petty dishonesty. Where this was exercised only against the Government, it was very lightly regarded. The captains only said they should be

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glad to know of the little resources which their accountants managed to get hold of. The soldiers were well aware when their pay for days of absence or sickness was charged to the public, and had their professional jest ready; 'The sergeant-'major's arithmetic—put down nought and carry nine:' but this indulgence by no means extended to the plunder of individuals; and a case of unfair stoppages from a conscript would ruin the author of it, if detected. Always ready, as M. de Fezensac more than once tells us, to suspect everyone of cheating them, from their Minister of War down to the sergeant-major, they watched narrowly to see that no advantage was taken by him of themselves; and, moreover, expected for their connivance at his other peculations a forbearance for their own petty impositions on the huxters who served the camp, and their forays on the neighbouring forest for firewood. Napoleon issued most severe orders against this last abuse, the author tells us. Such was his characteristic way of dealing with the like difficulties, and it answered to some extent when the army was under his own eye: but these explanations help us to understand how in after years the bonds of discipline snapped under the test of service in Russia. His successor has taken the more rational mode of paying the soldier fairly, and, as M. de Fezensac remarks, has a right to be more strict.

Very coarse and bare was the soldier's life here depicted, with its mixed good-humour, grumbling, and dishonesty; its wearisome evenings, spent in bed for lack of candle; its cold dark mornings, enlivened only by the chance of a glass of brandy and a roll. Yet the reader looks naturally to the camp of Boulogne with respect, as the nursery of the Grand Army which carried its eagles from Madrid to Moscow. Surely we may assume that the professional aspect of the gathering was always kept in sight, and that the military spirit was here developed at least as high as a time of peace can allow. Those writers can hardly be wrong who, in unvarying chorus, ascribe the success which followed, to the vast pains with which Napoleon's staff used the camp to improve the tactics bequeathed by the revolutionary wars. That here the weapon was truly forged before which no other army could stand, has been asserted in plain terms by French writers of authority, from Marshal Marmont down to Baron Ambert. We ourselves were recently led to adopt the same language, by no less an authority than that of General Trochu and the Duc d'Aumale. But M. de Fezensac's personal experience led him to take a totally different view of the Boulogne army; and as he dissents in the broadest terms from the class of authors just cited, we

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quote his evidence entire, that the reader may judge what the general assertions are worth which have long misled the world:—

'The camp of Boulogne, of which that of Montreuil [held by Ney's corps, in which the author served] formed the left, has left deep memories in our history of that age. The advantage of gathering troops into camps of instruction is known to all military men. To that of Boulogne is attributed the honour of the successes which we gained in the following campaigns, and we are supposed to have been always occupied with manœuvres, military works, and exercises of all kinds. I shall astonish my readers, therefore, by telling them how very little, at the Camp of Montreuil, our chiefs occupied themselves with instructing us, how ill they profited by this precious time. Marshal Ney commanded two grand field-days in the autumn of 1804, and as many in 1805; I was present at them as private soldier first, and then as officer. There was a general upsetting and excessive fatigue. We started before daybreak after taking our soup, and did not get back till night, having had nothing during the day but a dram of brandy. General Malher, who succeeded Partonneaux in command of the division, hardly brought it together three times, and handled it then very badly. Brigade drill there was none, for the brigadier did not even come to the camp. Each colonel taught his regiment in his own fashion. There was some slight theoretical instruction and drilling of conscripts, and in the spring the non-commissioned officers had all to go through their drill afresh, beginning with "the extension motion." . . . This instruction was carried up to battalion-drill, but the regiment was rarely manœuvred in line. There were a few marchings out for a short single day's stage, and some target practice without any method; but no skirmishing, nor bayonet, nor fencing exercise. No field-works were thrown up, nor was any officer employed in any kind of instruction. Regimental schools might easily have been established, but no one had thought of them in those days. It was better to get drunk when one had money, and to sleep when one had none. The other regiments did no more. . . . At the beginning of March each company was allotted a small garden to cultivate; but at this the men grumbled, such charms had idleness. Soldiers are like children; it is necessary to do them good against their own will.

'What, then, were all these young men about at times when not under exercise, nor cleaning their arms and persons? Nothing at all, I may safely say. To sleep a part of the day after having slept all night, to sing songs, tell stories, quarrel sometimes without knowing why, and read such few bad books as were procurable. Such were the daily lives of sergeants as well as men, of officers as well as sergeants. Yet, on the whole, their morals were not so bad as might be supposed.'

If any of the recruits of that day had been brought up in those religious habits which the Revolution had, for the most part, banished from France, they found little encouragement

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for their devotions at the camp. No mass was celebrated for Napoleon's troops, except when they chanced to be quartered in towns. 'I do not want a bigoted army,' M. de Fezensac quotes as a saying of the Emperor, who had abundant cause to be satisfied on this head. He adds his own opinion, that the moral tone of the whole service was lowered by this omission of customary religious observance.

In thus exposing the waste by Napoleon and his lieutenants of their opportunities at Boulogne, the critic is careful to point out how far this great assemblage was practically useful. Two chief advantages were obtained by it. In the first place, the rough life of the camp, devoid alike of comfort or diversion, prepared all ranks for those inconveniences of the campaign which they were soon to taste to the full. They often found the night bivouac of the next winter more endurable than the huts of Boulogne. A more important use of their training lay in the gain to all ranks from their knowledge of those with whom they were to be associated in the rough trials of war. To the staff and superior officers this was especially valuable. Marshal Ney, the author instances, was thus enabled throughout the coming operations to confine his attention to the points that required it, knowing exactly which of his subalterns might be trusted to take care of themselves. Moreover, there was a high military spirit in certain regiments which had done great services in the revolutionary campaigns, and this spread by emulation amongst those brigaded with them, who longed for like opportunities of winning the respect of the army. On the whole, therefore, despite the grievous shortcomings he lays bare, M. de Fezensac judges the camp life to have contributed much to the success which followed it.

If he is severe on the mistakes and omissions of his seniors, he is not less plainspoken as to his own faults. Although at first proud of his advancement to sergeant-major, he was disgusted to find his new rank laden with liabilities beyond his means, due to his predecessor's carelessness or dishonesty, and he soon got so out of heart with his duties as to neglect them openly, and incur a reprimand. At this juncture, happily for the prospects of the young soldier, a vacancy occurred as sub-lieutenant. It was one of the steps still reserved for election, in accordance with the practice of the old Republican army, soon afterwards abolished. The choice lay, in the first place, with the sub-lieutenants of the corps, who presented three names to the lieutenants, and the latter selected one of the three for the step. The popular notions of the French service of that era would picture such an election as the very model of

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rude honour and martial integrity. In this case the aristocratic candidate had the special disadvantages of his recent known carelessness, and of considerable jealousy on the part of the subalterns at his rapid progress from the ranks. Some of them also had personal friends, men who had seen hard service, among his competitors. Against this, however, was the simple fact that young de Fezensac had not yet lost his colonel's favour, and that it was known that Lacuée desired him to receive his step by election, as more honourable than to wait for a vacancy. The desire of pleasing the commanding officer outweighed merit, service, and friendship, and the choice fell on the young Parisian lounger of eight months before, rather than on either of the veterans of Marengo, who were the other competitors. Before the imperial confirmation could be obtained, the sub-lieutenant elect was startled by a decree—aimed at such families as his own, whose sons avoided the military schools of the Empire—requiring four years' service in every non-commissioned officer promoted. Happily for de Fezensac the imminence of continental war rescued him from this new difficulty, and after a few weeks' delay, he received a provisional commission, which was never revoked.

This was on the 2nd July, 1805, a day unfortunate at its close in our hero's annals. One of the sham embarkations, which were still practised, was to take place next day, and brought some guests into the huts of the 59th. This double fête was too much for the newly-made officer, who signalised his promotion by getting drunk, and by using insubordinate language to the captain of police, thus drawing on himself the colonel's displeasure, and a close arrest for a fortnight. A chief part of this childish punishment (for such in our service it would be regarded) was the fee to the sentry stationed at the door, who received a perquisite of three francs a day for his extra duty. No friends were nominally to be received by the culprit; but as two brother-subalterns shared his hut, he had the full advantage of their guests, if his leisure proved wearisome. No discipline in fact could be less effectual than this sort of compromise between the severity of a court-martial and the minor penalties inflicted on the rank and file, for one of the other subalterns is in the same page described as under a succession of these arrests half his time, behaving in fact very much as an ill-conditioned cadet of seventeen at Sandhurst or St. Cyr. M. de Fezensac felt the inconvenience little, but the displeasure of his colonel much, until a frank avowal of contrition to the latter, with a confession to his parents of his sorrow at having offended so

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good a friend, restored him to the favour which he afterwards took more care to deserve.

The ideas and customs of his brother-officers were found by the new subaltern to be in no way superior to those of the class he had now left. All had seen service; very few had had a decent education, and fewer still had used their leisure to improve it. 'Their manners were vulgar,' he tells us, 'their 'politeness the politeness of the soldier.' For this the reader may very possibly have been prepared; but it is more startling to learn how rarely such men rose to any eminence in their profession, notwithstanding the constant succession of wars in which their master engaged. Of all the long list of officers on the strength of the 59th when de Fezensac entered it, but one became a general, and the most distinguished soldier of them all never was more than colonel of a light infantry regiment. Such must of necessity be the lot of ordinary men in any service where promotion goes chiefly by selection, and that selection depends wholly on a superior's will. Where one man is advanced by sole discernment of his merits, a dozen others will owe the like advantage to some personal acquaintance with those near the fountain of power. The interest which, as we shall see, pushed de Fezensac himself from his first commission to the rank of general of brigade in eight years, like that which in as many months had passed him on from the recruit-squad to the officer's epaulette, could only be exercised at the cost of men less known, and probably less fitted for high rank.

The summer of 1805 was passed by the soldiers of Boulogne in wondering whether the evolutions practised by the troops and flotilla were but a feint or seriously designed to lead to an embarkation. Some of de Fezensac's brother-subalterns prophesied a speedy conquest of the insolent islanders; some declared the whole a ruse of the Emperor's preluding a sudden attack on Germany; none feared any event so much as another winter passed in the same dreary purposeless existence as the last. Neither section of these military prophets was wholly wrong or right. Napoleon's own correspondence has fully revealed the real truth to be, that the invasion was his first and darling object, and was abandoned only when he found his admirals fail utterly in their share of the task. On the 26th August, it was known in the camp that Villeneuve had gone back to Cadiz, leaving the English fleet in undisturbed possession of the Channel. 'Happily,' as our author with a soldier's naïveté says, 'the new Coalition permitted Napoleon to substitute for 'the expedition, so often and so vainly announced, a general 'European war.' On the 1st September, the three divisions

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of Marshal Ney were on their march for Strasburg, and with them moved the new-made subaltern. His provisional commission had never been confirmed by the Minister of War; but on this point he now felt easy, feeling that rank was more likely to be won than withdrawn on actual service. Burdened with nothing but his sword, he no longer regretted his choice of the infantry, and trudged gaily along at the side of his platoon. Like his own, the spirit of his comrades ran high, and made the constant onward move seem easy. He bears special testimony to the exceptional order of this three weeks' march, on which the officers never quitted their companies without a reprimand. He himself incurred an arrest from his major the first day for a brief delay in appearing on parade, a reproof from his captain somewhat later for spending more time over his breakfast than the men, and a sharp remonstrance from his colonel for over-politeness to a fatigued vivandière, which threatened to cost him his promised trip to Paris, where his parents expected to see him for a few hours. Once more Lacuée proved kinder in action than in word to his young *protégé*, and the desired permission to quit the regiment for a brief space being granted, the young soldier posted rapidly the necessary hundred miles, embraced his family, took one brief glance at those joys of Parisian existence on which he had often looked back regretfully during the past year, and then turned his face once more to the Rhine. Borne back to his regiment with all the speed the post would allow, de Fezensac contrived to miss the outfit which kind hands had despatched beforehand by the diligence, and with a borrowed sword and borrowed epaulette, passed the great frontier stream on the 27th September, near Lauterburg, and plunged with his regiment into the defiles of the Black Forest beyond, a unit in the legions which were to tear the crown of the Western Empire from the House of Hapsburg.

We are not about to follow the author through his narrative of the great events which led to the shameful disaster of Mack at Ulm. They have but recently been illustrated with marvellous freshness in the well-known work of Colonel Hamley, who has so clearly analysed the strategy of Napoleon's design as to make the stupendous events of that October as plain as they can be, regarded from the victor's side alone. Those who would understand them in their strictly German aspect, and know the details of the miserable delusions and vacillations which ruined the Austrian theorist, must go to the exhaustive work of Rüstow on this campaign, which is as remarkable for its industry as for its general impartiality. We have another task here specially before us, which is to show from unexcep-

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tionable testimony how little to be relied on was the so-called system by which Napoleon supplied his army in such movements. In this the first week of its first campaign, fresh from camp discipline, full of patriotic spirit and confidence in its great head, scarce clear of the borders of its own fair land, the Grand Army is found, upon the first difficulty it had to encounter, resolving itself into a host of armed and violent marauders. We give M. de Fezensac's account of the affair in his own words, the simple force of which it would be difficult to improve.

'On the evening of the 5th, before reaching Geislingen, our division turned to the left to follow the movement of the other corps towards the Lower Danube. We marched through the whole of the night and the day following, with only a few moments for rest, and without any food. The Emperor had ordered that the soldiers should carry bread for four days, and that the waggons should have four more days' rations of biscuit. I do not know what happened in the other corps. *As for us, we had nothing*, and as the 59th marched in the rear, according to its number, it was nightfall when we got to our bivouac near Giengen, the town where General Malher, our division commander, had his quarters. The colonel reported to him the arrival of the regiment after their six and thirty hours' march, and asked permission to make a requisition for rations. The general refused, having promised to spare the town; but the result was to authorise every sort of disorder, for the villages around were sacked, and the first day of bivouac became the first day of pillage. The colonel, almost famishing himself, found some grenadiers roasting a pig. His appearance at first caused some confusion, but a moment later one of the privates, more bold than his fellows, offered him a share of the repast, which was heartily accepted, and pillage thus became officially sanctioned.'

Thus initiated into the new system of 'making war with the 'legs,' Colonel Lacuée pressed his regiment on to the Danube, and fell at the passage of the bridge of Gunzburg three days later, the first officer of rank the French lost in the campaign.

M. de Fezensac, who came up with the reserve of the 59th after the first part of the fight, takes the opportunity of recounting this his first action to point out, by the simple process of telling the exact truth, how wofully short of the language of bulletins and despatches was the conduct and discipline of his regiment.

'This day did our regiment much honour; but to speak the truth, I do not think the enemy's attacks had been very severe. I found the officers agitated and restless, occupying themselves with encouraging the soldiers, and trying to restore order; for the companies had become mixed, having, as I said, passed the bridge singly, and on getting to the plain beyond, received the enemy without having

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time to throw themselves into proper order for defence. I am persuaded that there was a moment when a bayonet attack and a charge of cavalry on our flank could have thrown us back, and forced us into the Danube. In this situation the two reserve companies ought to have been of great value; but the captains, in their hurry to get to the field of battle, would not take time to form them after passing the bridge, and the regiment involved them in its disorder. Happily darkness was falling, and the Austrians were ignorant of our little strength. Nevertheless we passed the night under arms, and did not venture to make fires.'

During the night M. de Fezensac learnt that he had lost his kind friend and colonel, whose last words to an officer who caught him as he fell were to 'leave him, and go back to the fight.' Very different stories were heard by the young subaltern of other regimental acquaintances, new to the proof of war.

'One sergeant whom I knew (afterwards a good officer, and killed in action) hid himself, nor was he the only one. Each company had a similar anecdote to relate. These night affairs are very convenient. You may lose yourself in the wood, or tumble into the brook at your pleasure. I have had occasion throughout my military career to admire the skill of men who are always missing at the moment of danger, but never so as to be compromised by their absence.'

The narrative of the surrender of Ulm which follows is worth studying for its own sake, and for its vivid picture of a well-known difference between Ney and Murat, which ended in the former publicly challenging the other, before Napoleon and the imperial staff, to follow him under fire. This, too, was when all was going well with the Grand Army. A less prescient mind than Napoleon's might have foreseen in such disputes at critical moments the germs of disaster in after days, when the tide of fortune should turn against the commanders whose jealousies their master's presence could hardly restrain.

M. de Fezensac has not failed to record his opinion, very different from that usually accepted, of the system which in this instance placed 30,000 prisoners at a stroke in the hands of the Grand Army. We quote, with some omissions, his comments on the means which led to this success, reminding our readers that it is no holiday soldier who thus speaks:—

'This short campaign was, as it were, an epitome of those that followed. Excess of fatigue, want of provisions, severity of weather, disorders and marauding, nothing was wanting to it; and in that month I first felt what I was destined to experience throughout my career. Brigades, and even regiments, being sometimes dispersed [for subsistence' sake, the author means], the order for concentration would come late, having to pass through a number of different

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channels. From this it followed that the men had to march day and night, falling asleep on their way, and arrived at the place assigned without having eaten anything, or finding any victuals there. Marshal Berthier used to write, "*In the war of invasion that the Emperor is making, there are no magazines. It is for the generals to find their own means of subsistence in the country that they traverse.*" But the generals had neither time nor means to procure regularly the wherewithal to feed so numerous an army. Pillage, therefore, became authorised, and the districts which we passed through suffered cruelly, *yet we were not the less famished throughout the campaign.* . . . Bad weather made our sufferings still more severe. A cold rain fell, or rather a half-melted snow, in which we plunged deep, while the wind prevented our lighting fires. On the 16th October, the day when Philip Ségur bore the first summons to Mack, the weather was so frightful that no one kept his post. There was no grand guard or sentry, the very artillery was left unwatched, and each man sheltered himself as best he could. I never, except in the campaign of Russia, suffered so much, never saw the army in the like disorder.'

Is all this fairly written in the histories of the great campaign round Ulm? The French writers slight it; * the more accurate Germans, as Rüstow, fail to correct them in a matter exclusively French. As far as we are aware, they would have been universally slurred over, but for the following notice, which shows that true history has in this respect submitted to be blinded in her gaze by the sun of Napoleon's genius, and has actually gone back in truth since the publication in the year 1810 of the Russian pamphlet mentioned at the head of this article. There the actual truth is told, as now vividly reproduced by M. de Fezensac. The author appears to have been on the staff of Kutusoff in 1805, or to have had his information direct from those that were:—

'To surround Ulm it was necessary to concentrate. Numerous columns defiled upon the same road, appeared at the same point. 100,000 men, fatigued by long marches, destitute of provisions, come to take up a position which grows more and more confined. They are now no more allowed to straggle from their post, for then the whole enterprise would fail. What a critical moment! The resources of the country occupied by this mass are consumed in an hour.

* The bad weather is mentioned by the various French writers and their followers; but no reference is made by them to the starvation which it accompanied. Dumas, indeed, expressly says that Marmont's men suffered from the weight of the rations they had to carry. As Marmont's corps came in by a separate route through a plain country, it is quite possible that it escaped the destitution which the rest of the army, crossing the Black Forest and Suabian Alps in succession, naturally experienced.

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'To enhance the difficulty, the heavens seem to dissolve. A heavy rain, continuing for many days, floods the country. The streams burst their banks. The roads are frightful, and in more than one place altogether disappear. The army marches in mud, and bivouacks in water; it is ready to perish with misery and hunger; discouragement and murmuring spread through it. What is to be done? A proclamation [of 12th October; see Napo. Corresp.] is read at the head of each column, which praises, flatters, and caresses the army, pours eulogy on its constancy, tells it the enemy is enclosed, and that only a few moments more of perseverance are needed. Thus the soldiers are kept quiet; but as they must have bread, active and intelligent officers are sent through all the neighbouring districts, to obtain it by threats, if requests fail. All yields to the power of requisition, and in twenty-four hours bread is procured, and the horses and vehicles of the inhabitants are used to bring it in. . . . Ulm is invested, blockaded, capitulates, and the French army reap the fruit of its endurance and of its incredible activity.'

The writer of this essay had evidently nearly reached the truth which French military writers have obscured, but which de Fezensac's narrative enables us to grasp. In fact, a general carrying on war on the system which Napoleon adopted clearly does it at tremendous risk. The object to be gained may justify him in a military sense for the time, but on the other hand, an unexpected detention on the way, a week of bad weather, a slight check from the enemy, may ruin the spirits of his army beyond recall. What is more important still to note is this. The system of living by requisition bears within it its own Nemesis in the demoralisation which it spreads through all ranks of the army, and in the sure preparation thus made, even in the midst of success, for the day when defeat shall become irreparable disaster. As this is admirably summed up by M. de Fezensac, at the close of the first part of his work, we quote his words, themselves the best condemnation of the popular historians of his country, and the plain proof that the organisation of plunder is, even in the strongest hands, a deception and a blunder:—

'All these causes developed insubordination, want of discipline, and the habit of marauding. When at such a time soldiers went to a village to look for rations, they found themselves tempted to stay there. Thus the number of stragglers wandering through the country became considerable. The inhabitants met with every sort of annoyance from them, and wounded officers who sought to bring them to order were answered with threats. *All these details are unknown to those who read the history of our campaigns.* There there is only to be seen a valiant army of devoted soldiers emulating the glory of their officers. No one knows what sufferings are often the price of the

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most brilliant successes, nor how examples of selfishness and cowardice are mingled with traits of generosity and courage.'

Can those who read this wonder any longer at the utter destruction of the Grand Army in Russia, and the still more marvellous dissolution of the Cohorts of 1813?

Ulm taken, the army pressed on to occupy Vienna, and conquer at Austerlitz; but in these triumphs the corps of Ney had no share, being left to guard Bavaria and keep the Tyrol in check. The peace of Presburg sent the 59th Regiment into four months' cantonments near Salzburg, where the sojourn of de Fezensac himself was extremely agreeable, and was the origin of a lifelong friendship with the Austrian family on whom he was quartered. Why he became thus endeared to his involuntary hosts is clear enough when we recollect that he was a gentleman by birth and feeling, and that the ordinary occupation of his comrades, even in his own friendly colouring, is shown to have been alternately to bully the male inhabitants, and to pay unsought civilities to the females of their respective billets. Two anecdotes out of many are enough to describe the miserable condition of things, of which M. de Fezensac declares that, apart from the troubles connected with the victualling and lodging of the troops, the local authorities were often treated disrespectfully:—

'If a discussion arose, the soldier was always right, and the inhabitant always wrong. A private of the 6th company declared that thirty francs had been stolen from him, and his captain, without any inquiry, ordered that it should be made good. . . . The officers often too far away, could not stop these abuses; besides the greater part of them gave an example of exaction. If anyone wanted to go anywhere, he required a carriage and horse, but made no payment. An officer of high rank wished to go in this way to Schaffhausen and was to have four relays ready, from post to post. At one of these he was kept waiting, and by way of punishment, sent twenty-five men extra to be quartered on the village.'

To impress the government post service for every kind of private journey seems to have been the universal practice even with those who, like de Fezensac himself, abstained from and condemned all personal plunder. It would have been, concludes the writer, with his usual truth and force, better for their discipline to find the soldiers in regular rations than to quarter them individually on the peasants. But these were stripped, whilst the army was left without pay, and even without clothing, in order that the stores in France might be left untouched. Such was that economy of Napoleon's military administration, of which so much praise has been written by certain panegyrists.

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From its cantonments in the Hereditary States and Suabia the army at length was moving slowly towards France, when Napoleon halted it, to await the pending rupture and war with Prussia. Meanwhile, de Fezensac's family had not forgotten him; and feeling that his regimental prospects would naturally suffer by the death of Colonel Lacuée, they had made interest at Paris with the friends of various generals high in command to have him transferred to the staff. Refused in more than one quarter, their wish had found favour with Ney; and on the 6th of October, two days before the campaign of Jena began, the sub-lieutenant left his regiment to report himself at the marshal's headquarters in his new capacity of extra aide-de-camp. From this date, until suddenly made colonel of a regiment at Borodino, his service lay wholly with the staff.

M. de Fezensac, at this point, digresses slightly from his narrative to speak of the essential differences which separate the mind and knowledge of the regimental from that of the staff officer. The latter, he says, is often as ignorant of the habits of the soldier and of the details of duty as the former of the purport of the movements he is executing. Hence he concludes that to form a good general officer, or even a good commander of a corps,* a man should have served in both departments. In this view he follows strictly that of Napoleon, who abolished—in name, at least—the practice of promoting officers on the staff from one grade to another, and ordered that a captain, to win rank as a field officer, must return to do duty with a regiment. This rule was but nominal in the case of a man of interest like our writer, who received the rank of major of cavalry for services done as a captain on Berthier's personal staff; but its existence served—as Jomini has particularly noticed—to drive the young men of energy and promise from the staff into the line, and to disorganise what that writer declares to be the soul of a well-ordered army. The system of Napoleon was abandoned by his successors in French military administration, who restored and completed the plan by which the staff is first selected out of, and then kept altogether distinct from, the other services. This reform, the creation of a distinct staff corps, has been supported by writers who, with Jomini, declare that the plan of Napoleon failed to give a sufficient supply of intelligent officers for the

* The colonel of a continental regiment, be it remembered, has two, three, or even four battalions to superintend, and his duties in many respects are those which we assign to the head of a brigade.

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higher posts. It has further been adopted in other services, the Austrian especially; and its non-existence in our own has been alleged as a defect by those who fail to see the essential differences of the armies. The effect of the French system is necessarily to draw so strong a line between the staff and the body of the army as to deprive the one of all sympathy with the other, and to take away from the general mass of officers all rational motives for studying the higher branches of their profession. This last result may not matter where most of them are so little educated that they would in vain strive to raise their minds above the petty details of the regiment, nor the former where occupation for a large staff corps can be found in time of peace. With us these conditions are reversed; and to imitate the French in this matter is neither necessary nor expedient, however desirable it may be to avoid the chance method of Napoleon. The new system, which opens to every intelligent young officer in our service the means of obtaining by study and merit a qualification for the staff, and his turn of five years' service in an appointment, seems in every way better suited to our circumstances. It needs but to be thoroughly and impartially applied to give us a supply of instructed soldiers for our future needs at a cost far less than that of the smallest staff corps of supernumerary officers.

In Napoleon's army (as is still the case in our own) all the personal staff of a general was selected from private considerations; and when M. de Fezensac joined that of Marshal Ney before Nuremburg, no one asked if he had even the moderate qualifications of service and knowledge which an aide-de-camp with us must possess. The army was already in motion for Jena, and M. de Fezensac having spent his whole means on a single sorry horse, started with it. During the next few days he had abundant practice in his new duties as messenger, and arrived on the famous field with his marshal early in the day that ruined Prussia, and gave the death-blow to the tactics bequeathed by Frederic. Here he saw Ney expose his person in the reckless way which earned for him the title of 'the bravest of the brave,' a fashion which on this occasion cost two of his staff wounds got at his side. The subsequent pursuit of the Prussians is ordinarily remembered only for the rapidity with which it was carried on. M. de Fezensac, whilst giving the army full credit for the activity displayed by chiefs and men, shows us another and a darker side of the picture. 'Pillage was never carried further than on this march, and disorder reached the height of insubordination.' On the way the young aide-de-camp was thrown into company with Jomini,

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then simply a colonel on the staff, yet already a man of mark.* At Nordhausen they were both nearly murdered by soldiers whose excesses they sought to stop, and were only saved by drawing sword and riding through these mutineers; for 'our 'subordination,' says the author, 'does not rest on bases as 'solid as that of other armies.' This state of things caused Ney to apply to the Emperor for special powers to arrest and punish the stragglers; but it was checked for the time by the halt of the corps to form the blockade of Magdeburg, whilst the rest of the army completed the pursuit and destruction of the Prussians.

The young aide-de-camp had (as already stated) kept near to his chief on the field of Jena, but, except on that occasion, saw little of him throughout the campaign; for the new-made marshal was terribly afraid of compromising his dignity in the eyes of his staff, the more so, perhaps, as some of them were of the older aristocracy of birth:—

'Marshal Ney kept us at a great distance. During the marches he went on alone in front, and never addressed a word to us, unless obliged. The aide-de-camp in waiting never entered his room, save in the course of duty or by special summons, and it was the rarest of events to see the marshal conversing with any one of us. He ate alone, and never gave an aide-de-camp an invitation. This apparent haughtiness arose from the desire to maintain his position. The transition was sudden from the days of 1796, when Augereau had reproved his officers for allowing themselves to be addressed as *Monsieur*. A few years later the Republican generals of that date had become marshals, dukes, princes. This change embarrassed Ney, who besides had reason sometimes to believe that his elevation made others envious of him; so he thought to make himself respected by the hauteur of his bearing, and sometimes carried it too far.'

Before leaving the subject of the conquest of Prussia, it should be remarked that this narrative effectually dispels certain common illusions as to the perfection of the details of the system on which the Grand Army worked. One, which Baron Ambert's estimable work has unfortunately propagated and confirmed, relates to the *personnel* of the higher officers. So far from these being invariably the efficient and well-trained leaders they have been represented, in Ney's own corps one of the divisions changed hands three times during the two months; once because the general (Vandamme) was of so proud and

* It was before quitting Paris for this campaign that Jomini indicated Jena as the point where the battle decisive of it would probably be fought.

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violent a temper that he could not brook Ney as his superior, and next because his successor proved so worn out as to be physically and morally unfit for active service, so that the marshal took upon himself the responsibility—a great one for a lieutenant of Napoleon—of dismissing him from his charge. Another relates to the care which these rough practical soldiers gave to the details of their duty. What would Wellington have said had any division commander of the army, during one of his sieges, changed his own quarters three times for considerable distances, without notifying the fact to headquarters? Yet this was done under Ney, during the blockade of Magdeburg, by the general of a dragoon division; and so little was such an irregularity regarded, that when brought by his staff to the marshal's notice, he only shrugged his shoulders, and said, '*What a way to carry on duty!*' As to the internal service of the staff, for which at one time Napoleon got great credit, the truth, as told by M. de Fezensac, enables us to fill up the outline suggested by certain hints of Jomini in his narrative of the subsequent campaign of Poland, which imply that the army then felt deeply the deficiencies which their master discovered too late.

'Long journeys on duty were made in carriages charged at the post rate; but some officers put the money in their pockets, and obtained horses by requisition. This was a bad plan in every view, for apart from the dishonesty, they were ill served, and lost valuable time. As for messages taken on horseback, I have already said that no person took the pains to inquire if we had a horse that could walk, even when it was necessary to go at a gallop, or if we knew the country, or had a map. The order must be executed without waiting for the means, as I shall show in some special instances. This habit of attempting everything with the most feeble instruments, this wish to overlook impossibilities, this unbounded assurance of success, which at first helped to win us advantages, in the end became our destruction.'

From reflections thus darkened with the shadow of the future, the author carries us forward into Poland, whither Napoleon now transferred the scene of conquest, determined, in his own phrase, 'to win back on land the colonies France had lost.'

Here M. de Fezensac places the turning point of Napoleon's career. The first entrance into Poland brought the French into collision with Benningsen's army; and although the Russians had to retreat after the battle of Pultusk, they did so without disorder or loss, for 'the time of half-successes, of incomplete triumphs, had arrived. Then also began the miseries of the army, the want of forage and provisions, the privations of every kind which I shall afterwards have to detail.' Here

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the course of duty threw the young aide-de-camp into the company of Bernadotte, with whose courtesy he was much impressed, and whom he suspects, from the excessive interest taken by him in the people of Poland, to have already conceived hopes of an elective throne. Losing his way a few days later in the search for one of Ney's generals (who, like the officer previously mentioned in Prussia, had shifted his quarters without informing the marshal), he fell in again with Jomini, and was directed rightly by that officer, from whom he learnt that the Russians were suddenly advancing. The short winter campaign had begun, which was to end in the desperate encounter of Eylau, the first check that befell the Grand Army and its master.

Who does not know how bloody and indecisive was the struggle of that day? Genius has reflected the whole story in the ghastly picture at the entrance of the Louvre. The idlest traveller turns arrested, in spite of personal insensibility or national coldness, to gaze on the sheet of snow, the burning villages, the agonised group of wounded in the foreground, and above them the pallid stricken face of the man at whose bidding all this misery was wrought, and who felt at that moment (so the artist seems to tell us) some presage of Borodino's useless slaughter, the fires of Moscow, and the ruin that followed. On this occasion Benningsen's firmness was insufficient to maintain the equality his army had asserted, and he slowly withdrew next morning, leaving the ground to the enemy. M. de Fezensac's share in the events of the day was an important one, for he bore to Ney the message which was to bring his corps to take share in the fight. His horse was already worn out when he got his orders at 8 A.M., and with difficulty could he, being fortunately in funds, buy a restive animal to carry him. He knew nothing of the roads, and had no guide. 'To 'ask for an escort would have been of no more use than to ask 'for a horse. An officer had always an excellent horse, knew 'the country, was never taken, met no accident, and got rapidly 'to his destination; and of all this there was so little doubt 'that often a second message was thought unnecessary.' This want of proper precaution was near costing the Emperor dear, for his orders did not reach Ney till 2 P.M.; and his corps only came up at the end of the day. Bernadotte's was wholly absent, and that, as Jomini assures us, solely for want of a good system of messengers. What, then, are we to think of the assertion of M. Thiers (which M. de Fezensac quotes to flatly contradict it as regards Ney) that Napoleon sent off seven officers *the evening before* to press the two missing marshals to come

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up? What are we to think, may it not be further asked, of the apocryphal messages sent to Grouchy in the Waterloo crisis—messages taken as historical facts by M. Thiers, though their receipt is absolutely denied, and no record of their dispatch exists, save in the St. Helena *Mémoires?*

The battle of Eylau produced a four months' cessation of hostilities, during which the Russians suffered much, but their enemies still more. Sixty thousand stragglers, M. de Fezensac assures us, were missing from the French muster-rolls, and the greater part of these were mere marauders, who stripped the country of the supplies which should have been brought up and husbanded by the commissariat.

'Never were more orders,' he adds, 'given than by Napoleon to ensure subsistence to his army; never were any worse executed. Some of them indeed were wholly impracticable. There might be traced in them the illusions or charlatanism of him who, in later days, ordered his troops *to protect the peasants who brought provisions into the markets of Moscow.* To discover the hidden stocks, to bring them into Warsaw, to repair the mills, to make regular issues of rations, were all very well on paper; but those who made the campaign knew what it all came to. It is wrong then to say [the writer has here M. Thiers, and others of his class in view] that the army had enough, and sometimes even more. I can declare, on the contrary, that with all these orders so well given in January, our army was dying with hunger in March.'

In the latter month M. de Fezensac was captured when on a message; and having thus an unsought opportunity of seeing how the enemy fared, gives his evidence as follows:—

'M. Thiers speaks of the sufferings of the Russian army, of Cossacks asking bread of our soldiers. I do not dispute the matter, but at their headquarters appearances gave the lie to this assertion. I saw the staff living in abundance, the soldiers well clothed, the horses in good condition. Assuredly the comparison was not in our favour.'

Refused an exchange, as having seen too much of the camp thus described, he was sent into Russia, and remained a prisoner until the battle of Friedland and peace of Tilsit released him.

Restored to Paris and to society, M. de Fezensac met and married the daughter of Clarke, Duc de Feltre, the Minister of War. It is no reflection on an honest soldier to say that he thus secured his military fortunes more certainly than if he had followed Ney in the famous échelon attack which overthrew that army whose condition he had lately admired, and which Benningsen too confidently exposed. Soon afterwards he was entering Spain, once more on the Marshal's staff, and pursued

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Moore's army to Corunna. He had here just time to observe the bitter enmity of the Spaniards to their conquerors, and the ill working of the Napoleonic system in a hostile country, when he was recalled, with many of the staff, to Paris. Napoleon was about to carry the Grand Army once more into Germany. In the fifth year of his service, and holding the enviable position of captain and aide-de-camp to Berthier himself, M. de Fezensac followed the eagles to Vienna and received a slight wound at Aspern, which procured him his rank as major, and a pension with the title of baron—'rather for 'what I would have done than for what I did,' adds the narrator modestly. His journal here was but a record of headquarter movements, and he has forborne to publish it. A short mission to Spain, with some instructions to Macdonald, composed the rest of his service until the fatal invasion of Russia was begun, and he passed again through Germany on Berthier's staff.

No part of the work is more interesting than that which follows. In almost immediate attendance upon Napoleon up to the day of Borodino, M. de Fezensac was named three days later to the command of the 4th Regiment of the line, which had lost its colonel in the fight, and thenceforward served through the rest of the Russian tragedy in his new capacity in the corps of his old chief Ney. Of the whole library of history and memoir devoted to the eventful retreat from Moscow, there is no account more valuable than this. A natural devotion to the responsibilities of his new duty made him sympathise to the full with the sufferings of his regiment, whilst his six years' service on the staff enabled him to discern how much of these were due to the shortcomings at headquarters. The system of requisition alternating with pillage, which we have seen him denounce for its inherent unsoundness, had broken down altogether, and left the army helpless and starving in wastes of mud and snow. The bonds of organisation and of regimental discipline, imperfect in the day of victory, snapped asunder at this great disaster, leaving all ranks levelled in helpless selfishness, until the Grand Army, so long the terror of Europe, became in its turn the sport and booty of an avenging peasantry. One bright spot only illumines the dark picture as M. de Fezensac has painted it. The noble self-denial and inexhaustible energy of Ney have never had such full justice done to them before. No one who reads this narrative can doubt that the marshal united in his person, to a degree no other man has rivalled, the true physical and moral qualifications for the rearguard commander of a retreating

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army. On this portion of the 'Souvenirs' we forbear to dwell further. It was not only published (as before stated) many years before the remainder, but to many English readers is especially known by the excellent translation of Sir W. Knollys, who has completed the original narrative carefully from other sources, and thus made so complete a handbook of the campaign, as to cause regret that his labour has never been offered to the general public. For our present purpose it is sufficient to say that of the 3,000 men who originally composed the 4th Regiment, 200 only recrossed the Vistula after the retreat, and of the missing number only 100 ever reappeared from captivity: nine-tenths had been sacrificed to Napoleon's spirit of adventure. The officers naturally suffered less in proportion than the men; yet of their original strength of 109, sixty perished, and fourteen only escaped unhurt. M. de Fezensac conducted the remnant of his corps to Nancy at the end of the winter, bearing from Ney the short but honourable testimony (in a letter to General Clarke): 'This young man 'has constantly proved superior to the critical circumstances in 'which he was placed. I present him to you as a true French 'knight, and you may fairly consider him henceforward an old 'French colonel.' His father-in-law did not take the hint himself, but Ney's recommendation reached the Emperor through others; and whilst M. de Fezensac was in Paris soliciting promotion for his subalterns, he was himself gazetted general of brigade; the Minister declaring himself as much surprised as anyone at his son-in-law's good fortune. Soon afterwards he was on his way to Bremen, appointed to a newly raised *corps d'armée*, of which Vandamme had assumed the charge, and in which the author found the officers, almost without exception, composed of two classes—boys from the cadet school, and worn-out middle-aged men. The serviceable officers had for the most part disappeared, or attained higher rank.* Of trustworthy soldiers in any capacity Napoleon began to feel the need, for he wrote to Davoust, after sending him to command in the north of Germany: 'Take care and treat Vandamme 'well: men who understand war are getting scarce.' This advice, according to M. de Fezensac, came not a whit too soon,

* In another part of the work M. de Fezensac tells a story of this era, illustrative of the prevailing confusion in the War Bureau. An old lieutenant of the 59th went to Paris to solicit a company. He was forthwith gazetted—by mistake—to a major's rank in another corps. When the error was found out, it was thought not worth while to correct it, and he was sent to take command of his battalion, at the head of which he fell.

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for the violent temper of the general soon after caused an explosion in the presence of the whole staff, upon some point of military etiquette, which tried Davoust's patience to the utmost. The war now recommenced, and whilst the Grand Army was winning Lutzen and Bautzen successively, causing Napoleon vainly to fancy himself once more the arbiter of Europe, Davoust recovered Hamburg and the Lower Elbe in a series of well-managed though not very difficult manœuvres. Vandamme here won much credit, and General de Fezensac, who was often detached and acting on his own responsibility, was so liked and praised by his new chief, that when the latter, during the ensuing armistice, was ordered to the Grand Army, his brigadier followed him and obtained a command in his (1st) Corps. Vandamme's manner, he tells us, though unbearable to his superiors, was by no means harsh to his own staff; and the energy and vigour of the man, who was known to be ambitious beyond all things of such distinction as should place him on a level with more fortunate rivals, gave promise of brilliant opportunities to the corps he led.

M. de Fezensac found in his new brigade a better supply of officers than he had hoped; for many, invalided in the spring, had now rejoined the eagles. On the other hand, the ranks were full of young untrained recruits, and the non-commissioned officers were ignorant of the very elements of their duties. The dispersion of the force during the armistice for subsistence' sake rendered it the harder to complete the necessary instruction, and the more impossible to enforce discipline. 'We were to fight all Europe,' he sums up his description, 'and never was there a more untrained force than ours.' 'All 'the world knows,' it is significantly added, 'how the countries 'we occupied suffered; in this respect, at least, our young 'army was quite as knowing as its predecessors. Under pre-'text of looking after the comfort of the men various officers 'ransacked town and country, made requisitions, and allowed 'themselves afterwards to be bribed off.' From such pursuits as these, and with unfinished training in its proper trade, the Grand Army was roused by the termination of the armistice. Austria had thrown her slow but heavy sword into the balance, and France and her conscripts were hopelessly overweighted.

There has been much discussion as to the exact force brought to bear on either side in the new campaign, which exceeded in its dimensions any other the world has seen. It seems to us more important to note fully what has been here revealed us of the composition of Napoleon's army, and to remember that no reinforcement of any importance reached it. We may then well

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understand how its body and substance melted away under the disasters that ensued, more rapidly than the historian can trace. For a moment the brilliant victory of Dresden, and the death of his former rival Moreau by a French shot on the first occasion of his exposure, led Napoleon to believe that the star of victory had risen on him once more: but in the same week that this triumph was won, his dreams of restored Empire were rudely shattered into ruin by three tremendous blows. Oudinot's Army of the North was defeated decisively within sight of the hated city of Berlin, which it had threatened. Macdonald in Silesia received a fatal check on the Katzbach, which so loosened the discipline of his conscripts* that the three days' retreat that followed cost him ten times the number lost in the fight. These two misfortunes the Emperor's panegyrists charge to his lieutenants, forgetting that he was solely and wholly responsible for the choice he had made. The third however, that of Vandamme's corps at Culm, has been so completely and unequivocally fixed upon his own mismanagement by concurrent testimony, that even M. Thiers scarce endeavours to disprove it, and admits as true the charge against his hero of striving to excuse himself at first by blackening the memory of his general, then reported to be slain.†

M. de Fezensac shared, of course, in all the events of Culm. He rejoiced at the outset in the bold movement which threw the First Corps into the rear of the vast mass of enemies retreating from Dresden. He became anxious with others when it was found that all connexion with the other French corps was lost. He felt anxiety change into alarm when Vandamme, on the night before the battle, left his corps exposed to be attacked by vastly larger forces in the plain before Teplitz, whilst the heights behind him were unoccupied, and no friends heard of in any quarter. 'No one partook his illusions,' says M. de Fezensac, who regretted then, no doubt, his choice of a leader. 'Generals, officers, and soldiers alike wanted confidence.

* No French historian has attempted to explain the enormous loss suffered *after* this really trifling action. The real cause is revealed in an intercepted letter (to be found in the Prussian archives) to Marshal Macdonald from General Puthod, who speaks of his division, *before the combat*, as quite unmanageable in the existing want and bad weather.

† Be it observed that the same Napoleon whom M. Thiers condemns for thus inventing falsehood against the unhappy Vandamme is he upon whose sole testimony Ney and Grouchy are made responsible for the events of Waterloo in the famous vol. xx. of the 'Consulate and Empire.'

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'That is a bad feeling with which to enter into action.' When 40,000 troops in such condition, and so placed, are suddenly attacked in front and rear by forces double their own, the result cannot be doubtful. In two hours Vandamme's corps was either taken or scattered through the wooded eminences by which the Prussians had come behind it. Acting on a maxim of Ney's, that 'you should never surrender till they take 'you by the throat,' M. de Fezensac forced his way through the enemy's skirmishers and escaped, finding one-third of his brigade remaining when he rallied it under cover of Saint Cyr's troops on the Dresden side of the hills. Less fortunate than his brigadier, Vandamme was long ere that time a prisoner in the market-place of Teplitz, his tall form a show to triumphant townsfolk, and his loud voice appealing in vain for punishment on the excited soldiery, who had plundered and threatened him with violence:—*

'The moral effect of this defeat,' M. de Fezensac observes, 'was worse than the numerical. Its result was a discouragement that lasted to the end of the campaign. Young soldiers require success; only old ones can bear up against reverses. We saw no more those men who, the day before, had so boldly attacked the enemy. On the morning of the 29th, the 1st corps numbered 40,000 brave fellows; on the night of the 30th, 20,000 disheartened soldiers.'

The spirits of the enemy rose proportionately, and an officer despatched next day to seek exchange of prisoners, was refused reception at their headquarters.

Cheered by successes on all sides, the Allies now set themselves firmly to the task of ridding Germany of the French. Jealousies and divisions were laid aside for the common good, and the personal ambition of powerful monarchs † sacrificed to the political object. From that time forward Napoleon's struggle was hopeless. Hemmed in the basin of the Elbe by his false strategy, straitened from the first, and soon starved,

* Vandamme's treatment has been noted by various authors, but it seems to be forgotten by all but those of Prussia that his conduct during a long command in Silesia had made his name a byword for brutality and extortion.

† From an unpublished letter of Lord Cathcart's, at the Foreign Office, which the writer was permitted, by Lord Russell's kindness, to refer to, it appears that the Prince Regent strongly urged that the chief command should be conferred on Alexander, who, nevertheless, absolutely refused it. The reason the Emperor assigned in his reply was, that, since Moreau was dead, he felt the responsibility too great for himself—a weighty testimony to the ex-Republican general's character.

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his young legions melted away in the Saxon autumn as fast as their predecessors in the Russian winter, until the time came when their enemies, better fed, in better heart, and with recruited numbers, closed in and gave them the final blow at Leipsic. The First Corps, now under Count Lobau, saw little of all this, being placed in Dresden to recover their condition, and finally abandoned there by one of the many mistakes Napoleon made in this campaign. His retreat from Germany of course compelled the surrender of the force thus isolated, and M. de Fezensac, again a prisoner, drew his sword no more. Those who follow his Recollections ever so carelessly throughout will understand the mingled feelings with which he heard of the abdication of his chief, whose genius he had admired, though never blind to his faults. He accepted the Restoration as the best hope for the future of France; and the tri-coloured cockade, which he doffed after ten years' wear, was laid by as his simple souvenir of the Grand Army. Few saw so plainly what strength and weakness met in that vast machine; none have better told the story of its triumphs and its fall.

ART. VIII.—1. *Accounts relating to Trade and Navigation of the United Kingdom for the eleven months ended November 30th*, 1867. Parliamentary Return.

2. *La Banque d'Angleterre et les Banques d'Écosse.* Par L. WOLOWSKI, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: 1867.

3. *Enquête sur les Principes et les Faits généraux qui régissent la circulation monétaire et fiduciaire.* Dépositions de MM. les délégués et régents de la Banque de France. Paris: 1867.

THE year 1867 will take rank in history as the year of the unforeseen. Every page in its records bears witness to the discomfiture of prophecies and the triumph of paradox. The longest experience and the most accredited theories were found equally at fault. The natural sequence of events seemed to have been inverted, and effects refused to follow causes except in an eccentric orbit. In politics and in trade alike, probabilities were turned topsy-turvy. The oldest axioms were discovered to be fallible, and the most favourite proverbs lost their meaning. The world declined to continue to believe that there is 'nothing new under the sun,' when the self-same year produced two phenomena so remarkable as the Tory party, flushed with victory, singing an exulting *Te Deum* over household suffrage, and Commerce, clothed in sackcloth

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and ashes, chaunting a *De Profundis* with money at Two per cent.

Money at Two per cent.! The long-hoped-for consummation has arrived. The financial Utopia has been reached. What castles in the air had not been imagined by governments, railway directors, engineers, companies, cotton growers, promoters, to be carried into actual execution and constructed when money should once more fall from seven per cent. to three? As for two per cent., such a figure had scarcely been dreamt of, even in the boldest flights of fancy of M. Pereire. But the most sanguine expectations have been outstripped. Money is at Two per cent.; not in England alone—the situation on the Continent is almost the same; not for a few months only—the entire year has scarcely witnessed a change. Compared with the general rapidity of past fluctuations, there is an apparent permanence about this Two per cent.; compared with the local character of many changes in the value of money, there is a universality about this present cheapness. The accumulation of gold is something marvellous. Sixty millions sterling are piled up in the vaults of London and Paris. The grain harvests have been short in England and France, and every precedent required short crops to be followed by dearer money and an emigration of gold. In past years, when the barometer fell in the months of July and August, the faces of borrowers fell in sympathy. Dear corn meant an export of bullion, and the export of bullion meant a higher rate of interest. But *nous avons changé tout cela* in this famous year of Two per cent. Though the importation of grain has been enormous both here and in France, and though the additional supplies required have certainly cost the two countries more than twenty millions, the tide of bullion flowing in was too strong to be rolled back by any disturbing elements. It was reserved for the year 1867 to exhibit, for the first time, the co-existence of wheat at 70*s.* with money at Two per cent., to the confusion of the Cassandras of political economy, who had predicted a rise in the value of money. Nothing surely could have exceeded their perversity. They were not content to explain the long prevalence of rates of interest averaging 7 per cent., by temporary causes. Far from confining themselves to the situation of the day, they had refused to believe that, with an increasing demand for capital all over the world, with new channels opening up, with fresh means of communication and information bridging over distance and ignorance, and bringing insatiable borrowers from all parts into closer relation with capital at its fountain-head,—the rate of interest

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could ever, by any jugglery of legal enactments, or by any devices for increasing the currency, be permanently kept down. Has not their theory been put to shame by the present state of affairs?

It may not, however, be inopportune to inquire, why, if money is at Two per cent., everybody does not hasten to borrow? Can the rates of interest, so temptingly low, indicate any other feeling on the part of capitalists than an intense desire to lend, and to utilise, almost at any price, their superabundant store? Why, then, is there not a rush to secure it? And where, we may ask, is the prosperity, the rise in prices, the activity in trade, the greed for new contracts, the competition for public works, the eager race for Government loans, the flood of new companies, the general haste, and enterprise, and buoyancy, and speculation, which cheap money brings in its train? Alas, here is discomfiture again. If, contrary to theory, money has once more become extraordinarily cheap, contrary to experience, the cheapness of money has not borne its accustomed fruit. A year, exceptional to an unparalleled degree in respect of a low rate of interest, has been no less exceptional in respect of commercial depression, falling prices, and universal distrust. It is true that contraction has always followed expansion, and that low interest has been the invariable consequence of long-continued commercial inflation after the inevitable crash. But the remarkable feature in the late year is the long continuance of this reaction, and the apparent hopelessness of the situation. If the inflated operations of '64 and '65 led to the crisis of '66, it was to be expected that the very extent and intensity of the reaction would have brought about its own cure long ago. Twenty months have elapsed since the great break down of 1866, and the tone of commerce is scarcely improved. Whatever the scale of actual operations may be, men still talk and reason as if the crisis continued to this day. No statistics, no arguments, no imports of gold, no tempting rates of interest for borrowers, have the slightest effect. The bullion returns, usually faithful barometers of financial weather, have pointed all the year to 'set fair,' but trade has enjoyed no respite from 'much rain.' A heavy cloud has covered all departments of commerce and industry with gloom. Prices have remained low for almost every kind of goods, as well as every kind of stocks and shares; and the eagerness of sellers only served to increase the timidity of buyers. The seller's necessity was no man's opportunity. Gigantic failures occurred with money at Two per cent. no less than when it stood at Ten. Railway enterprise never languished so much: scarcely ever before have so

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few private bills been presented to Parliament. To all intents and purposes the year 1867 has been one long financial, commercial, industrial, and railway crisis.

France has not fared better than ourselves. The French have been sharply checked in that victorious advance on the road of commercial and industrial development, by which they were asked, not quite in vain, to console themselves for the many serious reverses in their military and political supremacy. All the heart has been taken out of business in Paris as in London. Rouen and Liverpool have been exchanging condolences; and the wreck of Overend, Gurney & Co., in England, found its parallel in the grounding of the Crédit Mobilier in France. But while the English Company sunk in the hurricane of the crisis, with money rising to 10 per cent., the French Company ran aground when the storm was past, and in full sight of forty millions of gold. To have surrendered to 10 per cent. would have been to M. Pereire at least a victory of argument. His fall would have been due to that scarcity of capital, against which it has always been his mission to contend. But, for the Crédit Mobilier to succumb when capital was a drug, was more than to die: it was in the very moment of dissolution to give the lie to its *raison d'être*. Whether the causes of the universal depression in England and France have been identical, we will not at this moment inquire. The Chamber of Commerce at Rouen exhibited a laudable curiosity on this point; but the French Government snubbed their curiosity, and brought their cosmopolitan correspondence with other chambers of commerce to an untimely close. Such public interchanges of opinion were discovered to be a contravention of Imperial legislation.

France has doubtless had many special difficulties of her own to contend with, but has been spared one calamity which aggravated the crisis in England, and carried its effects into regions generally beyond the reach of financial disturbances. The collapse in our railway finance resulted from causes which were only partially connected with the general upheaving of joint-stock enterprise and the paralysis of trade. Its effects, too, reached a different class. The most prudent families had been taught, partly by the habits and customs of trustees, partly by inferences from Acts of Parliament, to believe that the debentures of English railways ranked next in security to Consols. A hitch in the debentures of an insignificant company changed the whole face of affairs. Lord Cairns's famous judgment was a crisis in itself. Railway debentures—the favourite investment for 'couples about to marry,' the last

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resource of trustees distracted on the one hand by their own anxiety to avoid responsibility, and on the other by the importunities of their wards not to be sacrificed to Consols—Railway debentures, the cynosure of the old-fashioned school of investors, in whose nostrils every other form of joint-stock credit savoured of abomination, these prized debentures, with the single fault that their lives were too short, and that the mighty companies which issued them would perchance not condescend to renew them on the same terms—have shared the miserable fate of the grosser forms of public and private securities. A legal flaw brought down the debentures, and with the debentures fell the whole fabric of railway credit. The flaw discovered was, however, not the only weak spot. The difficulty led to inquiry, and inquiry revealed results, which, quite apart from the question of the legal lien of debentures, dealt a blow at railway securities in public estimation, of which the effect will not be removed for years. The demand for 'light,' the determination to know the worst, is the point of contact between the railway crisis and the catastrophe in joint-stock companies generally. Otherwise there was no necessary connexion between the two, except in the case of one or two railways, such as the London, Chatham, and Dover, which, by its peculiar system of finance, carried confusion indiscriminately into the railway world, into joint-stock credit companies, and into the ordinary discount market.

Nothing is more characteristic of the history of the last two years than the *universal* nature of the depression which prevailed. It has often occurred that a commercial crisis has left whole classes of the community unscathed. Large mercantile houses have come to the ground, drawing down smaller houses in their fall. Within certain circles the trouble and misery were extreme. But meanwhile the great wave of English commerce at home and abroad rolled on undisturbed by local storms. It appeared that millions on millions might be lost without arresting, to any appreciable extent, that even general trade, which, sometimes overlaid by rampant speculation, sometimes almost disappearing behind a curtain of distrust and gloom, nevertheless seemed to be superior to every disturbing cause. But disasters coming from every quarter during the last two years have at last so far prevailed as to have carried the full meaning of a crisis home to every class in the country. How railways have contributed their part, we have just seen. By them the most prudent investors have been drawn into the common fate. As for less prudent investors, they were made parties by joint-stock companies to the ups and downs of com-

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mercial and financial adventure; and during the last two years there have been more 'downs' than 'ups.' Apart from the immense abuses which have taken place, and from the widespread misery caused by the collapse of semi-fraudulent companies, the association of the non-trading public with even the most legitimate commerce naturally carried the disasters of bad times over a greatly extended area. The middle classes throughout the country, both trading and non-trading, have never been more sorely tried. The incomes of countless families must have been most seriously curtailed, and the results of reduced expenditure have everywhere told upon the home trade. The expenditure of the bulk of the population on articles of great necessity does not seem to have been affected much, except in the case of beer and spirits. But this situation is quite compatible with considerable pinching on the part of the middle classes. We have heard from leading houses in London and Manchester, whose travellers penetrate into every cranny of the realm, and by their dealings with retail traders have the best opportunities for taking stock of the buying capabilities of the country at a given juncture, that for many years there has never been so little buying, so much stagnation. And how could it be otherwise? Not only has the accumulation of savings been checked. Incomes have been seriously menaced, and the prospects of future years have been mortgaged to satisfy the inexorable claims of liquidators and creditors. And if dividends remain unpaid, luxuries must be docked, new dresses cannot be bought, and tradesmen will complain. We are not speaking from the point of view of political economy, but simply measuring the extent of what is called the inactivity of the home trade. We have fewer data to guide us in this respect than when we attempt to gauge the extent of our international transactions. But if a general consensus of complaints can be substituted for statistics, the epidemic has visited our home trade with as severe virulence as any part of our aggregate commerce. But indeed no department of business has had any reason to boast. It is difficult to point to any single branch (except, indeed, the importation of wheat) which has been palpably and generally remunerative. The same story will be told in the bankers' parlours as in the Lancashire mills, on the clamorous Stock Exchange as in the quieter though scarcely less keen atmosphere of the produce markets in Mincing Lane. When we speak of the want of enterprise, of the dullness of trade, we have not in our minds the disappearance of the happy promoter, the butterfly of the sunny days of financial activity, nor are we only impressed by the constant flight over the horizon

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of the stormy petrels of a crisis, the speculators *à la baisse*. There has been less buying and selling of staple commodities; new transactions have stood in smaller and smaller proportion to the liquidation of old operations, and where an article used to be sold three or four times over, it is now sold only once. This is not an evil in itself, but it indicates the disposition of commercial men. Where purchases are now made, they are made because the purchase is necessary to the buyer at once, because his stock is exhausted, not because he believes that the article is going to rise. In a word, trade is conducted from hand to mouth. There is no speculation, no laying in of stock, and transactions have enormously diminished, less because our imports are smaller, than because those imports pass through fewer hands.

In whatever direction we turn to study the symptoms which are generally believed to indicate the position of trade and finance, we appear to discover most unfavourable points. It is true that in no kind of inquiry are we more likely to be misled by the first appearance of facts, than in an analysis of commercial affairs. But in the situation before us the evidence of a serious backward movement seemingly accumulates on every side. Look at the returns of the Income-tax, where, though by the system of averages the illusions of 1865 still soften the disenchantments of 1867, we find an unprecedented decline. Look at the tables of exports. They show a decrease of 6 millions. Look at the total of our imports. The falling off is 12 millions. Look at the movements of bullion to and fro. The decrease is 19 millions; inconclusive evidence certainly, but at first sight startling enough. Look at the prices of our leading Railway shares; at the Great Northern, fallen since 1864 from 135 to 104; at the Great Western, fallen from 78 to 43; at the London and Brighton, from 103 to 51. Look at the long list of joint-stock companies, marked at prices involving losses by the side of which the depreciation of even railway shares seems moderate and endurable. Look at the state of the Court of Chancery—blocked with the liquidation of companies bankrupt or dying of atrophy. Look at the failures in Liverpool, and hear the confession of Liverpool men — very frankly made —that the whole place has almost been 'cleaned out.' Then turn and contemplate the idle millions of gold in the Bank, and money at Two per cent. The paradox seems complete. The golden radiance of 60 millions sterling in Paris and London is impotent on the hard black frost under which commerce seems to be perishing of cold. Like the polar sun, they illu-

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minate but do not warm. The cheapness of capital is equally powerless. Speculation remains cold and refuses to be comforted. Two per cent. woos in vain!

But is money really at Two per cent.? And does this accumulation of bullion in England, and notably in France, really signify what it is supposed to imply? It is true that the Bank of England and bankers generally are discounting bills at Two and even at one and a half per cent., but is there a general fall in the value of loanable capital? Can governments, contractors, railway companies, borrow at largely reduced terms? Is capital being rejected by speculation, or is it speculation which is repulsed by capital? The nominal hire for the use of capital is low; but suppose that capital in most cases refuses to be hired at all. We greatly suspect that to an enormous majority of willing borrowers 'Two per cent.' is little more than an ironical phrase. The narrowness of the limits within which the fact of cheap money is literally true, furnishes in a great measure the clue to the fact itself. Capital is plentiful and cheap in one quarter because in another it refuses to be hired at any price. Capital is cheap, not because it has multiplied, but because it has been concentrated on a given employment. The first impression of infinite abundance and cheapness dies away the nearer we look, and similarly we shall find that a large proportion of the bullion excess in Paris and London dwindles very considerably on closer inspection.

The first impression which the simultaneous excess of bullion in the Banks of England and France might not unreasonably convey, would be that it results from the operation of identical causes in the two countries; that these causes are inseparably connected with the stagnation of trade; and that generally the surplus in question may be taken as a fair measure of the extent to which the supply of capital has increased and the demands of trade fallen off. Such a view would, however, involve a most serious mistake. A survey of the weekly accounts published by the Bank of France incontestably proves that a very large portion of the excess which has raised the gold in the Bank to those 40 millions sterling—the 'milliard' of francs which form such an extraordinary feature in the financial history of 1867—is not so much the result of capital lying idle, sulkily protesting against continued political alarms, or timidly waiting for the solution of financial difficultics, as the result of a wide substitution, from one cause or another, of notes for the precious metals in the circulation of France.

Nothing is in some respects more remarkable than the fixed

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character of the note-circulation in England. The effect of the gravest perturbations of our commerce and banking finance on the amount of notes in the hands of the public has generally been moderate and temporary. There is indeed a well-known ebb and flow of the notes according to the seasons of the year. The quarterly payments of salaries throughout the country, rent days, harvest time, create certain definite and perfectly calculable fluctuations. But, inclusive of these tidal movements, the total variation in the amount of notes held by the public at one time during the whole period from April 1861 to April 1866 did not exceed four millions. The lowest point touched was nineteen millions, the highest twenty-three, and the latter figure was only touched once in that time. Nor is it difficult to understand this extreme regularity. The suggestion that the immense increase in our commerce might be reasonably supposed to necessitate proportionate additions to the machinery by which it is conducted—that is to say, to the circulation—has been almost exploded, and it is well understood that the relation between the amount of transactions concluded and the amount of notes necessary to conduct them, is by no means one of direct proportion. Since the last crisis less business has been done, but more notes have been wanted to do less work. Nor can it be said that the regularity of the circulation has been forced on the country by an iron system which prevents expansion. Practically, we possess a gold circulation with a supplement of 15 millions of bank-notes. Resting on the deposit of bullion, this circulation permits expansion as indefinite as our powers of obtaining gold, and our powers of obtaining gold would only be exhausted when the country had nothing left to sell. When more circulation is required, it can at once be secured. The limits within which our circulation has moved have certainly not been determined by any currency law, but by the habits of the country at large, by the regularity of our system of payment by bankers' cheques, by the perfect arrangements of the Clearing House —in a word, by the immense economy in the use of notes produced by our highly developed banking organisation.

Contrary, however, to previous experience, the effects of the crisis of 1866 upon the circulation (effects which, according to precedent, ought to have vanished with the subsidence of the panic by which they were caused) have been of long duration, and have indeed continued to this day. The amount of Bank of England notes in the hands of the public rose between three and four millions in the worst three weeks of 1866, and nearly three millions of this excess still remain. It is true that the

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average circulation of the country banks has decreased by about three-quarters of a million, naturally creating a demand for Bank of England notes to supply the deficiency. But this circumstance only accounts for a small part of the excess. The remainder, doubtless, is due in part to the collapse of credit, which has not only affixed a stigma to bills, but may to some extent have even affected the good repute of a cheque. When every one suspects his neighbour, recourse may frequently be had to the rude method of payments by bank-notes. And again, notes may even be taking the place of bills in many transactions. Nearly all cotton purchases used to be liquidated in Liverpool by the endorsement of bankers' bills. But now bankers' bills are less easily procured, and in many cases payment by notes may, for various reasons, be rendered necessary. Hoarding of notes, as a last reserve, may be another not improbable cause. Such a proceeding would not be very reasonable; for communication is now so quick that, except in extraordinary times, it would appear to be scarcely less safe to keep money in deposit in the Bank of England than locked up in a box at home. But the additional notes must be somewhere. It is inconceivable that, on a sudden, after an unusually severe financial crisis, everybody should by common consent have determined to carry more notes about in their pockets; and as business has decreased, more notes cannot be circulating in consequence of greater demands for the regular trade. We see no explanations beyond those which are here briefly sketched—more hoarding of notes as a reserve on the part of country bankers or of those who have ceased to believe in the solvency of any bank or the value of any security, and a certain demand for notes to conduct transactions for which formerly cheques and bills were preferred.

We have alluded to the excess in the currency of the Bank of England notes, not on account of its intrinsic importance, though the fact is curious enough when compared to the extraordinary regularity of previous years, but on account of its bearing on our present stock of gold. The excess of notes afloat absorbs an equal amount of the excess of gold in hand. So long as the country continues to require an additional supply of three or four millions of bank-notes, so long an equal amount of additional gold must be retained by the Bank. Thus when we contemplate the enormous stock, let us not miscalculate. Three millions of gold, out of the surplus, belong to holders of new notes. They afford no additional strength to the Bank. They have not been left there because there is

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no employment for them, but because their work is done by the notes.

The fluctuations in the circulation of the notes of the Bank of France have been on a much vaster scale. That circulation has more than doubled in the space of ten years. The lowest point at which it has stood in that period was 22 millions sterling, the highest 47. Between November 1864 and November 1867—that is to say, in three years only—the increase was 17 millions. 'Be-'hold the superiority of the French system,' will be the cry of those who believe that this country has a deficient, an inelastic, an iron circulation. 'The French have almost doubled their 'circulation, whilst we have comparatively stood still. What is 'our miserable increase compared with theirs!' But how have the French doubled their circulation? By the precise means which are at our command for doubling ours—by the deposit of gold. The French Bank Directors, unfettered as they are, except by their own discretion and the inexorable laws of convertibility, have not been so mad as to multiply their promises to pay in gold by 100 per cent., without securing more than a proportionate, nay, almost an equal increase in their stock of gold. If we take their stock of gold in December 1857, and again in December 1867, we find an increase of 30 millions, so that every additional note is fully represented by gold. But the comparison between these two dates is not quite fair, as in 1857 the stock of gold was very low, while lately it has been abnormally large. We will take a more exact survey. The greater portion of the aggregate increase in the French note circulation between 1857 and 1867 falls, as we have seen, on the last three years. It is the same with the stock of gold. Up to the end of 1864, the notes in circulation had risen from 22 millions to 29 millions, or 7 millions in seven years. During the same period the increase in the stock of gold was 8 millions. From 1864 to the end of 1867 the notes in circulation rose from 29 millions to 46 millions—that is to say, 17 millions in three years. The increase in the stock of gold during the same period was 21 millions. Several years are comprised in the decade before us, in which the bullion advanced much more rapidly than the notes, and others, for instance 1862 and 1863, in which the increase of notes was very large, while in several months the stock of bullion declined very considerably. In 1863 there were on one occasion 24 millions unrepresented by gold—a position, which we are happy to believe, was very exceptional. As far as we can judge from the accounts of the Bank of France, we should say that the general range of notes unrepresented by

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gold lay between 16 and 20 millions; the stock of bullion being low if it does not cover the notes within 20 millions, and high if it leaves only 16 millions uncovered. In the two years succeeding the financial crisis of 1857 the bullion reached the total of notes in circulation within 5 millions; and since the crisis of 1866 it has again approached almost as near. We should think that whatever the minimum or maximum may be, the Bank directors in France would not be very comfortable, if more than 20 millions of their notes were uncovered by gold.

We have gone into these figures in some detail, because the situation of the unemployed millions in the Bank of France, which play so prominent a part in relation to Two per cent., cannot otherwise be duly appreciated. The conclusion at which we arrive is this, and we beg our readers' especial attention to the point—that of the 40 millions of bullion at Paris at this moment, at least 27 millions belong practically to the note-holders, and are in substance deposited in the Bank for their account. The accumulation of gold to this extent is the consequence of the substitution of notes for gold in the aggregate circulation of France. If the gold is idle, the notes appear to be at work instead, circulating, as far as we can judge, with the same rapidity and busy movement as the more bulky material of which they have taken the place. The phenomenon of nearly 40 millions accumulated in the Bank of France at one time is thus reduced to the spectacle of a goodly reserve of 13 millions sterling. The rest belongs in fact not to the bank, nor to capitalists, it belongs to the holders of notes. It could not be removed without placing the currency in jeopardy. It has come in because the notes have gone out. It is idle because the work is being done for it by the notes, more convenient substitutes. It does not contribute to the fact of Two per cent.

We have been at some pains to discover the causes of the immense increase in the French circulation. Why is it that year after year millions of bank-notes found additional employment? Why has the circulation increased from 23 millions to 47 millions? Many symptoms indicate that the greater part of the increase is due to the substitution of notes for gold. The bank-note penetrated slowly into the interior of France. The estimates of the bullion circulation of France are very much in excess of those which have been suggested for our gold currency here. If we are not mistaken, the English estimate of the amount of sovereigns circulating amongst us varies between 60 and 100 millions. The French estimates of

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their gold and silver coin varied, some ten years ago, between 120 and 240 millions sterling. Our gold circulation is reduced to a sum, leaving little margin for the further substitution of notes for gold. In France the margin has been infinitely greater, and if the amounts be indeed so large, the progress in the use of notes, though remarkable, is not by any means unnatural. Special causes have also been suggested. The migration of labour from country districts into towns increased the employment of notes, which are more popular in great centres than in remoter regions. In some parts of Brittany, even to this day, sellers will part with their goods more cheaply for coin than for notes. It is possible, too, that hoarding is taking place in France as in England; but that, whereas formerly hoards were preferred in gold, every note being suspected, the great strength of the Bank of France has now suggested the idea that, even in revolutionary times, its issues would be as secure as gold kept unprotected at home. Notes, too, are more easily hidden or removed. However this may be, it seems reasonable to suppose that on the whole, considering the greater danger of civil troubles and the vastly greater amount of its notes in circulation, the Bank of France has less cause than our Bank to build on its notes not being presented for payment. The great unevenness, the 'jerkiness' in their issues, imposes the duty of extraordinary caution; and we can discover no reason to modify our opinion that out of the total stock of gold held by the Bank, at least 27 millions must be considered as held in trust for the noteholders, and practically beyond the reach of the Bank, except for the sole purpose of redeeming its notes. To that extent the documents giving practical ownership in the gold are already in circulation. The Bank could not venture to part with the goods. It has already parted with the warrants.

The position of the Bank of England in the first week of this year was roughly as follows:—24 millions of bank-notes were in the hands of the public, and 22 millions of gold in the vaults of the bank; 9 millions of gold would accordingly be absorbed in covering the excess of notes over the legal maximum of Fifteen millions, and the remaining 13 millions of gold (or the unemployed notes by which it is represented), remained as the reserve of the Bank. The Bank of France had at the same time 47 millions sterling of its notes afloat, and a stock of bullion of 40 millions. But 27 millions of that stock would be absorbed in covering the excess of notes afloat over the maximum of 20 millions, beyond which figure the French Directors would scarcely venture to leave their

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issues uncovered by bullion; and 13 millions of gold would, in their case also, be left as available reserve. The two Banks were therefore much in the same position as regards unemployed capital. Thirteen millions remained in each bank, an ample, an unusually, we may almost say a lamentably, high reserve, but very different in its aspect from the colossal proportions which, so long as it is viewed from a distance and in a vague light, the mountain of gold presents.

The extreme abundance of loanable capital anxious for employment at Two per cent. likewise assumes smaller dimensions the closer we look. At first sight, the general impression is conveyed that vast sums of unemployed capital are in vain seeking for remunerative employment, that the supply at the disposal of borrowers of any class is so great, and is pressed upon their coyness with such importunity, that the equivalent to be paid for its use has dwindled to a mere fraction. Alas! if any ingenuous man, deluded by these fond ideas, should hasten to the market to borrow for some great operation for which he has vainly attempted to find funds in the days of financial dearth, he would find himself grievously disappointed. Two per cent. is indeed the rate of discount for first-class bills, and for loans on short terms, on the very safest kind of stocks; but for most purposes capital is actually scarce and dear. Capital has been diverted from other channels, and has temporarily flooded the discount market into which it has been poured. So far as the operations of commerce proper are represented by first-class bills, so far it is true that capital commands a price less by seventy per cent. than its price in 1864. Up to this point it is true that the difference is immense, and to an extraordinary degree in favour of the borrowers. But these borrowers form but a section, though an important section, of the great aggregate who desire to share amongst them whatever capital may be available for loans.

Borrowers are of various kinds. There are commercial borrowers offering bills of exchange for discount, territorial borrowers offering mortgages, Government borrowers offering stock, railway borrowers offering debentures, contractors offering Lloyd's bonds, municipal corporations at home and abroad, joint-stock companies for industrial enterprises, and many others. Nearly all these classes, however, fall conveniently under four heads—commerce, land, Government, and industrial enterprise. Money being at Two per cent., what is the position of each class with reference to the advantages to be reaped from this apparent cheapness? In the year 1864,

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when money was extremely dear, the rate of interest advanced almost for every class, though temporary borrowers were naturally most severely affected. While bills could not be discounted at less than 7, 8, and 10 per cent., the rise in the price for loans on mortgage, or for railway debentures, was much less rapid or striking, but was nevertheless substantial and decisive. *All* borrowers were paying more. Mortgages are avowedly the least variable of investments, but solicitors were put to their wits' end to renew mortgages at the old rates, and higher charges for the loans which had to be raised, afforded to many country gentlemen an excuse for dabbling a little in stocks. The case of railways was worse. The fatal and inexplicable mistake of sinking the proceeds of temporary loans in permanent works, relying on the tender mercies of the future for the renewal of debentures falling due, has exposed them pre-eminently to the dangers of a rising market. A policy, apparently adopted from the erroneous idea that the permanent or ultimate tendency of interest was downwards, resulted disastrously when the reverse was found to be the case. Foreign Governments fared little better. When high rates of interest were to be earned in England, it would have been futile to offer the old terms. In a word, the value of capital was enhanced to all. The scarcity and dearness afflicting one class had not turned to the advantage of another. Famine had not been produced in one quarter by the direction of the supplies to another, in which plenty might have been expected to ensue. The rising price of capital was universally, though unequally felt; least by those who, like borrowers on land, are most removed from the tropical heat of the financial centre, more by those who move within the temperate zones of debentures and funds, and most by those who, in closest contact with the money market, are exposed to the sudden convulsions which sweep over the regions nearest to the financial line; but no class remained unaffected by the general result.

Let us reverse the test. Has the fall of the value of money been similarly felt by every class? The nominal market value of money has fallen from Seven to Two per cent. To what extent has the fall been as universal as the rise? What signs are apparent of a general retrogression in the value of capital? Bills of exchange, as we have seen, can be discounted even under Two per cent. What is the position of other classes of borrowers? We believe that loans on land are rather more easily procured, but we find few symptoms of other classes of borrowers having participated in the advantages of cheaper money. Most of them have either not improved their position, or en-

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counter greater difficulties than in the days of Seven per cent. It is an extraordinary fact that the funds of every foreign Government, without exception, which recurs to the English or French money market for occasional financial help, stand at a lower figure, in most cases at a much lower figure, than at the end of 1864. In England and France the funds are slightly higher. In December, '64, Consols stood at 91, in December, '67, at 94¼. French Rentes show a similar change. They stood at 65, they now stand at 69. The difference in the yield of interest of these funds bought at their present price against the prices of '64 is to the English investor about one-seventh per cent., to the French investor one-quarter per cent., a remarkably small difference in view of the immense changes in the money market. However, the fact remains, that if the English or French Governments were borrowers at this moment, the change in the value of money would stand them in some stead. Our colonies and our Indian empire have also gained a certain advantage. But if we look at the case of those Governments, and they comprise almost all Europe, who are habitual borrowers in foreign markets, we find their funds considerably lower now when Two per cent. exhibits but does not offer them its charms, than when high interest everywhere gave their stocks an excuse for being low. The force of this circumstance should be clearly realised. The rate at which Governments can borrow is indicated, not by the nominal rate of interest, but by the price, of their stocks. Governments, when they issue a loan, fix once for all the interest which they will have to pay. But the interest which the individual fundholder will derive is of course entirely determined by the price at which he buys the stock. Whoever at this moment buys a Spanish bond nominally yielding 3 per cent., at 36, practically expresses the fact that the rate at which it suits him to lend money to the Spanish Government is 8⅓ per cent. The rates at which it suited capitalists, great and small, to lend to foreign Governments in '64 are not sufficient to tempt them now. Higher interest is required, that is to say, the prices of the stocks must be lower. And so we find them to be. Since 1864 Russian Five per cents. have fallen from 88½ to 86; Swedish Four and a Half per cents. from 92 to 86. Prussia does not borrow in foreign markets, but her funds are also lower by about 2 per cent. As we go further south, we light on much greater differences. Austrian Five per cents. have fallen from 80 to 67, Turkish Six per cents. from 72 to 62½, Italian Five per cents. from 65 to 46. The case of Spain we must omit, as the conversion of the Spanish Deferred Stock

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makes any comparison in that quarter impossible. Portuguese Three per cents. have fallen from 47 to 41, Egyptian Seven per cents. from 96 to 84. The funds of the United States are influenced so much by the fluctuations in the price of gold that their position affords no safe criterion for purposes of comparison, and for a very different reason Mexico and Venezuela must also be left out. When dividends cease to be paid, the prices offered for stocks are an index, not of the rate at which capitalists are disposed to lend, but of the price at which they are willing to buy up bad debts. Of other Transatlantic borrowers Brazilian Four and a Half per cents. have fallen from 82 to 64, Buenos Ayres Six per cents. from 92 to 82, and of all the borrowing States who appeal to our markets, Chili and Peru alone are able to boast that the prices of their stocks stand where they stood when money was at 7 per cent.

Such is the picture of the foreign stock market side by side with money at Two per cent. Figures are notoriously dull, but generalities alone would not have conveyed a clear and distinct impression of the extent of the depreciation. An examination of its causes would be out of place. Of course, worse credit lies at the root. But the simple fact is this, that, undeterred by the existence of absurdly low rates of interest elsewhere, the public requires a higher return from investments in foreign funds than when the Bank rate stood at Seven per cent. in 1864. There has been much European trouble since, and most States have been obliged to incur enormous expenditure. But the last two years have not changed the solvency of empires, nor have they been particularly conspicuous for large additions to government debts. What has changed most is the public mind, which has passed from an excess of confidence to exaggerated despondency. The same object now wears an entirely different aspect. Viewed in the new light, the brightest colours have become dark spots; and so it comes to pass that foreign stocks, yielding incredible interest, are sold, and the proceeds carried to a bank which allows 1 per cent. on deposits. The competition of one large class of borrowers has ceased.

The borrowing difficulties of railways during 1867 have been so notorious that they require only a passing allusion. Their position throughout the year, thirsting in vain for capital in sight of extraordinary abundance, more than equalled in suffering the tortures of Tantalus. Generally speaking, they have been compelled to forego borrowing altogether, and to pull through, as best they could, without. Money was cheap, but it was not cheap for them. They were obliged to surrender

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the field. Here and there an isolated company, proudly superior to the troubles of its rivals, has, we believe, renewed its debentures on not unfavourable terms; but practically railways have been obliged to leave the money market to itself, and in this quarter too competition for capital has virtually been removed. As for joint-stock companies, and especially those credit companies whose action contributed at least as powerfully as any other single cause to raise the value of money, they too have been driven from the field. If money were really so plentiful, so willing, so eager for employment, as the low hire which it receives would seem to denote, never would the opportunity of such companies have been so great as now. What profits could not be made by borrowing at two per cent., and by the help of funds thus obtained, supplying the demands and meeting the urgent needs of an immense class, who, if they could only borrow at all, would willingly pay exorbitant rates! But many of the companies have been themselves thrown on their backs. Others are under a cloud. None have the necessary credit which alone, in such a despondent season as the present, would enable them to attract funds. To them, too, a further class of borrowers, Two per cent. is only a phrase. Their competition in the market has ceased to tell.

That money is at Two per cent. is therefore only true in a very limited sense. We do not simply speak of the literal meaning. The words convey a wrong impression, even if they are intended to denote that the general facilities for borrowing have greatly increased. The facilities in most cases have, on the contrary, been diminished to an extraordinary extent. Never was the public more indisposed to lend. Strange as the statement may sound, it is actually the fact that money is cheap, not because lenders are underbidding each other, but because the greater portion of lenders are unwilling to lend at all. They wish to be quiescent, nay more, they draw in their money from every possible quarter, not with a view to its employment, but with the distinct intention of not employing it. It may be said, 'Surely they must put such funds to some 'use? They cannot lock them up in their safes.' No; but they carry them to the banks and leave them there at merely complimentary interest, or at no interest at all. They prefer waiting a while. Disappointed by past investments, schooled by a sad experience against the allurements of exaggerated dividends, smarting under the actual losses incurred, they wish to see the end. They want to wait till they can be sure that everything has touched bottom, that all sores have been

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discovered, that all the rotten parts of our system have been cut out. The immense deposits in the hands of the Bank of France, the Bank of England, and the strongest of our joint-stock banks, tell their own tale. It is possible that the failures of some banks, and the anxieties which prevailed with regard to others, increased the business of the Bank of England, and of one or two other institutions, but only a small portion of the excess of deposits can be due to this cause. The broad fact is notorious, that in most strong banks deposits are held to an unprecedented amount. How these establishments are likely to deal with such funds, and what differences are likely to ensue from this employment of them by bankers instead of by the public itself, or by intermediary establishments, we will endeavour by-and-by to explain. The important point at this moment is the attitude of those to whom the funds belong, and the displacement, if we may so speak, of investments. What has become of the usual accumulation of savings here and in France? Is the present abundance the result of profits and economy? Is money at Two per cent. because the supply of capital exceeds at this moment the demand? Have we been growing so rich and so prudent that we don't know how to employ all our surplus capital? Not at all. Two per cent. does not result from the abundance, but from the disgust, of capital. Harassed by the misuses to which it has been put, by the disappointments it has suffered, by the impositions of which it has been made the dupe, capital, in high dudgeon, has retired to its tents. The situation of the moment is this: capital is on strike!

Capital is on strike, out of employ! In England it has struck against limited liability; against railways; against promoters, contractors, and engineers; against joint-stock companies of every description; against speculators; partially, against foreign Governments. In France it has struck against the Crédit Mobilier and its satellites; against the system which produced the Mexican loan; against ambiguous utterances in high places; against political uncertainties; almost against the Empire itself. In England it complains of deficiencies of the law, and of the shortcomings of those to whom it had entrusted its fortunes; in France, of the uncertainties inflicted on commerce and finance by the ignorance imposed on the public as to the political event the morrow may bring forth. The causes which have arrested the activity of capital in the two countries are not identical; but they react upon each other, and have much in common. The uneasiness of French capitalists reacts upon ourselves. The disposition of England to abstain from all

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enterprise increases French timidity, and strengthens the policy of financial inaction. When English business-men cease to be sanguine, French capitalists think that times must indeed be bad. For years past, the more prudent portion of the French bankers have habitually acted on the theory that they were living on a volcano. The events of 1848 were never entirely forgotten; French liabilities never assumed the same proportion as ours. But if, in this respect, the difference is considerable, on the other hand the effect produced by enormous losses has been the same on both sides of the Channel. It is long since it has been necessary to pass such heavy losses to the debit of two countries in times of peace as have been *realised*—we will not say incurred—during the last few years. The origin of many of the disasters dates farther back; but the losses had not been acknowledged, the bad debts had not been written off. Illusions lasted till the crisis of '66 dispelled the mist. And these losses are important, not only because they have 'demoralised' capital, in the French sense of the word. They have absorbed national resources, and prevented the natural yearly accumulation of savings. Nothing is more abundantly clear than that the present low value of money cannot be the result of surplus profits. The average amount of the savings of England and France can of course never be correctly ascertained. Still rough estimates have acquired a certain amount of authority, and may serve as a basis for a general opinion. In France the estimate of annual profits or savings available for new investments, fixes the figure at 40 millions sterling per annum. In England the amount is supposed to be at least twice as great, and 80 millions is considered to be far within the mark. What has become of these enormous sums? The French, after the fashion of their country, compiled elaborate statistics to prove the mode in which their savings have been lost. A few years ago M. D'Eichthal, a Paris banker and writer of eminence, prepared tables exhibiting the amount of home and foreign loans, the foreign railways, and enterprises of various kinds, into which French capital had been put—of course not treating these investments as a loss, but simply as an absorption of so much capital. M. Pereire, from a perfectly different point of view, arranged a similar table, his object being to show the puny dimensions of the actual system of French banking by the side of the gigantic transactions in which France had engaged. In the famous inquiry held in Paris in consequence of the attacks on the Bank of France, these statistics were discussed; and the Governor of the Bank of France, M. Rouland, formed—upon the strength

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of these materials, and on figures prepared in the department of the Minister of Finance—an estimate of some of the absolute losses which France had suffered by various investments.

M. Rouland was engaged in dealing with the question as to what had become of the available capital, of the savings of France, and spoke of the swallowing up (*dévoration*) of capital which had taken place on all sides. Between the years 1852–65, the imperial Treasury had devoured no less a sum than 120 millions sterling. French Railways had absorbed 200 millions, loans to communes and departments had reached 32 millions, French credit companies and other joint-stock enterprises had consumed 200 millions. Total, 552 millions for 12 years, or 46 millions per annum; a larger sum than the estimated total of the annual savings of France. But this was not all. French financiers of the Imperial type were not so narrow-minded as to confine their operations within the limits of their own country. Most nations who are rich enough to lend to their neighbours have their specialities, though the favouritism shown is by no means the result of political affinity. The speciality of the Dutch is Austrian stock, the speciality of Frankfort and the South of Germany are the stocks of the United States, and the financial wants of a United Italy were liberally supplied by France, the country to whom their union has been the greatest source of offence. The greater portion of the gigantic loan of 30 millions sterling, negotiated by M. Minghetti, was taken in France, and we doubt whether French irritation against Italy has been soothed by the tremendous money losses caused by that operation. Italian stock subscribed for in Paris at 70 now stands at 45. A great portion of the stock has doubtless found its way back to Italy, but the loss of the French public on the transaction has been enormous.

M. Rouland stated incidentally to the Imperial Commission that Government loans had been negotiated between 1861 and 1865 to the extent of nearly 330 millions sterling (excluding the 450 millions borrowed by the United States). If that were included, the total would almost reach the sum of 800 millions sterling borrowed in the course of four years! Germany, however, is the only country which has invested to any serious extent in American stocks.

The figures which we have quoted do not by any means exhaust the catalogue of the engagements of France. The French have had their experience of railways as we have had ours, but with this notable difference. The French railways themselves have been a very great success, whereas on foreign railways they have lost fabulous sums. A shareholder in an

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English railway will breathe a half-envious sigh as he runs his eye over the columns in a French share list which chronicle dividends and premiums. The 500 franc shares of the Chemin de fer du Nord stand at 1165; of the Lyons railway, at 865 francs; of the Orleans, at 850 francs. This great success is, however, not entirely due to superior economy and management. The system under which French railways were built is peculiar. Government made contracts with the companies, undertaking the construction of the earthworks itself; in other words, the French railways have been subsidised by Government aid. Still here were splendid results. Up to a certain time everyone who had touched railways in France had made money, and railway enterprise rose high in public favour. By a very natural sequence the idea was suggested that similar profits might be realised abroad, and Spain and Italy were chosen as the favourite fields. The Governments of these countries were willing to lend their aid, but not in the form which had been followed by the French. They either paid their money down as a subvention, or gave a guarantee on a certain amount of capital. In France the chief risks of construction had been shared by the Government. Abroad all the risks of the enterprise were left to the shareholders. Those risks, whether in consequence of unavoidable circumstances, of deplorable miscalculations, or even something worse, proved to be most serious, and the catastrophe of the Spanish railways negotiated in France assumed dimensions beyond the worst disasters of our English shareholders. Not only are the shares in many of these undertakings absolutely worthless; even the 20*l.* *debentures* are in many cases not worth more than 4*l.* M. Rouland estimated the loss to France on foreign industrial enterprises alone at upwards of 60 millions sterling, of which by far the greatest proportion accrued on railways built in Italy and Spain. The immensity of the amount seems to justify an allusion to a cause which has powerfully contributed to diminish available savings in France, and at the same time explains the indignant withdrawal of vast sums of capital from a field of activity which has proved so calamitous. The balance-sheet of the Crédit Mobilier, showing as it does a loss of two millions sterling on investments, is an apt illustration of the course of French financial affairs.

We have not taken into account the operations of the Prefect of the Seine, which in a few years have raised the debt of the city of Paris to something like 35 millions borrowed, to a great extent, by an extravagant and unsatisfactory machinery. It is whispered that even in these days of Two

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per cent., the City of Paris has been, indirectly, paying 7 per cent. for loans. We have no need to speak of the commercial and agricultural disasters which have heightened the gloom in France, of short crops of wheat and wine, of the sufferings in the silk and cotton trades, of the losses incurred by France in common with all other countries on the general commerce of the last two years. We have said enough to show why capital is on strike, and why Two per cent. must be regarded not as the result of abundance and of profits, but of the displacement and non-employment of capital.

We will not attempt to measure by figures the losses of England during the last two years. Some misfortunes we have had in common with France—bad crops and unremunerative trade. With us, as in France, no branch of business has been able to boast of its success in the midst of universal calamities, and those have considered themselves singularly fortunate who, though they had not grown any richer, had at least not lost a portion of their wealth. In some disastrous undertakings we have indeed not fared so badly as France. The Mexican loan needed a Minister's advocacy to force it down, and French pockets paid the penalty of the too successful eloquence of a distinguished statesman. Neither Italian funds nor Spanish railways were ever popular here; and the gigantic operations of the Crédit Mobilier, in its own particular line, have scarcely been rivalled in this country. But we have no reason to boast. The aggregate of our losses has probably been as much greater than that of the French, as the aggregate of our capital and its capacities for good and for mischief are greater than theirs. It is needless to specify details, when the general statement unfortunately comes home to everybody's experience. The savings of several years may be required to fill up the gaps which have been made.

The losses incurred have been heightened by our incapacity to deal with the confusion which they produced. It is characteristic of this country that the tackle is never in order when we have to take to the boats. We are sanguine and go-a-head, and think more of speed, and of the best means of reaching our goal in spite of obstacles, than of preparing an elaborate organisation for the possible event of a break-down. Nothing can be worse than the disorder which follows mercantile shipwrecks. The bankruptcy system, private arrangement deeds, liquidation in Chancery, all are equally unsatisfactory. Men of business as we call ourselves, we seem hopelessly baffled as soon as confusion sets in, and the one task in which we seem to succeed least is the reduction of chaos to order.

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Chaos in railway matters, chaos in all the relations of limited liability, has prostrated our energies and prevented our recovery. Mismanagement in its time of tribulation, has discredited joint-stock enterprise no less than its exuberant indiscretions when all went well. Limited liability has been sharply pulled up. The wide channels which it opened for pouring capital into the dearest markets have been blocked for the nonce.

In January 1865 we called attention to the connexion between the development of joint-stock enterprise as a means for supplying capital to foreign countries and the high rate of interest subsisting in 1864. We wrote:—'It is clear that so 'long as the new system remains sufficiently popular to com-'mand, if not to entrap, the confidence of investors, the rate of 'interest cannot possibly, *cæteris paribus*, fall below a point at 'which companies trading with foreign countries are willing to 'take it. If money is again to become as cheap as our manu-'facturers would have it, one of two things must take place. 'Either the demand of foreign countries for English capital 'must decrease, or the credit of the companies through whose 'medium that demand is supplied must break down. The 'former alternative is very remote. With regard to the latter, it 'is unquestionably possible that the public, which has invested 'a certain portion of its savings in foreign enterprises, may be 'disappointed with the results, and may withdraw its confidence 'and withhold its contributions from over-speculative financial 'companies.' 'The new field of operation chosen by joint-'stock enterprise—that field, the most voracious of all'—seemed to us to have been 'the determining element in the 'rising price of capital, an influence which, *if not checked by 'a break-down of credit*, must,' we thought, 'from the very 'nature of the case, be more or less permanent in its character.' The break-down has, however, occurred. One of the two contingencies, which could alone, we believed, permit money to become cheap again, has actually occurred. The demand of foreign countries for English capital has certainly not ceased, but many of the companies through whose medium the demand was supplied have become discredited. The confidence of the public has been shattered. The conduit-pipes through which the reservoirs of English capital were opened up to foreign borrowers have become blocked by broken promises and disappointed hopes. The chief influence which tended towards a continued enhancement of the value of money is in abeyance on account of imperfections in its organisation.

In one respect, indeed, the development of joint-stock enterprise has exceeded the hopes of its most sanguine friends. Its

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functions were to be double—to collect drainage and to utilise it. As far as its object was to collect every drop of available capital into central reservoirs, it has done all and more than was expected. But many of the reservoirs proved unsafe, and the fields into which the capital, when collected, was poured turned out, in many instances, most unremunerative. The theory of the system as expounded by the French avowedly contemplated an increase of national force by the concentration of fractions of capital, which might otherwise not be utilised at all. The concentration has taken place, and even in an exaggerated form. Not only have savings, real available capital, been sucked in, but capital which was not available at all. The world parted with its reserves. Working capital was sacrificed to the craving for speculative investments. Many borrowed money for their permanent regular business, in order to be free to pour their own resources into a joint-stock company or into foreign funds. The concentration was too effectual, the subsequent diffusion very unsatisfactory. Of the actual losses we have already spoken. But the disasters are not to be measured by them. The country has laboured ever since under the absence of reserves. Too often the possibility of creating fresh reserves has been cut off by the necessity of meeting liabilities incurred upon shares which were not fully paid up. In other cases strenuous efforts are doubtless being made to restore the necessary working capital of a business to a normal amount. The process of course involves a continuous sale of imprudent or excessive investments, and, in the absence of any demand for such securities, the fall in prices has naturally been very great. The operations necessary for reconstructing 'reserves' seem to us to be by no means one of the least effective causes of the coexistence of panic prices for shares and stocks with money at Two per cent.

But, it may be said, where are these reserves? Surely the proceeds of the sale of shares and stocks are not locked up at home? They are carried to the banks, and the banks, who thus receive additional capital, might become the organs of its diffusion. In such a case the position of capital would surely not be changed?

But the change is very serious nevertheless. Bankers certainly employ the funds which have thus been placed in their hands, but such employment is tied down and guided by the strictest canons of orthodox banking.

The transfer of capital from hands which were ready to employ it boldly and speculatively, at high rates of interest, to hands where the most scrupulous caution and anxious fore-

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thought prevails, has doubtless contributed most materially to cheapen the rate of interest to borrowers of the highest repute. The disappearance of some of the largest money-dealers has caused a great change in the class of bills which can be considered as 'negotiable.' Not very long ago the discount of bills was a question rather of price than of quality. Now it is a question of quality, not of price at all. Establishments such as that of Overend, Gurney, & Co. seem to have conducted their business on the principle of insurance—that is to say, risks were consciously and avowedly run, provided a high premium was received. We offer no opinion on the policy of such a system. It is conceivable that it might be successful, if the premiums were sufficiently high, and the fund in reserve sufficiently large. We are simply pointing to the effect on the money market of solvent though speculative establishments, who deal with speculative customers ready to pay them any rates of interest they may exact. Their own real or supposed solvency enables them to borrow from those who would absolutely refuse loans at any rate of interest, if the security did not seem unquestionably good. Besides, they are also able to pay a slightly better price for the use of money than others, as their system gives them unlimited opportunities for its employment. Accordingly, the effect of their operations is this—they absorb the capital which might otherwise be available on cheap terms for first-class securities, and lend it out for speculative purposes. They become conduit-pipes, passing the resources of the cautious into the hands of the incautious. The effect of such a process on the rate of interest could not fail to be great. Nothing in ordinary times tends so much to raise the value of capital as the competition of doubtful securities, for the negotiation of which any consideration is readily offered. The fall of Overend, Gurney, & Co., and the disappearance of some similar establishments, have almost put an end to the system described. The result was to be foreseen. The most speculative customers of the establishments in question, deprived of the assistance to which they had been accustomed, would look in vain for the support of the banks. The resources of the banks had possibly been, to a certain extent, at their command before; for the banks deposited money with Overend, Gurney, & Co., and Overend, Gurney, & Co. lent it to them. But the command of the funds was lost with the destruction of the channel through which they passed. The nature of the deposits entrusted to bankers imposes a peculiar obligation, which is generally most scrupulously acknowledged. Bankers must employ such funds, but in their

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employment security, not price, must be the first consideration. High premiums ought never to tempt them to run patent risks. Their first object is to be absolutely safe, their next to have available resources for their regular customers. To save a client from ruin they are not unfrequently obliged to run risks which they would rather avoid, but the consideration is not the profit derived from a high charge, but the obligations imposed upon them by the habits and interests of their order. We are speaking of the great bulk of banking-houses, the representative firms. By them, loans on questionable though remunerative securities are absolutely tabooed; for such loans, though they need not necessarily lead to ultimate loss, lead, in four cases out of five, to a lock-up. We need not dwell on the light in which lock-ups are regarded by bankers.

The general result is plain. The public, sick of its previous investments, carries deposits in unprecedented amounts to the strong and careful banks, and the banks only use these deposits by loans to the most solvent of customers, or in the discount of the safest bills. But the most solvent customers are precisely those who are least likely to want much money, and the best class of bills do not exist to an unlimited amount. Hence the plethora of that particular kind of capital in one particular quarter, hence Two per cent. in Lombard Street, and in the discount office of the Bank of England. But the counterpart to this result is no less clear. For every other kind of business capital was seldom more difficult of access.

If some of the other classes of borrowers, to whom we have alluded, had been still able to avail themselves of the resources of the discount market by the continued manufacture of a certain class of bills of which the public has lately heard a good deal, the fall in the value of money resulting from the transfer of capital first to the banks on deposit, and through the banks to the discount of bills, would probably have remained within narrower limits. But finance bills, a device for opening new channels for securing loans for permanent purposes by the assumption of a temporary garb, have been practically banished from the discount market which they had invaded in great force. We remember to have read a pamphlet some years ago by Mr. Alfred Latham, a Director of the Bank of England, in which he draws a distinction between the terms 'discount' and 'interest,' and points out in effect that there are really two separate money markets—one for permanent, and one for temporary investments, and that it by no means follows, that, because money is abundant for one purpose, it must be abundant for another. What determines the rate of discount—

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that is to say, the rate for a loan of three months or less, on a bill of exchange—is the amount of capital seeking temporary employment in a given form. This amount is by no means so large as is generally believed, and being relatively limited, is very seriously affected even by additions or subtractions, which, viewed in connexion with the immense aggregate of mercantile transactions, might be considered comparatively insignificant. We have stated Mr. Latham's view in its broadest form. In practice it may be found that the two classes of capital continually overlap and trench on each other's domain, so that it is impossible to draw a sharp line of demarcation. But the distinction is valuable nevertheless, and assists to explain both the dearness in the discount market some time ago and the present reaction. Those who were in search of capital for permanent purposes, poached, and very successfully too, on their neighbours' preserves. When railways could not raise funds on their own distinctive forms of securities, such as shares and debentures, when Governments found themselves unable to issue regular stock, when impoverished shipowners could not find capitalists ready to make them an advance on that very critical kind of security—a mortgage on ships,—bills were manufactured to take the place of those unavailable forms of credit. Recent disclosures have initiated the public more or less into the mode of proceeding. Part of the financing of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway took this form, and supplies a conspicuous illustration of the invasion of the discount market by permanent borrowers. Liverpool has furnished some striking examples of the creation of 'shipping paper,' a class of security viewed with much disfavour by bankers of the old school,—bills different in their very essence from common mercantile paper, as instead of representing property which is intended to be sold, they represent the very opposite, property which by these bills is to be preserved from sale.

Mercantile bills are short-lived. They represent a transaction which in a few months comes to a natural end. Their most common function is to bridge over the interval between the purchases of goods and their resale, either in the same or in an altered shape. Foreign bills come under this definition in so far as they are not drawn on demand, but are payable after the lapse of a certain number of days or months. They not only effect a transfer, but they allow a certain amount of time. The length of life accorded to bills depends to a great extent on the difficulties or facilities which a particular trade encounters in passing on the goods which it buys. The theory, undoubtedly, is that the proceeds of the goods will afford the

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means to extinguish the bill. Whether new bills representing new transactions will take the place of those which are thus paid off, depends upon the activity of trade. If times become bad, the amount of mercantile paper decreases in proportion. It falls and rises with the ebb and flow of prosperity. Finance bills, on the other hand, are different in both respects. Unlike mercantile bills, they are not intended to be paid off and extinguished when they fall due. Contracts exist for their renewal. They represent transactions spread over years instead of months. And, again, unlike mercantile bills, their amount does not naturally contract when times get bad, nay, the worse the times, the more certain it is that, at any sacrifice, they must be kept alive. The effect of the competition of such a class of bills with commercial bills proper may easily be imagined. They would naturally bear upon the market with a weight disproportionate to their actual amount. They are known to be poachers, notwithstanding their mask, and have to pay blackmail. But commissions paid every three months for renewals, besides interest fixed at so and so much above bank-rate, spoils, so long as all goes well, the happy recipients for the more humdrum transactions of discounting regular bills. For the latter, accordingly, higher rates are also exacted, and the briskness of the competition, even more than the actual increase in the amount of bills, raises the rate of interest to all.

On the other hand, the system of financing by bills, of which the renewal was promised by contract, but depended on the willingness of others who were not parties to the contract, to discount the new bills, was absolutely certain to lead to great financial disasters. The crisis of '66 struck a blow at credit under which our whole system reeled and staggered. The soundest portion of our trade needed a long time to recover; other portions have not recovered yet, though they are slowly and laboriously progressing. But as for the class of bills which we have described, they have vanished altogether, in many cases involving drawers, acceptors, and discounters in one common ruin. The transactions on which they were based were broken up; the nature of the bills was revealed, and those who had been driven to the use of this financial device—because, even in better times they could not find money in the ordinary way—were utterly unable to pay the bills, when failures on all sides shut off the possibility of renewals.

The disappearance of this class of bills naturally created a remarkable reaction in the money market, where their presence had been such a source of mischief. The amounts were large in themselves. We have heard that the disappearance of the

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bills of one large group of contractors alone has relieved the discount market of an incubus of eight millions' worth of paper. But the relief experienced is not to be measured by the amount withdrawn. No class of securities had played so great a part in running up the rate of interest. The stakes for which all concerned were playing were so high that the difference of a few pounds per cent. in the rate of discount scarcely weighed in the scale. Mercantile bills have been freed from a competition against which they could hardly hold their own. Their turn has come. The borrowers for permanent purposes no longer absorb a large portion of the resources of the temporary market. They have retired, not because their demands are satisfied, but because their demands are no longer entertained. They leave the discount market to its normal customers, and are shut out themselves just at the time when unwonted supplies, diverted from the field of permanent investment, are pouring into that market for short loans which they are compelled to abandon. That under these circumstances the rate of discount, in its literal sense, should have fallen unprecedently low, is no less natural than that difficulties in the way of railways and every kind of permanent enterprise should be exceedingly great. Viewed in connexion with the attitude of capital turning its back on almost every class of borrowers; with the reconstitution of reserves; with the collapse of many of the channels by which capital used to be carried into foreign markets; with the temporary deposit of idle money in the hands of the banks; with the peculiar employment given in the discount market to such spare money by the bankers in whose hands it is placed; and, finally, with the withdrawal from the discount market of whole classes of bills, which used to weigh upon it with especial heaviness, the co-existence of Two per cent., with much financial embarrassment and the depression of every kind of stocks and shares, ceases to be the glaring anomaly which it appeared at first sight.

Another difficulty, however, must suggest itself to every mind. Money, we have seen, is flowing into channels over which commerce has almost exclusive command. Why, then, does commerce not make use of its opportunities? Why does not speculation in goods and produce revive? Why do not our merchants and manufacturers resume their wonted activity?

That there is little or no *speculation* in goods is beyond a doubt; and that trade has been generally unremunerative is also very certain. But it is not so clear that the amount of our international transactions has been so unsatisfactory as the

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simple totals of our imports and exports would lead us to suppose. Totals often require to be greatly modified. Large additions to our international transactions need not always be a matter for unmixed congratulation. If we had lost all our cattle and all our corn, an increase in our imports solely due to such a cause would doubtless be so far satisfactory that we should have procured the means of subsistence and been able to pay for them, but highly unsatisfactory as a register of prosperous circumstances. On the other hand, a fall in the price of the raw materials by which our leading manufactures are fed, might lessen the value of our imports, but be in itself a most gratifying event. The aggregate value must always be most carefully compared with the aggregate *quantities*. If we consume the same quantities of tea and coffee, sugar and tobacco, but pay the producers a lower price, the first appearance of our tables of imports may be unfavourable, but we have not much reason to complain. Again, it is interesting to know whether any diminution of our foreign trade is due to causes over which we ourselves have control, or to accidents affecting our customers abroad. It is perfectly conceivable that our business might be suffering a temporary check, not in consequence of any crisis at home, of difficulties in our labour market, indeed of any disqualification on our part to compete successfully for our lion's share in the commerce of the world, but exclusively on account of embarrassments besetting our foreign customers, or on account of suicidal tariffs abroad. The United States might be more responsible for our diminished exports than Trades' unions at home. It is evident that a host of questions may be partially answered, not so much by the totals, as by the component items of the commercial statistics at our command. What is the real key to the apparent serious decline in our trade? Are we eating and drinking less? are we producing and selling less? Have our workshops been more idle? Have strikes had their effect? Are we ceasing to supply markets where we find our rivals ensconced?

At first sight, the figures for 1867 certainly look gloomy enough, and the first separate item which strikes the eye deepens the unfavourable impression. We start with a decline in our exports and imports of 18 millions; but the significance of the amount is greatly enhanced, when we find that, but for an excess of 10 millions in the value of grain imported in 1867—that is to say, but for extraordinary purchases abroad to fill up a gap caused by a disaster at home, purchases which can scarcely be taken into account in any comparison between the relative movements of trade in two successive years,—our import

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lists for 1867 would have shown a much larger decline. Accordingly, if we wish to measure the full extent of the alleged diminution in our trade, we must strike out the excess on corn, and look a deficiency not of 18 millions, but of 28 millions, fairly in the face.

But if the item of corn thus heightens our apprehensions, the item of cotton changes the whole aspect of affairs. The price of cotton fell thirty per cent. during 1867, causing by its fall a double effect. Not only was the aggregate value of our imports reduced by the cheapness of the most important raw material with which foreign countries supply us; the cheaper raw material lessened the cost of the manufactured article. If the price of cotton had been the same in 1867 as in 1866, our importations would have been worth 14 millions more, our exportations 8 millions more, than we now find them. The lower value of cotton alone, irrespective of quantities, has reduced the total of our imports and exports by the enormous sum of 22 millions. The actual figures of the Board of Trade show a reduction of 20 millions on the importation of cotton, and of 4 millions on the exportation of cotton manufactures, but of the former 6 millions are due to *quantity*, and 14 millions to *price* alone. As to our exports of cotton yarn and manufactured goods, we have actually sold ten per cent. more in *quantity*, though the aggregate *value*, owing to the cheaper raw material, stands at eight per cent. less. Had cotton not fallen in value, our exports would not appear to have declined, but on the contrary to have advanced. There would have been an increase of 4 millions in the item, 'exports of cotton manufactured goods,' instead of the present decrease of the same amount.

The price of cotton stands now almost where it stood before the great convulsion. Huge fortunes melted away as it fell. Whoever held stocks felt the ground giving way beneath his feet. But Englishmen were by no means the only, nor perhaps the heaviest, losers. A large proportion of cotton, as of other commodities, is sent to England on consignment by the foreign producers; and the more an article falls, the more likely is it to belong to, and be held by, the producers themselves, who, just as the officers of a regiment are the last to believe in its disloyalty, are the least inclined to believe in the permanent decline of their favourite production. No one clings more fondly to his bales of cotton in spite of a never-ending fall, than the Egyptian or Indian native. Of the money lost on the stock of cotton an enormous amount must be put down to foreign account. No branch of trade connected with the article has been

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exempt, and we have heard the saying in Liverpool, that 1865 ruined the speculators, 1866 the merchants, 1867 the producers. Be that as it may, apart from individual suffering and local catastrophes, the cheapening of the raw material of our chief branch of industry is, in itself, not a drawback, but a great public benefit. Not only is the cheaper price of the commodity an advantage in itself; the greater security which low prices inspire, imparts animation to trade. Manufacturers are relieved of their chronic fright of remaining saddled with goods made of dear cotton, when their neighbours may be able a few weeks later to buy their raw material at two-thirds of the cost.

The reduction in the *quantity* of cotton imported amounts, as we have seen, to a sum of 6 millions, which, together with the 22 millions due to the cheaper price, accounts for the whole of the apparent decline in our international transactions, even when that decline is increased by subtracting the excess on wheat. It is not true, therefore, to say that we have been going back. We have simply stood still. That less cotton has reached our shores, may—considering the abundant stock in Liverpool, and the falling price—be regarded with equanimity. It rarely happens that, as in this instance, smaller supplies and cheaper prices are found combined.

The fluctuations in the remainder of our imports and exports have not been very important; but, if our space permitted, we might call attention to several interesting circumstances. The effects of the cessation of the cattle-plague are very evident in the diminution in the items of cattle and tallow; but, save in this exceptional case, it is curious to observe that where we find larger figures, it is generally in things to eat and drink, articles of immediate consumption, whereas we find smaller figures in the case of articles which are accessory to manufactures, but are not themselves consumed. We have drunk more tea and coffee, sweetened them with more sugar, smoked more tobacco, made more rice puddings, and put more raisins and currants into them, and been somewhat more abstemious only in the case of spirits and wine.

On the other hand, we have bought less materials for several of our subsidiary manufactures. Less hemp and less timber doubtless suggest the construction of fewer ships, the non-employment of workmen in docks, and great distress in the East end of London. The decline in the quantities of other raw material is probably more due to our home trade than to our international relations; for our exports do not show a corresponding reduction in several cases, where, from the smaller

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import of raw material, we might at first sight have expected a falling off; indeed, there is nowhere any decline which could for one moment be considered important by the side of the large excess in the cotton goods which we have sent abroad. This very excess perhaps may have caused the slight reduction which we find in woollen, linen, and silk manufactures. Why the Australian ladies have taken a million's worth less of 'millinery' and apparel, gallantry forbids us to inquire. Hardware and cutlery exhibit a slight, and a somewhat disagreeable decrease; disagreeable because, small as it is, it is spread over a large number of our customers, a circumstance calculated to suggest unpleasant reflections and memories. Otherwise on no single article of export do we find any reduction as large as 200,000*l.*; in some there is a slight, in others, a decided augmentation. In the metal trade we have continued our advance; and we rejoice to find that under the head of machinery, notwithstanding continued rumours of irresistible competition, we have not only held our own, but gained considerable ground. Trade is undoubtedly miserably depressed, and there are evidences of stagnation which no one can gainsay; but nevertheless a closer review of our exports seems to exclude many of the disheartening inferences, and to forbid many of the gloomy prophecies, which the first aspect of the vast gaps in the tables of the Board of Trade seemed peremptorily to enforce.

The changes of direction which our exports have undergone confirm the more hopeful view. They will be found to be highly suggestive. It might have been supposed that the ceaseless anxiety as to European war would have frightened both our continental customers and ourselves; and that *their* fears of heavy commitments just before a period of trouble, and *our* fears of unpunctual payments if war should break out, might have restricted our continental trade; while, on the other hand, we might have consoled ourselves by extending our operations to countries as far removed as possible from the reach of European calamities. Nothing, however, would be farther from the truth; for we have greatly increased our trade with our nearest neighbours, and curtailed it with America and the antipodes. One country in Europe alone, embarrassed Turkey, with her heterogeneous dependencies, is a defaulter to any serious extent, though even here two-thirds of the decline is due to the lower price of cotton goods, and consequently only nominal. Elsewhere in Europe, barring insignificant fractions, we have either stood still or advanced, and we have advanced most with our very best and most punctual customers. Holland, France, and Russia together have increased their purchases by

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2 millions, and Germany by the extraordinary sum of 5 millions! Clearly, if there is a hitch in our trade, we cannot hold Europe responsible. Here at least we have not yielded an inch to the presence of rivals, nor withdrawn on account of troubles at home. Our exports to European countries, notwithstanding the lower value of the goods, show a net excess of 5 millions. Africa raises our surplus from 5 millions to 6, and though in Asia a reduction is threatened in China and Japan, India sweeps in magnificently with a million increase, and we conclude our transactions with three quarters of the globe still with a rising surplus. In South America, the first serious blow is dealt. The Brazilian Empire is a heavy defaulter, and leaves us in the lurch for a million and a half; but Peru and Chili, plucky little Republics, come to the rescue, and we pass northwards still with our proud excess of 6 millions. We come, however, to a dismal region. The whole group of countries surrounding the bay of Mexico are under a cloud. New Granada, still quivering under the last of her perpetual revolutions, Venezuela, publicly and privately as impracticable a debtor as any in the world, Mexico, utterly demoralised and impoverished, have, together, purchased less goods by a million and a half. No countries take longer credits; from none is the recovery of the value of goods sold a more hopeless task; and that *they* reduce our surplus to 4 millions and a half is neither a great calamity nor, in times like these, an unfavourable sign. But at our next step we encounter a great disaster. The United States at one blow sweep the whole of that surplus away, and leave us with an actual deficiency. Their commercial disorganisation is bearing its natural fruit; their tariff does its intended work. The expansion of our trade in so many quarters has been neutralised by its contraction in America. Our exports have declined, not from any disaster for which we ourselves are responsible, but on account of the terrible ordeal through which the United States have passed, and the suicidal policy by which they attempt to repair its ravages.

Our own North American colonies follow up the blow; they raise our deficiency to a million and a half, and Australia completes the work. No country has suffered a more severe commercial collapse. Next to the United States, it is most accountable for every decline in our trade; but while we deplore the gap thus made, it is essential to remember, that here, as in the case of the Americans, it is our customers and not we who are at fault. The States, the North American Provinces, and Australia change an excess of four millions into a deficiency of six.

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In several respects, then, the result of a bird's-eye view of our export trade appears to us to be not unsatisfactory. Where a decrease has occurred, it seems to have been due to extraordinary and temporary causes, but where we have advanced, we have found no extraordinary circumstances, and may hope that the expansion is normal and regular. That Europe, where our clients are most solvent and most prompt in payment, and where, if anywhere, we might expect to suffer from the successful competition of dangerous rivals, should have bought more from us than ever before, is peculiarly significant. An increase of exports may sometimes be the result simply of a desperate effort. Unable to get rid of their stocks, manufacturers sometimes consign them as a forlorn hope to the far East, in order, if they cannot sell, at least to procure an advance of money on their goods from the firms to whom they entrust the sale. But there is no great increase in our trade with the East. Germany, of all countries, has improved our commercial statistics most, and generally we have traded less with countries at a distance and more with those near home. Nothing, indeed, can be more natural, in the prevailing state of distrust and uncertainty, than that men of business, thoroughly discouraged as they are, and unable to shake off the despondent impressions left by an unprecedented crisis, and continuously threatened by the probability of political troubles, should avoid transactions, into which credit largely enters, and which will absorb their resources for a long time in advance, preferring to trade, even at much diminished profits, with customers who are within reach of a railway or a telegraph, and from whom punctual payment may confidently be expected.

One other feature in our foreign trade deserves a passing comment. The movements of bullion have declined by the enormous amount of 19 millions. We need not, however, go far to look for the cause. Two-thirds of the decline are explained by the fact that bullion has been spared a number of useless and costly journeys. The violent oscillations in the rate of interest in 1866 several times created a sudden and rapid demand for the transfer of capital from continental countries to ourselves. The most available form of transfer, when bills at sight cannot be procured, is to despatch gold; and gold was accordingly hurried over to England in immense quantities to be returned as soon as the alarm had subsided, and the crisis had past. Thus we find extraordinary imports on one side of the account in 1866, but extraordinary exports on the other, neither of them due to the wholesome activity, but rather to the feverishness, of trade. We need not regret the

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decline in this class of transactions in 1867. The remaining third is probably due partly to the fall in the value of cotton, a commodity for which several of our customers took payment in gold, partly to the substitution of wheat for gold as an article of import, and partly to the cessation of a cause, which was largely in operation in 1866, the sudden cancelling of outstanding credits, with peremptory notice to foreign debtors that they must pay forthwith. Millions of gold answered to the summons, and came pouring in upon us from the United States, a few weeks after the great collapse in 1866. Such a process, however, cannot be repeated. It exhausts the reserves.

The story of the Board of Trade, fairly precise, as we may presume it to be, as far as regards the volume and the direction of our international trade, is, naturally, silent as to the *results* of the stupendous transactions which it records. If the bulk has been great, our manufacturers cannot have been idle, and wages must have been earned; but as to the profits realised, no inferences can be drawn. Neither merchants nor manufacturers at once arrest their trade because their last venture involved a loss. The momentum of commerce is too great to admit of a sudden or even a rapid check. Wars, revolutions, financial panics, catastrophes of every kind, may occur, but many months will elapse before the break begins to tell upon the headlong speed of our commercial course. The system of credit, coupled with the vast business transacted with countries beyond the reach of sudden action, binds the free will of capitalists and merchants always for many months, sometimes for a year, in advance. Come what may, contracts must be fulfilled, credits be honoured, goods be paid for, and the loss endured. It might indeed be said that the time which has elapsed since the crisis of 1866 has been so long that ample opportunities have been given for winding up pending engagements. The effects of precautions taken when the crisis was most violent, must have made themselves felt long ago, and the contraction of business must surely, it may be said, have been infinitely greater had new operations not followed on the liquidation of the old. But even as regards new business, merchants and manufacturers are not entirely free agents. The desire for curtailment cannot be pushed too far. A staff cannot be discharged, works cannot be allowed to stand still and become disorganised, nay, more, clients and customers cannot be suddenly abandoned, the good-will of a long-established connexion cannot be sacrificed, because personal convenience and the interests of the moment make all business undesirable.

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Nor can our foreign commerce be considered entirely apart from our home trade. They have too much in common for one to be prostrated without some sympathetic suffering on the part of the other; and we certainly believe that all the financial misfortunes of 1866, the terrible disasters of bankrupt companies, the collapse of railway credit, the disappearance of dividends, the discharge of a vast array of middle-class employés, the diminished resources of countless families, the excessive dearness of bread, have produced a cessation of buying which justifies the assertion of many engaged in the home trade that for forty and fifty years, times have not been so bad. Such stagnation may drive them to divert goods intended for sale at home into the foreign market, and those habitually engaged in the foreign trade may find themselves undersold. Meanwhile everybody is disheartened. The break down of credit, and the contraction of the number of bills afloat, have the same result upon prices as a contraction of currency. Prices have universally fallen, and in a falling market no one will lay in stocks. Besides, nothing is more infectious than despondency. The stimulus of cheap money is of little avail in comparison with the dismal influences under which our home trade seems hopelessly cast down.

If, then, it is asked, why, side by side with the accumulation of idle capital in Lombard Street (an accumulation seeming to offer such exceptional opportunities to merchants), we find a reduction in our imports and exports, the reply should be made, that, in the first place, it is incorrect to speak of a reduction in our foreign trade at all, since the apparent decrease is solely due to the cheaper value of cotton; and, in the next place, that the scale of our foreign business would have actually been much larger than ever, but for the legislative mistakes and temporary embarrassments of some of our Transatlantic customers,—causes against which Two per cent. is powerless to prevail. Further, it may be said, that the present position of the home trade reacts upon all other branches, and greatly diminishes the chances of profit, while wheat at seventy shillings is in itself enough to enforce most stringent mercantile caution. But other reasons remain. The financial needs of commerce have themselves been reduced to a minimum. When prices are exceedingly low, when, consequently, not only the cost of goods on their homeward or outward journey is exceedingly reduced, but the stocks of merchandise all over the country absorb less capital, and when the stocks themselves of these cheaper goods are allowed to dwindle to a minimum, it is clear that for an equal amount of business infinitely less money, much fewer loans, will be required. Add the cir-

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cumstance of shorter credits being granted to foreign customers. The financial world has drawn in its forces from outlying regions and concentrated them at home. Money is in vain offered to commerce on cheaper terms than for many years past; for low interest can do no more than increase profits. It does not remove the danger of placing borrowed money beyond reach of recall. Merchants are at present like beaten troops. They have lost confidence in their star. Their reverses have been so serious, so continuous, that they despair of success, and we believe it difficult to exaggerate the half-heartedness and gloomy feeling with which trade is now carried on. Business cannot be stopped, but it is pursued without confidence or satisfaction. We need hardly say that continental politics largely contribute to prevent the slightest favourable reaction. So long as European affairs are simply settled by arrangements from hand to mouth, commerce will follow suit and only provide for the barest necessities of the day. If the aspect of politics abroad were materially to change for the better, English trade might, by degrees, overcome its despondent tone, forget its reverses, and begin on a sounder footing with every hope of success. It will have a long start over other kinds of enterprise for which the machinery of limited liability is preferred, as the requisite repairs in the latter system cannot be made without a lengthened delay. For some time to come, commerce will clearly be able to obtain loans on its own terms. But it would be a fatal error to mistake concentration for abundance. Our forces have not been increased, but we have them more in hand. The demands upon us will not be diminished; they are only kept in suspense; and when confidence once revives, when the impressions of 1866 fade away, when, if such a period is to be at all foreseen, the state of Europe once more appears to offer a fair chance of tranquillity; when, if such an assumption at the present moment is even hypothetically admissible, the machinery for supplying foreign countries with English capital is again at work,—then it will be found that those untold millions, now apparently so inexhaustible, which culminated in Two per cent., were little more than the limited reserves of a limited class, important not from their amount, but from their concentration on a given spot, where, entrusted to agency most scrupulously cautious, they were offered for the use of commerce, but offered ineffectually, on account of the memory of losses, which a year had been insufficient to efface, and the apprehension of European troubles, of which the most confident prophet would not dare to forecast the end.

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ART. IX.—*Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands, from* 1848 *to* 1861, *to which are prefixed and added Extracts from the same Journal giving an account of earlier Visits to Scotland, and Tours in England and Ireland, and Yachting Excursions.* Edited by ARTHUR HELPS. London: 1868.

A REIGNING SOVEREIGN who condescends to enter the Republic of Letters may be assumed to lay aside for a moment that Majesty which constitutes the grandeur and the solitude of the Throne. These leaves from the private journal of the Queen are addressed to the domestic sympathy of the people of England. They owe, no doubt, much of the interest they will excite to the character of their august author, and to the contrast which the mind involuntarily draws between the outward splendour and formality of Royalty and the incidents of daily life which are common to all sorts and conditions of men. But their real claim to the universal notice they cannot fail to receive, lies in the genuine simplicity with which the private life of the Royal Family, and the sentiments of the first Lady in the land, are related in these pages. In this respect the publication of this volume is unprecedented and unique. These are chapters of the autobiography of one who still occupies, and will, we trust, long continue to occupy, the most prominent position in the eyes of this nation and of the world. The 'fierce light 'which beats upon the throne' is around her. Every speck, if specks there were, would be 'blackened to a blot;' every trifle in the existence of the great is magnified to an event, and measured not by its own insignificance, but by their importance. Yet undisturbed by the glare which might blind and dazzle eyes less accustomed to live in it, the Queen of England pursues the simple avocations and amusements of woman's life; she teaches her children—she controls her servants, whose lives in every detail are familiar to her—she scratches an expressive outline on her sketch-book—she shares with an intense sympathy the tastes, the pursuits, the sports of her husband—and she records day by day, in pages destined at the time for no eyes but her own, the current of a life which needed not the burden or the glory of a Crown to make it complete and happy. No doubt, it is the touch of grief which has unlocked these secrets of love. Men are not wont to breathe aloud the sense of their deepest enjoyments until they have lost them. Then indeed, when the Past has received the ashes of the Present into its eternal keeping, every trifle acquires a deeper

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potency—a faded rose-leaf, a familiar scent, the tone of an unforgotten voice, the outline of a scene once gazed on by other eyes than our own, all acquire a perpetual meaning, and the things which were most fugitive in their brief existence become imperishable in their remains.

These thoughts will naturally occur to all who, with mingled feelings of curiosity, surprise, and sympathy, open this volume or even follow the fainter image of it in these pages. The surprise will pass away. The curiosity will be satisfied. But the sympathy will remain: in that alone, if we are not mistaken, the desire of the Queen's heart will be accomplished.

In presence of motives such as these and of a book dictated by such motives, the duties and the rights of criticism are very limited. The Sovereign Princes of India, who have been divested by the policy or the arms of Great Britain of their supreme power, are, nevertheless, exempted by a just consideration for their rank and character from the process and jurisdiction of the Courts of Law. And if the Head of a great Monarchy thinks fit to address her subjects in the language of a Wife, a Mother, and a Woman rather than in the language of a Queen, dismissing on this occasion the state which on every other public occasion surrounds her, it is not less due to herself that the Courts Critical should declare her exempt from their ordinary jurisdiction. For this reason we did not follow the example of many of our contemporaries by reviewing in this Journal the volume recently published by the Queen's command on the 'Early Years of the Prince Consort.' That volume did not appear to us to contain the materials necessary for a full and genial appreciation of the character of that eminent person in the more active and important period of his life; and as a more complete biography of the Prince is known to be in preparation by a very competent writer, we suspended our judgment until the whole life is before us. Prince Albert was a man of so much real mark, and his position in this country was so peculiar, that he will occupy a page in history, and the testimony of his contemporaries to his virtues and his gifts ought to be fully and deliberately given. In such cases a rapid or superficial panegyric savours of adulation; and, on the other hand, it would be unwise, and perhaps impertinent, to anticipate the publication of more ample biographical materials.

But to the present volume no such remark applies. Its lightness and elegance will prove a universal passport. It lays no claim to the dignity of history or the gravity of literature. But its merits are precisely those which graver historians and

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more practised writers very often fail to reach. To say simple and common things well is not a very easy task; still less to say them in such a way that they impress the memory and touch the heart. The charm of this volume is, in one word, its inimitable artlessness, and its entire freedom from pretension, affectation, and cant. These are marks of the highest breeding, and the highest breeding adds dignity and grace to the highest station. Louis XIV. at Versailles was regarded by his courtiers as the model of refinement and of majesty; but he did not always escape the vulgarity of pomp. George IV., at the Pavilion or the Cottage, could put on the manners of the 'first Gentleman in Europe;' but he was infected by the vulgarity of vice. In the one and in the other selfishness had cankered the root of true nobility; and the more their private life is known, the less these sovereigns command the admiration of posterity. They lived a purely artificial life, and when the tinsel of the setting was removed, they sank into coarse and mean specimens of human nature. In these Journals, on the contrary, all is natural and all is pure. The Highland life of the Court is the life of any house in the Highlands, where mutual forbearance and goodwill endear the inmates to each other, where the humblest servant shares in the spirit and the sports of his masters, where enterprise and gaiety are stimulated by healthful exercise, where a taste for art heightens the enjoyment of nature, and where a cheerful piety and liberal views of life and society prevail. There are, no doubt, many such houses in Scotland and in England too. Such abodes are best known to those who have the good fortune to frequent them. But it would not be easy in any of them to draw a more pleasing and accurate picture of life and character than the Queen his given us from Balmoral.

To ourselves, especially, children by birth or by adoption of the North, and not more proud of the genius and enterprise of the Scottish people than we are of the natural beauties and the social enjoyments of Scotland, these pages touch a chord of personal and national sympathy, for they are principally and essentially pictures of Scottish life. To how many of us, too, have the cheerful autumn days spent on the hills not been the happiest hours of the happiest years? To how many of us, too, are the thrilling recollections of many a joyous day on the moor or the mountains, not mingled with the remembrance of those who were once there, but are now gone from us for ever? It is one of the fortunate circumstances of the Queen's reign that she visited Scotland early enough to enter cordially into its own peculiar Highland life, and that she has stayed in

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Scotland long enough and often enough thoroughly to know its own true strong-hearted people. With the exception of the pompous visit of George IV. to Edinburgh in 1822, no sovereign of the House of Hanover had ever set foot in Scotland. No Prince of the Royal blood of England had trod the Highland glens since the invasion of Charles Edward. Jacobitism was extinct, for so was the House of Stuart; but the loyalty of many a Scottish house consisted in the tradition of what it had done and suffered for the old cause. Queen Victoria was the first sovereign, since the accession of James VI. to the English throne, who made Scotland a home. The links which have been wrought between herself and the Scottish people are not the work of tradition, or imagination, or legal obligation, but they are the result of personal knowledge, affection, and confidence. Indeed the relations which spring up and subsist in the Highlands between persons of different ranks are so simple and natural, that they could hardly have their being elsewhere. In no part of England would the same freedom and ease be enjoyed; and it is vain to express a regret that the attempt has not been made in Ireland to acclimatise the Royal Family to that not ungrateful soil; for the state of Ireland and the uncertain disposition of a portion of the Irish people probably rendered such an experiment too hazardous.

It was then in a fortunate moment both for the Sovereign and the people that Queen Victoria and her husband first sailed in the Royal George Yacht in August 1842 from Woolwich to the Forth. About twenty-five years ago, it appears to have been considered by the Admiralty as inconsistent with the dignity of the Crown to go to sea in a steamer. The Queen was therefore three days on her voyage in the old Royal George, making at one time only three knots an hour. She reached Leith on September 1. For the return of the Royal party it was necessary to hire the 'Trident' from the General Steam Navigation Company. Her Majesty's first impression of Edinburgh and of the Scotch was, naturally enough, that of landing in a foreign country:—

'The impression Edinburgh has made upon us is very great; it is quite beautiful, totally unlike anything else I have seen; and what is even more, Albert, who has seen so much, says it is unlike anything *he* ever saw; it is so regular, everything built of massive stone, there is not a brick to be seen anywhere. The High Street, which is pretty steep, is very fine. Then the Castle, situated on that grand rock in the middle of the town, is most striking. . . .

'The country and people have quite a different character from England and the English. The old women wear close caps, and all

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the children and girls are barefooted. I saw several handsome girls and children with long hair; indeed all the poor girls, from sixteen and seventeen down to two or three years old, have loose flowing hair; a great deal of it red.

'At breakfast I tasted the oatmeal porridge, which I think very good, and also some of the "Finnan haddies." We then walked out.

'Albert says that many of the people look like Germans. The old women with that kind of cap which they call a "mutch," and the young girls and children with flowing hair, and many of them pretty, are very picturesque; you hardly see any women with bonnets.' (Pp. 8–10.)

We pass by the sights of Edinburgh and the hospitable houses of Mid Lothian. The Queen was entertained at Dalkeith and held her first drawing-room at Holyrood. A few days later she visited Scone and was joyously received at Perth:—

'Wednesday, September 7.

'We walked out, and saw the mound on which the ancient Scotch kings were always crowned; also the old arch with James VI.'s arms, and the old cross, which is very interesting.

'Before our windows stands a sycamore-tree planted by James VI. A curious old book was brought to us from Perth, in which the last signatures are those of James I. (of England) and of Charles I., and we were asked to write our names in it, and we did so. Lord Mansfield told me yesterday that there were some people in the town who wore the identical dresses that had been worn in Charles I.'s time.'

But the Queen's first introduction to the Highlands really was at Taymouth, where she was received by the princely Breadalbane:—

'At a quarter to four we left Dunkeld as we came, the Highland Guard marching with us till we reached the outside of the town. The drive was quite beautiful all the way to Taymouth. The two highest hills of the range on each side are (to the left, as you go on after leaving Dunkeld) Craig-y-Barns and (to the right, immediately above Dunkeld) Craigvinean. The Tay winds along beautifully, and the hills are richly wooded. We changed horses first at Balanagard (nine miles), to which place Captain Murray, Lord Glenlyon's brother, rode with us. The hills grew higher and higher, and Albert said it was very Swiss-looking in some parts. High-ribbed mountains appeared in the distance, higher than any we have yet seen. This was near Aberfeldy (nine miles), which is charmingly situated and the mountains very lofty. At a quarter to six we reached Taymouth. At the gate a guard of Highlanders, Lord Breadalbane's men, met us. Taymouth lies in a valley surrounded by very high wooded hills; it is most beautiful. The house is a kind of castle, built of granite. The *coup-d'œil* was indescribable.

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There were a number of Lord Breadalbane's Highlanders, all in the Campbell tartan, drawn up in front of the house, with Lord Breadalbane himself in a Highland dress at their head, a few of Sir Neil Menzies' men (in the Menzies red and white tartan), a number of pipers playing, and a company of the 92nd Highlanders, also in kilts. The firing of the guns, the cheering of the great crowd, the picturesqueness of the dresses, the beauty of the surrounding country, with its rich background of wooded hills, altogether formed one of the finest scenes imaginable. It seemed as if a great chieftain in olden feudal times was receiving his sovereign. It was princely and romantic. Lord and Lady Breadalbane took us upstairs, the hall and stairs being lined with Highlanders.

'The Gothic staircase is of stone and very fine; the whole of the house is newly and exquisitely furnished. The drawing-room, especially, is splendid. Thence you go into a passage and a library, which adjoins our private apartments. They showed us two sets of apartments, and we chose those which are on the right hand of the corridor or anteroom to the library. At eight we dined. . . . The dining-room is a fine room in Gothic style, and has never been dined in till this day. Our apartments also are inhabited for the first time. After dinner the grounds were most splendidly illuminated,—a whole chain of lamps along the railings, and on the ground was written in lamps, "Welcome Victoria—Albert!"

'A small fort, which is up in the woods, was illuminated, and bonfires were burning on the tops of the hills. I never saw anything so fairy-like. There were some pretty fireworks, and the whole ended by the Highlanders dancing reels, which they do to perfection, to the sound of the pipes, by torchlight, in front of the house. It had a wild and very gay effect.'

To this vivid record of a brilliant scene the Queen has appended the following note,—

'I revisited Taymouth last autumn, on the 3rd of October, from Dunkeld (incognita), with Louise, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, and Miss MacGregor. As we could not have driven through the grounds without asking permission, and we did not wish to be known, we decided upon not attempting to do so, and contented ourselves with getting out at a gate close to a small fort, into which we were led by a woman from the gardener's house, near to which we had stopped, and who had no idea who we were.

'We got out, and looked from this height down upon the house below, the mist having cleared away sufficiently to show us everything; and then, unknown, quite in private, I gazed—not without deep emotion—on the scene of our reception twenty-four years ago, by dear Lord Breadalbane, in a princely style, not to be equalled in grandeur and poetic effect.

'Albert and I were then only twenty-three, young and happy. How many are gone that were with us then!

'I was very thankful to have seen it again.

'It seemed unaltered.—1866.'

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We do not propose to follow the illustrious diarist in all the succeeding excursions. In 1846 the Court returned to Scotland and spent three weeks at Blair Athole. It was a time of great enjoyment. The Prince began to acquire the art of deer-stalking, in which he afterwards became an adept, and the Queen, with her husband and Lady Canning, spent several days in quiet excursions over the hills. The charm of Highland life was stealing over her. On leaving Blair she writes:—

'Tuesday, October 1.

'At a quarter past eight o'clock we started, and were very, very sorry to leave Blair and the dear Highlands! Every little trifle and every spot I had become attached to; our life of quiet and liberty, everything was so pleasant, and all the Highlanders and people who went with us I had got to like so much. Oh! the dear hills, it made me very sad to leave them behind!'

'Thursday, October 3.

'The English coast appeared terribly flat. Lord Aberdeen was quite touched when I told him I was so attached to the dear, dear Highlands and missed the fine hills so much. There is a great peculiarity about the Highlands and Highlanders; and they are such a chivalrous, fine, active people. Our stay among them was so delightful. Independently of the beautiful scenery, there was a quiet, a retirement, a wildness, a liberty, and a solitude that had such a charm for us.

'The day had cleared up and was bright, but the air very heavy and thick, quite different from the mountain air, which was so pure, light, and brisk.' (P. 66.)

In 1847 the Queen repaired to Scotland by the West Coast, visiting Inverary, Oban, Staffa, and Iona on the way. Ardverikie on Loch Laggan had been hired for the season; but the weather was frightfully bad, and the place itself is as rainy a quarter as any in Scotland. In the following year (1848) the resolution was taken by the Queen and Prince to have a Scottish residence of their own, and to fix it in Aberdeenshire on the banks of the Dee.

The following passage gives the first impression of the new abode, which had up to that time belonged to a line of small Scottish lairds:—

'Balmoral, Friday, September 8, 1848.

'We arrived at Balmoral at a quarter to three. It is a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower and garden in front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is a wood down to the Dee; and the hills rise all around.

'There is a nice little hall, with a billiard-room; next to it is the dining-room. Upstairs (ascending by a good broad staircase) immediately to the right, and above the dining-room, is our sitting-

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room (formerly the drawing-room), a fine large room—next to which is our bedroom, opening into a little dressing-room, which is Albert's. Opposite, down a few steps, are the children's and Miss Hildyard's three rooms. The ladies live below, and the gentlemen upstairs.

'We lunched almost immediately, and at half-past four we walked out, and went up to the top of the wooded hill opposite our windows, where there is a cairn, and up which there is a pretty winding path. The view from here, looking down upon the house, is charming. To the left you look towards the beautiful hills surrounding Lochnagar, and to the right, towards Ballater, to the glen (or valley) along which the Dee winds, with beautiful wooded hills, which reminded us very much of the Thüringerwald. It was so calm, and so solitary, it did one good as one gazed around; and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils.

'The scenery is wild, and yet not desolate; and everything looks much more prosperous and cultivated than at Laggan. Then the soil is delightfully dry. We walked beside the Dee, a beautiful rapid stream, which is close behind the house. The view of the hills towards Invercauld is exceedingly fine.

'When I came in at half-past six, Albert went out to try his luck with some stags which lay quite close in the woods, but he was unsuccessful. They come down of an evening quite near to the house.' (Pp. 101, 102.)

It was not long before the new owners of Balmoral made themselves acquainted with the beauties which surrounded their abode—the Dhu Loch, the Muich, the Glassalt, Ben-na-Bhourd, and Lochnagar, spots so familiar to them in after years, and so well known to all who have had the privilege of visiting that romantic district. Their party consisted of one or two ladies in attendance on the Queen, and of two or three Highland gillies or servants to lead the ponies, point out the way, and translate the Gaelic names of the hills and burns. The usual Highland sports, deer-stalking, a drive of the woods for roe or red-deer, salmon-leistering, trout-fishing, or moor-fowl-shooting, followed on successive days. The following scene is very characteristic, and the note appended to it by the Queen not less so:—

'Loch Muich, September 16, 1850.

'We reached the hut at three o'clock. At half-past four we walked down to the loch, and got into the boat with our people: Duncan, Brown,* P. Cotes,† and Leys rowing. They rowed mostly towards the opposite side, which is very fine indeed, and deeply furrowed by the torrents, which form glens and corries where birch and alder trees grow close to the water's edge. We landed on a sandy spot below a fine glen, through which flows the Black Burn. It was very dry here; but still very picturesque, with alder-trees and moun-

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tain-ash in full fruit overhanging it. We afterwards landed at our usual place at the head of the loch, which is magnificent; and rode back. A new road has been made, and an excellent one it is, winding along above the lake.

'The moon rose, and was beautifully reflected on the lake, which, with its steep green hills, looked lovely. To add to the beauty, poetry, and wildness of the scene, Cotes played in the boat; the men, who row very quickly and well now, giving an occasional shout when he played a reel. It reminded me of Sir Walter Scott's lines in "The Lady of the Lake":—

"Ever, as on they bore, more loud
And louder rung the pibroch proud.
At first the sound, by distance tame,
Mellow'd along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay,
Wail'd every harsher note away."

We were home at a little past seven; and it was so still and pretty as we entered the wood, and saw the light flickering from our humble little abode.' (Pp. 128–30.)

* The same who, in 1858, became my regular attendant out of doors everywhere in the Highlands; who commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and me to go with my carriage. In 1851 he entered our service permanently, and began in that year leading my pony, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. His attention, care, and faithfulness cannot be exceeded; and the state of my health, which of late years has been sorely tried and weakened, renders such qualifications most valuable, and indeed most needful, in a constant attendant upon all occasions. He has since, most deservedly, been promoted to be an upper servant, and my permanent personal attendant. (December, 1865.) He has all the independence and elevated feelings peculiar to the Highland race, and is singularly straightforward, simple-minded, kind-hearted, and disinterested; always ready to oblige; and of a discretion rarely to be met with. He is now in his fortieth year. His father was a small farmer, who lived at the Bush on the opposite side to Balmoral. He is the second of nine brothers,—three of whom have died—two are in Australia and New Zealand, two are living in the neighbourhood of Balmoral; and the youngest, Archie (Archibald) is valet to our son Leopold, and is an excellent, trustworthy young man.

† Now, since some years, piper to Farquharson of Invercauld.

Mr. Helps remarks, in his unassuming preface to this volume, that the Notes which the Queen has thought fit to affix to the names of her personal attendants, for the purpose of describing their relation to herself and even their past history in her service, 'illustrate in a striking manner 'the Patriarchal feeling (if one may apply such a word as '"patriarchal" to a lady) which is so strong in the present

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'occupant of the Throne.' Each one of the persons who may be attached to the service of the Court, in however humble a capacity, comes in for a kindly notice, like that which the reader has just perused; and it is impossible to mistake the character of genuine good-feeling and interest shown by the Head of that great household in all its departments. In the mountain life of the Scottish Highlands more especially, a mutual confidence springs up between the traveller and his guide, as it does in the Alps, the Tyrol, or the Pyrenees. The intercourse between persons in very different ranks of life becomes more unconstrained; and the Queen adds:—

'We were always in the habit of conversing with the Highlanders —with whom one comes so much in contact in the Highlands. The Prince highly appreciated the good-breeding, simplicity, and intelligence, which make it so pleasant, and even instructive to talk to them.'

The time is not very far distant when the service of Royalty was supposed to dignify even menial employments, and when the rank of the Sovereign required that even menial services should be rendered to him by persons of gentle or noble blood. But we live in an age when Royalty itself has seen the wisdom of discarding these adventitious claims to respect, which were never consistent with the spirit and independence of the English character. The personal and domestic service of the Palace is carried on by persons of the same condition in life as the members of any well-conducted household. No herd of courtiers throngs the antechamber of the King's dressing-room. No ladies of high degree attend the Queen to her bath. This alteration in the manners of the Court has wrought a no less remarkable change in its tone and character. When menial services were performed by persons of high birth and station, they descended to a menial position, and they were actuated by vulgar motives; when the same services are performed by persons of humble origin, the confidence reposed in them by the Sovereign raises them in their own estimation, and confers a dignity upon domestic and familiar duties. The low ambitions, the grovelling intrigues, the traditional arts of court life, which grew out of a confusion between the political greatness and the personal habits of a monarch, have never found a place in the household of Queen Victoria; and in place of them she has not remained a stranger to the simpler intelligence, the humbler aims, and the more undivided service of men and women sprung from the lower classes of her own people. Fortune had denied none of her most splendid gifts to the Queen of England; but one

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thing remained, from which the height of her own station seemed to remove her—to hear the language of the poor in their own dwellings, and to taste the pleasures of private beneficence. In the secluded valleys of the Highlands these things were no longer inaccessible to her.

'Saturday, September 26, 1857.

'Albert went out with Alfred for the day, and I walked out with the two girls and Lady Churchill, stopped at the shop, and made some purchases for poor people and others; drove a little way, got out and walked up the hill to Balnacroft, Mrs. P. Farquharson's, and she walked round with us to some of the cottages to show me where the poor people lived, and to tell them who I was. Before we went into any we met an old woman, who, Mrs. Farquharson said, was very poor, eighty-eight years old, and mother to the former distiller. I gave her a warm petticoat, and the tears rolled down her old cheeks, and she shook my hands, and prayed God to bless me: it was very touching.

'I went into a small cabin of old Kitty Kear's, who is eighty-six years old—quite erect, and welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her, also, a warm petticoat; she said, "May the Lord ever attend ye and yours, here and hereafter; and may the Lord be a guide to ye, and keep ye from all harm." She was quite surprised at Vicky's height; great interest is taken in her. We went on to a cottage (formerly Jean Gordon's), to visit old widow Symons, who is "past fourscore," with a nice rosy face, but was bent quite double; she was most friendly, shaking hands with us all, asking which was I, and repeating many kind blessings: "May the Lord attend ye with mirth and with joy; may He ever be with ye in this world, and when ye leave it." To Vicky, when told she was going to be married, she said, "May the Lord be a guide to ye in your future, and may every happiness attend ye." She was very talkative; and when I said I hoped to see her again, she expressed an expectation that "she should be called any day," and so did Kitty Kear.

'We went into three other cottages: to Mrs. Symons's (daughter-in-law to the old widow next door), who had an "unwell boy;" then across a little burn to another old woman's; and afterwards peeped into Blair the fiddler's. We drove back, and got out again to visit old Mrs. Grant (Grant's mother), who is so tidy and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief, and she said, "You're too kind to me, you're over-kind to me, ye give me more every year, and I get older every year." After talking some time with her, she said, "I am happy to see ye looking so nice." She had tears in her eyes, and speaking of Vicky's going, said, "I'm very sorry, and I think she is sorry hersel';" and, having said she feared she would not see her (the Princess) again, said: "I am very sorry I said that, but I meant no harm; I always say just what I think, not what is fut" (fit). Dear old lady; she is such a pleasant person.

'Really the affection of these good people, who are so hearty and

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so happy to see you, taking interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying.'

This is the language of human sympathy, alike free from ostentation and from cant. It was a marked characteristic of Prince Albert, that although he had a strong sense of religious obligation, and few men ever succeeded better than he did in living up to a lofty conception of religious truth and duty, he was not given to what, for want of a better word, we must call the *slang* of pietism, and he set small store on the outward distinctions of churches and creeds. In Scotland he attended the parish kirk with his wife, not without sincere pleasure and edification.

'October 29, 1854.

'We went to Kirk, as usual, at twelve o'clock. The service was performed by the Rev. Norman McLeod, of Glasgow, son of Dr. McLeod, and anything finer I never heard. The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable; so simple, and yet so eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put. The text was from the account of the coming of Nicodemus to Christ by night; St. John, chapter 3. Mr. McLeod showed in the sermon how we *all* tried to please *self*, and live for *that*, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come not only to die for us, but to show how we were to live. The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple, saying, after his mention of us, "bless their children." It gave me a lump in my throat, as also when he prayed for "the dying, the wounded, the widow, and the orphans." Every one came back delighted; and how satisfactory it is to come back from church with such feelings! The servants and the Highlanders—*all*—were equally delighted.'

'October 14, 1855.

'To Kirk at twelve o'clock. The Rev. J. Caird, one of the most celebrated preachers in Scotland, performed the service, and electrified all present by a most admirable and beautiful sermon, which lasted nearly an hour, but which kept one's attention riveted. The text was from the twelfth chapter of Romans, and the eleventh verse: "*Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.*" He explained, in the most beautiful and simple manner, what real religion is; how it ought to pervade every action of our lives; not a thing only for Sundays, or for our closet; not a thing to drive us from the world; not a "perpetual moping over 'good' books," but "being and doing good;" "letting everything be done in a Christian spirit." It was as fine as Mr. McLeod's last year, and sent us home much edified.'

In the course of her visit to Ireland in 1849 the Queen visited the admirable National Schools of Dublin, where she was received by the Protestant and Roman Catholic Archbishops of that city. The following remark evinces the same spirit of

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toleration and practical Christianity, and is not inappropriate in this place:—

'We saw the Infant, the Girls', and the Boys' Schools; in the latter, one class of boys was examined in mental arithmetic and in many very difficult things, and they all answered wonderfully. Children of all creeds are admitted, and their different doctrines are taught separately, if the parents wish it; but the *only* teaching enforced is that of the Gospel truths, and love and charity. This is truly Christian and ought to be the case everywhere.'

We have seen royal declarations of less value and on matters of less weight, printed in letters of gold.

This last sentence is extracted from the Queen's Journal of her first excursion to Ireland, which is not the least interesting portion of the volume or the least cherished of Her Majesty's recollections. It was a fortunate and judicious thought to include in this volume memorials of the Queen's visits to different parts of the United Kingdom and the adjacent islands; and although the larger part of it is devoted to Scotland, where the Queen has fixed her autumnal abode, these pages prove that Her Majesty has not been indifferent to the beauties of Ireland, or to the sentiments of loyalty of the warm-hearted Irish people. There, too, the Royal party met with the same enthusiastic reception; they were charmed with the varied scenery of another sea-girt isle inferior in beauty to no part of the British dominions; and they were touched by Irish national characteristics, as strong and as attaching to those who know them, as the sober loyalty of England or the ready service of the Scottish highlander. The year 1849, when the Queen first visited Ireland, immediately followed the abortive insurrection of Smith O'Brien, and the preceding months had tasked to the utmost the vigilance and energy of Lord Clarendon, who then filled the office of Lord-Lieutenant. But it needed only the presence of the Queen on the shores of Ireland to dissipate these clouds, and to prove that, although Irish nationality may at times assume a tone of rancorous hostility to England and the English Government, the immense majority of the Irish people are as eager as any of the Queen's subjects to give an enthusiastic reception to their Sovereign. We have no doubt that the same feeling prevails there at the present time; and if Queen Victoria were in the present year to direct a progress to Ireland, the presence of the Sovereign would be hailed there with cordial loyalty by the great bulk of the people, and would be regarded as a most favourable opportunity by all the property, intelligence, and honourable classes of the community to testify their attachment to the British Crown.

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It is time that the audacious mendacity of a gang of conspirators, chiefly instigated by outlaws and aliens, who profess to speak in the name of the people of Ireland, should be brought to the test, and that the Irish people should themselves vindicate their right, which we gladly recognise, to complete equality with the other portions of the United Kingdom. The following passage describes the Queen's impressions when she reached Dublin :—

'Viceregal Lodge, Phœnix Park, Monday, August 6.

'Here we are in this very pretty spot, with a lovely view of the Wicklow Hills from the window. But now to return to yesterday's proceedings. We got under weigh at half-past eight o'clock; for three hours it was dreadfully rough, and I and the poor children were very sea-sick. When we had passed the Tuscar Rock in Wexford the sea became smoother, and shortly after, quite smooth, and the evening beautiful. After we passed Arklow Head, the Wicklow Hills came in sight—they are beautiful. The Sugarloaf and Carrick Mountain have finely pointed outlines, with low hills in front and much wood. At half-past six we came in sight of Dublin Bay, and were met by the "Sphynx" and "Stromboli" (which had been sent on to wait and to come in with us), the "Trident," and, quite close to the harbour, by the "Dragon," another war-steamer. With this large squadron we steamed slowly and majestically into the harbour of Kingstown, which was covered with thousands and thousands of spectators, cheering most enthusiastically. It is a splendid harbour, and was full of ships of every kind. The wharf, where the landing-place was prepared, was densely crowded, and altogether it was a noble and stirring scene. It was just seven when we entered, and the setting sun lit up the country, the fine buildings, and the whole scene with a glowing light, which was truly beautiful. We were soon surrounded by boats, and the enthusiasm and excitement of the people were extreme.'

'An immense multitude had assembled, who cheered most enthusiastically, the ships saluting and the bands playing, and it was really very striking. The space we had to walk along to the railroad was covered in, and lined with ladies and gentlemen strewing flowers.

'It was a wonderful and striking scene, such masses of human beings, so enthusiastic, so excited, yet such perfect order maintained; then the number of troops, the different bands stationed at certain distances, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the bursts of welcome which rent the air—all made it a never-to-be-forgotten scene, when one reflected how lately the country had been in open revolt and under martial law.

'Dublin is a very fine city; and Sackville Street and Merrion Square are remarkably large and handsome; and the Bank, Trinity College, &c. are noble buildings. There are no gates to the town, but temporary ones were erected under an arch; and here we stopped, and the Mayor presented me the keys with some appropriate words. At the last triumphal arch a poor little dove was let down into my

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lap, with an olive-branch round its neck, alive and very tame. The heat and dust were tremendous. We reached Phœnix Park, which is very extensive, at twelve. Lord and Lady Clarendon received us at the door.'

The autumnal life of the English Sovereigns at Balmoral flowed on in its tranquil course through the agitated years which followed in the train of 1848, when almost every throne in Europe was shaken and some were overthrown. Nor was it interrupted when England herself was engaged in warfare, except by the profound sympathy of the Queen for the gallant troops who were engaged in that arduous contest. Of these events there is small record in these pages, from which all political considerations are omitted. The following passage on an occurrence of deep national interest, and a similar entry on the fall of Sebastopol, are exceptions:—

'Alt-na-Giuthasach, Thursday, September 16, 1852.

'The day was not cold, and would, in fact, have been very fine, if it had not been for a constant succession of very slight showers, or clouds coming down. We walked along the loch, the road up to which is excellent. It has been widened and would admit of a carriage. We arrived at the Alt-na-Dearg, a small burn and fall, which is very fine and rapid. We stopped to rest a little while—though the walking is excellent, so hard and dry—on a point overlooking the Shiel of the Glassalt, and the head of the loch. Here I suddenly missed my watch, which the dear old Duke had given me; and, not being certain whether I had put it on or not, I asked Mackenzie to go back and inquire. We walked on until we reached the higher part of the Glassalt, which we stepped across.

'Then we began the descent of the Glassalt, along which another path has been admirably made. From here it is quite beautiful, so wild and grand. The falls are equal to those of the Bruar at Blair, and are 150 feet in height; the whole height to the foot of the loch being 500 feet. It looked very picturesque to see the ponies and Highlanders winding along. We came down to the Shiel of the Glassalt, lately built, where there is a charming room for us, commanding a most lovely view. Here we took the cold luncheon, which we had brought with us; and after that we mounted our ponies, and rode to the Dhu Loch, along a beautiful path which keeps well above the burn, that rushes along over flat great slabs of stone.

'We got off our ponies, and I had just sat down to sketch, when Mackenzie returned, saying my watch was safe at home, and bringing letters: amongst them there was one from Lord Derby, which I tore open, and alas! it contained the confirmation of the fatal news: that England's, or rather Britain's pride, her glory, her hero, the greatest man she ever had produced, was no more! Sad day! Great and irreparable national loss!

'Lord Derby enclosed a few lines from Lord Charles Wellesley,

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saying that his dear great father had died on Tuesday at three o'clock, after a few hours' illness and no suffering. God's will be done! The day must have come: the Duke was eighty-three. It is well for him that he has been taken when still in the possession of his great mind, and without a long illness—but what a *loss!* One cannot think of this country without "the Duke,"—our immortal hero!

'In him centered almost every earthly honour a subject could possess. His position was the highest a subject ever had—above party—looked up to by all—revered by the whole nation—the friend of the sovereign;—and *how* simply he carried these honours! With what singleness of purpose, what straightforwardness, what courage, were all the motives of his actions guided. The Crown never possessed — and I fear never *will* — so *devoted*, loyal, and faithful a subject, so staunch a supporter! To *us* (who alas! have lost, now, so many of our valued and experienced friends) his loss is *irreparable*, for his readiness to aid and advise, if it could be of use to us, and to overcome any and every difficulty, was unequalled. To Albert he showed the greatest kindness and the utmost confidence. His experience and his knowledge of the past were so great too; he was a link which connected us with bygone times, with the last century. Not an eye will be dry in the whole country.

'We hastened down on foot to the head of Loch Muich; and then rode home, in a heavy shower, to Alt-na-Giuthasach. Our whole enjoyment was spoilt; a gloom overhung all of us.

'We wrote to Lord Derby and Lord Charles Wellesley.'

We have reserved to the last one of the most amusing sketches of this series. The Prince had long desired, like Rasselas, to extend his excursions beyond the valley of the Dee and to explore the passes in the chain of hills which divide it from the upper waters of the Spey. Such an expedition could only be made by mountain tracks, on Highland ponies, and would occupy more than one day. The difficulty was to pass a night in the hills, without the formality of a royal reception, and without being recognised by the hillsmen. Some precautions were taken to accomplish these objects, and the Queen describes in the following terms the successful result of the expedition, which is here somewhat abridged.

'Hotel Grantown,
'Tuesday, September 4, 1860.

'Arrived this evening after a most interesting tour; I will recount the events of the day. Breakfasted at Balmoral in our own room at half past seven o'clock, and started at eight or a little past, with Lady Churchill and General Grey. We went on five miles beyond the Linn of Dee, to the Shepherd's Shiel of Geldie, or, properly speaking, Giuly, where we found our ponies and a guide, Charlie Stewart. We mounted at once, and rode up along the Geldie, which we had to ford frequently to avoid the bogs, and rode on for two

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hours up Glen Geldie, over a moor which was so soft and boggy in places, that we had to get off several times. The hills were wild, but not very high, bare of trees, and even of heather to a great extent, and not picturesque till we approached the Fishie, and turned to the right up to the glen which we could see in the distance. The Fishie and Geldie rise almost on a level, with very little distance between them. The Fishie is a fine rapid stream, full of stones. As you approach the glen, which is very narrow, the scenery becomes very fine — particularly after fording the Etchard, a very deep ford. From this point the narrow path winds along the base of the hills of Craig-na-Go'ar—the rocks of the "Goat Craig;"—Craig-na-Caillach; and Stron-na-Barin—"the nose "of the queen." The rapid river is overhung by rocks, with trees, birch and fir; the hills, as you advance, rise very steeply on both sides, with rich rocks and corries, and occasional streamlets falling from very high—while the path winds along, rising gradually higher and higher. It is quite magnificent!

'Then we came upon a most lovely spot—the scene of all Landseer's glory—and where there is a little encampment of wooden and turf huts, built by the late Duchess of Bedford; now no longer belonging to the family, and, alas! all falling into decay—among splendid fir-trees, the mountains rising abruptly from the sides of the valley.

'We rode on for a good long distance, twelve miles, till we came to the ferry of the Spey. Deer were being driven in the woods, and we heard several shots. We saw fine ranges of hills on the Spey-side, or Strathspey, and opening to our left, those near Loch Laggan. We came to a wood of larch; from that, upon cultivated land, with Kinrara towards our right, where the monument to the late Duke of Gordon is conspicuously seen on a hill, which was perfectly crimson with heather.

'At the end of this wood we came upon Loch Inch, which is lovely, and of which I should have liked exceedingly to have taken a sketch, but we were pressed for time and hurried. The light was lovely; and some cattle were crossing a narrow strip of grass across the end of the loch nearest to us, which really made a charming picture. It is not a wild lake, quite the contrary; no high rocks, but woods and blue hills as a background. About a mile from this was the ferry. There we parted from our ponies, only Grant and Brown coming on with us. Walker, the police inspector, met us, but did not keep with us. He had been sent to order everything in a quiet way, without letting people suspect who we were; in this he entirely succeeded. The ferry was a very rude affair; it was like a boat or cobble, but we could only stand on it, and it was moved at one end by two long oars, plied by the ferryman and Brown, and at the other end by a long sort of beam, which Grant took in hand. A few seconds brought us over to the road, where there were two shabby vehicles, one a kind of barouche, into which Albert and I got, Lady Churchill and General Grey into the other —a break; each with a pair of small and rather miserable horses,

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driven by a man from the box. Grant was on our carriage, and Brown on the other. We had gone so far forty miles, at least twenty on horseback. We had decided to call ourselves Lord and Lady Churchill and party, Lady Churchill passing as Miss Spencer, and General Grey as Dr. Grey! Brown once forgot this, and called me "Your Majesty" as I was getting into the carriage; and Grant on the box once called Albert "Your Royal Highness;" which set us off laughing, but no one observed it.

'Most striking, however, on our whole long journey was the utter, and to me very refreshing, solitude. Hardly a habitation! and hardly meeting a soul! It gradually grew dark. We stopped at a small half-way house for the horses to take some water; and the few people about stared vacantly at the two simple vehicles.

'The mountains gradually disappeared,—the evening was mild, with a few drops of rain. On and on we went, till at length we saw lights, and drove through a long and straggling "toun," and turned down a small court to the door of the inn. Here we got out quickly—Lady Churchill and General Grey not waiting for us. We went up a small staircase, and were shown to our bed-room at the top of it—very small, but clean—with a large four-post bed which nearly filled the whole room. Opposite was the drawing and dining-room in one—very tidy and well-sized. Then came the room where Albert dressed, which was very small. The two maids (Jane Shackle was with me) had driven over by another road in the waggonette, Stewart driving them. Made ourselves "clean and tidy," and then sat down to our dinner. Grant and Brown were to have waited on us, but were "bashful" and did not. A ringletted woman did everything; and, when dinner was over, removed the cloth and placed the bottle of wine (our own which we had brought) on the table with the glasses, which was the old English fashion. The dinner was very fair, and all very clean:—soup, "hodge-podge," mutton-broth with vegetables, which I did not much relish, fowl with white sauce, good roast lamb, very good potatoes, besides one or two other dishes, which I did not taste, ending with a good tart of cranberries. After dinner, I tried to write part of this account (but the talking round me confused me), while Albert played at "patience." Then went away, to begin undressing, and it was about half-past eleven, when we got to bed.

'Wednesday, September 5.

'A misty, rainy morning. Had not slept very soundly. We got up rather early, and sat working and reading in the drawing-room till the breakfast was ready, for which we had to wait some little time. Good tea and bread and butter, and some excellent porridge. Jane Shackle (who was very useful and attentive) said that they had all supped together, namely, the two maids, and Grant, Brown, Stewart, and Walker (who was still there), and were very merry in the "commercial room." The people were very amusing about us. The woman came in while they were at their dinner, and said to Grant, "Dr. Grey wants you," which nearly upset the gravity of all the others: then they told Jane, "Your lady gives no trouble;"

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and Grant in the morning called up to Jane, "Does his lordship want me?" One could look on the street, which is a very long wide one, with detached houses, from our window. It was perfectly quiet, no one stirring, except here and there a man driving a cart, or a boy going along on his errand. General Grey bought himself a watch in a shop for 2*l.*!

'At length, at about ten minutes to ten o'clock, we started in the same carriages and the same way as yesterday, and drove up to Castle Grant, Lord Seafield's place,—a fine (not Highland-looking) park, with a very plain-looking house, like a factory, about two miles from the town. It was drizzling almost the whole time. We did not get out, but drove back, having to pass through Grantown again; where evidently "the murder was out," for all the people were in the street, and the landlady waved her pocket-handkerchief, and the ringletted maid (who had curl-papers in the morning) waved a flag from the window. Our coachman evidently did not observe or guess anything. As we drove out of the town, turning to our right through a wood, we met many people coming into the town, which the coachman said was for a funeral. We passed over the Spey, by the Bridge of Spey. It continued provokingly rainy, the mist hanging very low on the hills, which, however, did not seem to be very high, but were pink with heather. We stopped to have the cover of leather put over our carriage, which is the fashion of all the flys here. It keeps out the rain, however, very well.'

'We passed by Inchrory—seeing, as we approached, two eagles towering splendidly above, and alighting on the top of the hills. From Inchrory we rode to Loch Bulig, which was beautifully lit up by the setting sun. From Tomantoul we escaped all real rain, having only a slight sprinkling every now and then. At Loch Bulig we found our carriage and four ponies, and drove back just as we left yesterday morning, reaching Balmoral safely at half-past seven.

'What a delightful, successful expedition! Dear Lady Churchill was, as usual, thoroughly amiable, cheerful, and ready to do everything. Both she and the General seemed entirely to enjoy it, and enter into it, and so I am sure did our people. To my dear Albert do we owe it, for he always thought it would be delightful, having gone on many similar expeditions in former days himself. He enjoyed it very much. We heard since that the secret came out through a man recognising Albert in the street yesterday morning; then the crown on the dog-cart made them think that it was some one from Balmoral, though they never suspected that it could be ourselves! "The lady must be terrible rich," the woman observed, as I had so many gold rings on my fingers!—I told Lady Churchill she had on many more than I had. When they heard who it was, they were ready to drop with astonishment and fright. I fear I have but poorly recounted this very amusing and never to be forgotten expedition, which will always be remembered with delight.

'I must pay a tribute to our ponies. Dear "Fyvie" is perfection, and Albert's equally excellent.'

No doubt it may be said that there is nothing in all this

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which the most ordinary people might not have said and done. But simplicity and playfulness are the best merits that a lady's journal can boast of; and in this instance they have both a merit and a use. The more commonplace such incidents are in themselves, the more humorous is the contrast with the habits and traditions of royalty. The old superstitions, by which the world had brought itself to believe that royal persons are of a purer blood and of a finer clay than the rest of mankind, are extinct. Kings and queens no longer profess to reign by divine right or to cure scrofula by a touch. They are content to take the world as they find it, and they admit that the best security of their inheritance and of their power lies in the protection of the law and the intelligent respect of their people. But if the tendency of the age has been to throw aside the trappings and pretences which converted the Sovereign into a mere image or *ειδωλον* of authority, raised by such devices a few inches above the common level of humanity, or concealed by them from all real knowledge or observation, by so much the more important is it, that the Sovereign, who is the object of the respectful loyalty and affection of a free people, should possess and retain all the influence due to a truthful and courageous nature, to a tender and ingenuous disposition, and to an irreproachable life. In authorising the publication of these leaves from her private Diary, the Queen has spontaneously given a fresh assurance of these high qualities to her people. She has shown that the most exalted dignity is not incompatible with the simplest tastes—that throughout her reign she has been no inattentive observer of every part of her home dominions—and that the most unalloyed happiness she has tasted is that which she found in a sphere within the reach of her humblest subjects—the circle of domestic life.

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NOTE

on the Review of the 'Life and Writings of Miss Edgeworth,' No. cclviii. p. 458.

Shortly after the publication of the last Number of the Edinburgh Review, which contained an article on the Life and Writings of Miss Edgeworth, the following communication was sent to the Publishers of this Journal:—

Observatory, Armagh, Ireland,
Oct. 21, 1867.

An article has appeared in the Edinburgh Review, making quotations from the *unpublished* Memoir of Maria Edgeworth, and stating that such quotations are made 'by permission.' The Editors of the Memoir, who only have the power to do so, never gave any such permission.

(Signed) M. P. Edgeworth, Harriet Butler, Lucy J. Robinson } The Editors.

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Review.

We have only to state in reply that the book was lent to the writer of the article by a near and distinguished relation of the fourth Mrs. Edgeworth (the author of the Memoir), for the express and declared purpose of being reviewed in this Journal, and that he was under the *bonâ fide* impression that it was so lent with the full knowledge of the family. We were not previously aware that the editors who have honoured us with this communication had any exclusive rights of property over the work; and the approval of another member of their family appeared, and appears, to us sufficient to justify a notice of a Memoir of which two or three hundred copies were already, we believe, in private circulation.

As we have occasion to revert to this subject, we take the opportunity of correcting an error (vol. cxxvi. pp. 478–479) which occurs in the Memoir and which escaped our attention. The name of the lady who was supposed to have been the original of Rousseau's 'Julie' in his 'Nouvelle Heloise,' was not Madame Oudinot but Sophie d'Houdetot. This and many other oversights in the French passages of the Memoir and Letters should be corrected if it is ever given to the public.

No. CCLX. will be published in April.

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

APRIL, 1868.

No. CCLX.

ART. I.—1. *The History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte.* By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. 2 vols. 3rd edition. London: 1867.

2. *Cours de Philosophie Positive.* Par M. AUG. COMTE. Tomes I.–VI. Paris: 1830–1842.

3. *Auguste Comte et la Philosophie Positive.* Par E. LITTRÉ. Paris: 1863.

4. *A General View of Positivism.* Translated from the French of Auguste Comte. By Dr. BRIDGES. London: 1865.

5. *The Catechism of Positive Religion.* Translated from the French of Auguste Comte. By RICHARD CONGREVE. London: 1858.

6. *Auguste Comte and Positivism.* By JOHN STUART MILL. London: 1865.

7. *The Unity of Comte's Life and Doctrine.* By Dr. BRIDGES. London: 1866.

MR. LEWES is a very clever writer. He has handled many subjects, and he has handled them well—with the adroit competency characteristic of a keen, ready, versatile, and variously, if not profoundly, informed mind. He is litterateur, biographer, man of science, and philosopher. In all these capacities he is known as an author; in all he has achieved considerable reputation: it may be questioned whether in any of them he has reached the highest rank in literature. His 'Life of Goethe' and his 'History of Philosophy' he would himself probably put forward as his chief claims to distinction, and it would be a niggard criticism which did not acknowledge the great merits of both these productions. There is no biography

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of the German poet at once so ample and so interesting; there is no history of philosophy so compact and so diversified and entertaining. Withal, there is wanting to both the higher touch of power which gives unity and some degree of creative force to a book. The biography lacks inspiration; the history, seriousness and faith.

The third edition of the second of these works is now before us—an old friend with a new face. The 'Biographical 'History of Philosophy,' which charmed us twenty years ago, and fed a youthful taste for philosophic generalities and the affinities of speculative thought, has been turned into the 'History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte.' The slight duodecimos of 'Knight's Weekly Series for all Readers' have been converted into two bulky octavos. We are fain to confess that we prefer our friend with his old face. Mr. Lewes has no doubt greatly expanded, and in some degree enriched, his early volumes. He has given elaborate prolegomena, rewritten many chapters—those on Plato and Aristotle, also those on Bacon, Descartes, Spinosa, and others; he has inserted a 'Transition Period' between Ancient and Modern Speculation, containing chapters on 'Scholasticsim' and 'Arabian Philo-'sophy;' and significantly from his own point of view he has added an 'Eleventh Epoch' to his modern historical outline devoted to 'Auguste Comte' and the 'Positive Philosophy.' In doing all this it would be absurd to say that he has not added to the value of his work. Mr. Lewes's mature studies on Plato and Aristotle—especially the latter—on whom he has recently written a special work, are more important than his early and comparatively hasty sketches of these great thinkers. But it may be fairly questioned whether he has, after all, imparted to his work a higher character, and made it more profound and erudite as a whole, while he has certainly impaired the freshness of its original outline, and the vivacity of its biographic movement. It has ceased to be a book for the general reader and the young student of philosophy; it has not become a book for the masters of philosophy. It may be even questioned whether some of the chapters which have been rewritten have been in all respects improved. They are 'graver and fuller,' but we miss, with regret, the old dash and liveliness of portraiture which marked particularly such chapters as those on Bacon and Spinosa. Then the radical bias of the book appears all the more conspicuous in the extended plan of treatment. Whatever be the value of the great Positivist conception, it is not the fitting inspiration for a serious survey of the course of metaphysical speculation. A 'History

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'of Philosophy,' written to show that philosophy, in the usual sense, is from first to last an illusion, 'mere energy wasted 'on insoluble problems,' seems more absurd in two large elaborate volumes than in a series of rapid sketches. We are bound also to say, with all respect for Mr. Lewes's talents, that his present volumes retain many of his old faults of treatment. Softened and toned down, they are yet there—the same jerky and self-confident audacity, the same virulent misconceptions of theology, the same 'question-begging,' both in epithet and in argument, as flagrant as the worst or best of his school; while with all the additions he has made, his omissions are still numerous and significant, particularly in recent metaphysical literature, which cannot be said to be represented at all. In short, while the book has gained much, it has not gained adequately, and it has lost a good deal. It has lost its old character of a philosophic sketch-book, full of graphic vivid outlines, many of them imperfect, but all dashed with a certain fascinating boldness and freedom of handling; and it has not acquired the proportions, gravity, fairness, and width of a complete history.

But it is not our present intention to review Mr. Lewes's work. We have turned to it with a special object. The recent publication of his third edition, with his extended treatment of the Positive Philosophy, invites us to a consideration of some of the pretensions of this vaunted system. Than Mr. Lewes Positivism has no more earnest, intrepid, or persevering advocate in England. Some are more fanatical in their devotion, and have resigned their reason and judgment more entirely to the thoughts of the great master; others, like Mr. John S. Mill, less affiliated to the system, have expounded it, in our view, with a higher, or at least a more discriminating success; but there is no one who has been more faithful to it in his whole mode of thought, or who has more frequently recurred to its characteristic ideas, and explained them with more clearness, comprehension, and force. It has been Mr. Lewes's mission to develope and spread these ideas in opposition to the old modes of thought, as the destined means of regenerating human knowledge and society. His sense, and perhaps in some degree his perception of the ludicrous, have kept him from adopting the extravagances embodied in the 'Religion of 'Humanity;' a keen naturalism, which crops out more or less in all his writings, and a certain native lightness of temperament, have proved too powerful for the sentimentalities of the system; he is barely kept from laughing, we are afraid, at the absurdities of the 'Catéchisme Positiviste,' which Mr. Congreve

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has not thought unworthy of an English dress; but he has probably done more than any other Englishman to make known the general principles of Positivism, and to commend them, on repeated occasions, by a facile, copious, and attractive style of exposition. We shall do no injustice to the system, therefore, if we associate it with Mr. Lewes's name, and found our strictures in some degree on his statements.

The literature of Positivism is now considerable both in France and England, and the reader may study it in many forms. We do not, however, advise him to have recourse to these secondary sources of information; though even the earnest student may be in some degree excused if he turn to them from the more elaborate works of M. Comte himself. There are few authors upon the whole harder to read, and whose ideas suffer less from sifting and explanation at the hands of others. Possessed of great force of intellect, with a marvellous genius for scientific method, and a powerful faculty of coordinating knowledge from his own point of view; endowed, moreover, with a luminous insight into the true meaning of scientific ideas, and their fruitful relations to one another, M. Comte is withal singularly monotonous both as a thinker and writer. There is an inexpressible tedium in many of his lengthened elaborations; and while his general meaning is seldom obscure or doubtful, there is often a painful perplexity in catching his special trains of thought, and seeing how they link themselves to one another. The difficulty is not to apprehend his characteristic ideas, which are easily mastered, and reappear incessantly in all his works; but to follow the frequently dim outline with which he advances step by step to many of his special conclusions, and to trace throughout any clear movement of argument. While claiming to be a rigorous logician, and to keep closely in his first great work, the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive,' to the province of objective fact, he is yet arbitrary and deductive in the highest degree. He peremptorily puts aside whatever does not suit his purpose, and leaves the reader at once excited by his generalisations and suspicious of their accuracy and worth. There is no lack of rich suggestions in all his works, even the latest; but there is a constant lack of that sense, moderation, width of outline and capacity of appreciating the opinions of others, which alone inspire confidence and yield rational conviction. If we try to penetrate beneath his dogmatism, and trace its logical affinities, and the relations of his thought to other systems, we make but a little way when we are left groping amidst the old generalities, which are to him an ever-

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lasting gospel, the converse of all that has hitherto made a gospel for man. Never certainly was there a writer more inflated by a few ideas—of transcending importance, no doubt, if true, but which he everywhere assumes, and never stops to prove or vindicate. This prophetic manner, with a certain vague pomposity of statement which is its natural expression, is noticeable even in his early volumes in dealing with the subject which was his special forte, and for which he had really an eminent faculty—the rational and historic sequence of scientific ideas. In all his later writings it is painfully conspicuous. Only some familiarity with them, and the rich though broken lights of truth which they reveal amidst masses of astounding self-assertion and even downright nonsense, as well as some genuine respect for the moral earnestness of the writer, render them tolerable. To the majority of readers they must be unintelligible and, even where understood, unattractive.

In order to understand Positivism, and appreciate the course of its development, it will be useful so far to follow Mr. Lewes's plan, and devote a portion of our space to a review of the life of M. Comte. In this, as in other cases, great light is thrown upon the system by some knowledge of its author. The facts of his life are now fully disclosed in M. Littré's well-known work,* upon which Mr. Lewes's summary professes partly to be based. The 'Préface Personelle,' prefixed to the sixth volume of the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive,' is also of special significance. There can be no better insight into the character of the author than the portrait which he has there drawn of himself, and of his difficulties in the preparation of his great work.

Auguste Comte was the child of an extremely Royalist and Catholic family in the south of France. He was born at Montpellier on the 19th January, 1798. His father was a treasurer of taxes in the department of Hérault. We learn little of his father's character, or indeed of his mother's, beyond her enthusiastic zeal for Catholicism, to which he himself alludes,† and which showed itself obtrusively at a painful crisis of his life. She was 'noble and tender,' as he thought of her in after years, but neither parent appears to have greatly attracted or influenced his youth. At the age of nine Auguste was entered as a pupil in the Lycée of his native town. He was a slight and delicate child without being sickly. He very soon showed remarkable powers, distinguishing himself both

* Auguste Comte et la Philosophie Positive. Paris, 1863.

† Cat. Pos. Preface, p. xxv.

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by his intelligence and industry. He was always in advance with his studies. He cared little for the amusements of his companions, but freely mingled with them, and was greatly beloved by them. He was docile and full of veneration for his professors; but in other respects questioning and insubordinate. His professors in return were proud of him, while the authorities of the school and his tutors tried in vain to restrain and hold him in obedience. The same character distinguished him through his whole scholastic career. He readily submitted to moral or intellectual superiority, but he carried to a daring pitch his defiance of mere rule.

He was ready for the École Polytechnique a year before the regulations permitted his entry. He spent the time in adding to his mathematical knowledge, not only by further study, but by lecturing on the subject under the wing of one of the professors to whom he was attached, and to whom he afterwards dedicated one of his books. 'Seated,' says M. Littré, 'on a high chair by the side of the professor 'M. Encontre, a mathematician of great distinction, he gave 'to the pupils, himself still a pupil, a course of mathematics.' Even before this time he says* that his mind had been awakened to the political and social problems of his time, and the necessity of meeting them by some new philosophical method. Obviously the strength and independence of his intelligence were of a rare order.

In the end of 1814 he began his studies at the École Polytechnique, and there he maintained his reputation for capacity, although he did not stand so high at the end of his first year as might have been expected from the promise of his initial examination. This was in some degree owing to the growth of his habits of insubordination, which were destined ere long to bring him into serious difficulty. In the course of his second session, one of the masters had offended the junior students by his manner; the older pupils sympathised with their companions, and together they decided that the master was unworthy to continue in his office. They drew out a document to this effect and sent it to the offender. Comte was its author, and his name stood first in the list of signatures attached to it. The result was that the school was disbanded, and our young philosopher's career suddenly arrested. He returned to Montpellier for a brief period; but the restraints of a home life had no charm for him. Before the end of 1816 he was again in Paris, where he began the life to which, with

* Préface Personelle, p. vi.

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a brief intermission, he ultimately devoted himself. He was left without resources; his parents, displeased with his independent course of action, refused to assist him, and he chose, as he says, spontaneously the function of teaching mathematics as that for which his special abilities fitted him.* He was befriended by two distinguished men of science, Poinsot, who had been one of his professors at the École Polytechnique, and De Blainville, and he obtained a few pupils, among whom was the Prince de Carignan. His material wants were easily supplied, and, as it finally proved, this sort of work, seriously as it occupied his time, suited him better than any more regular employment.

This was plainly shown in the course of the next few years. He was induced first of all to try the post of private secretary to Casimir Périer, but at the end of three weeks he threw it up. Called upon to make some observations regarding the political labours of his employer, he employed his pen freely to express his own sentiments. The criticism gave offence, and the philosopher and future minister separated mutually disgusted with each other. His next alliance was of a more permanent character. He associated himself with the celebrated Saint-Simon, then in the midst of his schemes for the industrial regeneration of society. It seemed at first as if two kindred spirits, animated by the same lofty hopes, had united to their own advantage and the advantage of the world. And notwithstanding Comte's own statement to the contrary, there is reason to believe not only that they worked cordially together for some time, but that he was in some degree indebted to Saint-Simon's influence. No doubt Comte was the superior intellect of the two, and he was not likely to owe much in the shape of intellectual acquisition to his elder colleague. But it is equally true that an enthusiasm like Saint-Simon's could hardly fail to communicate itself to a young and ardent spirit, and to give a general direction, if not a special form, to his social and political ideas. M. Littré and Mr. Lewes both admit so much. The former explains the successive phases of Comte's political development as revolutionary, intermediate, and finally positive; and he attributes his passage from the first to the third and last of these stages to his connexion with Saint-Simon. During this connexion, his early revolutionary tendencies were gradually moulded into the organic form of which Positivism is the product. Such a mind as Comte's would, no doubt, have passed independently from the revolu-

* Préface Personelle, p. xi.

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tionary to the organic attitude; but, as a matter of fact, it made this transition under Saint-Simon's influence. It is unnecessary, as M. Littré says,* to substitute a fictitious for a real development; and we know as matter of history, that during so many years of Comte's youth, he was occupied with a circle of ideas, which were highly constructive if they cannot be called positive.

It was in 1818 that the association between these remarkable men commenced, and it lasted for nearly six years. The length of this period is of itself significant. Comte's mind was then in its most active state of growth, and before the end of the period he had worked out, we shall see, his fundamental and most fertile conception.

With the particulars of their quarrel we need not trouble ourselves. It was inevitable in the circumstances. Comte was far too ambitious to work permanently under any master. He was apt to be forgetful too of the steps by which he had advanced; he had little tenderness, as his friends admit,† for a past which he had outlived; and this must be held to be the explanation of the manner in which he speaks of Saint-Simon, and the querulous epithets, '*funeste*' '*désastreuse*,'‡ by which he characterises his connexion with him. He supposed himself deceived or injured from the first, because at the last he had reason to complain of an attempt to deprive him of the due reputation of his labour. In 1822 he had already discovered his great law of Social Evolution, and announced it to the world under the title 'Plan des travaux scientifiques né-'cessaires pour réorganiser la Société.' The essay formed a part of one of Saint-Simon's volumes, and Comte's name did not even appear out of regard to the pious prejudices of his family. But when Saint-Simon resolved two years later to republish it in the same anonymous form as an addition to his 'Catéchisme des Industrials,' the author strongly resented this, and a formal rupture took place betwixt them. Comte had outgrown the stage of pupil; the master did not recognise this, but sought to impose his will as in former years; and the consequence followed in a mutually profound estrangement.

This was in 1824. Already in possession of the great principle of his philosophy, he devoted the next two years to its elaboration. And thus early his general scheme of thought appears to have been worked out and so far published in an organ known as the 'Producteur.' The more ample exposition

* P. 12. † Littré, p. 12.
‡ Préface Personelle, p. viii.

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in the voluminous work in which it has become widely known was postponed for many years; but its chief ideas, down even to that of a new spiritual Power resting on scientific demonstration, were propounded in these early essays.*

In the year 1825 he married, and Mr. Lewes shows a special flutter of interest over this 'grave' event in the life of the philosopher. The union proved an unhappy one. Husband and wife 'quarrelled frequently and violently,' and at length, although not till after many years, formally separated. The result is not unintelligible on what appears the obvious view of M. Comte's character. His natural imperiousness and that lack of good sense which so often spoils great gifts, while it exalts some inferior natures, must have rendered him a trying husband to any woman; and the chances were against the happiness and permanence of any alliance he might form. His disciples, of course, differ greatly as to the causes of this result. M. Littré and Dr. Robinet, the latter a thoroughgoing disciple and author of a separate notice of Comte's life and works,† are, according to Mr. Lewes, 'transparently in the 'position of partisans, one vehemently reviling Madame Comte, 'the other artfully pleading his cause,' while he himself strives to keep the balance even, or rather discreetly declines to pronounce any positive judgment in the case. It is unnecessary for us, happily, to adjudicate in such a business, but in fairness to Madame Comte we must say, that if her views were worldly, and therefore 'exasperating' to her husband, she appears to have possessed many excellent qualities of sense and management. She evidently sought to moderate his more violent enthusiasms and antipathies, and to bring him down to the world of every-day life, which he was so apt to forget.‡ Nor was she deficient in tenderness, as we shall see immediately, and as he himself admits.§ Her moral conduct was unimpeachable, and her interest in his reputation continued watchful and earnest.

Shortly after his marriage he began the elaborate exposition

* These essays of 1825 and 1826 are republished as appendices to the fourth volume of 'Système de Politique Positive,' where will be found also the essay previously alluded to, first published by Saint-Simon.

† Notice sur les Traveaux et la Vie D'Auguste Comte. Par le Dr. Robinet. 8vo.

‡ As in his abuse of M. Arago in the volume of the 'Course of 'Positive Philosophy,' with which their final rupture seems to have been specially connected.

§ Préface Personelle, p. x. Littré, c. xiii.

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of his System of Philosophy, and a brilliant and select audience, numbering among them Humboldt, Poinsot, and de Blainville, assembled to hear the young thinker in his private apartments. Rare powers could alone have collected such a company in such circumstances. But the course of seventy-two lectures which he had announced, was unhappily soon interrupted. After the third lecture he was seized with an acute attack of insanity. The severe mental strain through which he had passed in the preparation of his system, aggravated by his quarrels with the Saint-Simonians, proved too much for his strength. He began to manifest great irritability, and a tendency to violence, which alarmed his wife, and on Friday, April 24, 1826, he did not return home. After some days, she found him at Montmorency in a high state of mania. He tried to drag her with him into the lake of Enghien, under the idea that he should not sink. With the advice and assistance of M. de Blainville, who was from first to last one of his best friends, he was transferred to Esquirol's famous establishment, where his excitement was so extreme that hopes were formed of a speedy reaction and recovery. But the summer and autumn passed away, and there were no signs of improvement. It was concluded in consequence to remove him from the asylum, and try the effects of private treatment under the care of his relatives. His parents wished to take charge of him at Montpellier, but his wife claimed to have her husband under her own charge. It was fortunate that the claim was allowed. In the quiet of his own home, and under her fostering care, a change for the better was soon observed. His violence, at first alarming, gradually subsided. It is piteous to read of his extravagances: 'Twice a day 'at meals, he would try to plant his knife in the table in imi-'tation, he said, of Sir W. Scott's highlander; and he would 'call for a succulent pig, after the manner of the Homeric 'heroes. More than once he threw his knife at Madame 'Comte, not, as she believes, with any intention of injuring her, 'but merely to frighten her into compliance with his wishes.'* At the end of six weeks, elation was succeeded by despondency. He escaped during his wife's absence, and threw himself into the Seine. He was rescued from drowning by a soldier, who plunged in after him. The effect of the shock was beneficial, and from this time his recovery proceeded rapidly. He expressed great regret at his meditated suicide and at the anxiety he had given his wife and friends. By the end of the summer

* Lewes, vol. ii. p. 588. Littré, p. 131.

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he was quite well, and in the following year (1828) he did not hesitate to make use of his own painful experience in an article written for the 'Journal de Paris,' upon the celebrated work of his friend Broussais 'Sur l'Irritation et la Folie.' In the same year he resumed his interrupted course of lectures, and according to his own statement,* confirmed by the friends who once more gathered round him, this terrible incident had in no degree altered the perfect continuity of his mental plans or the accomplishment of the work which he had conceived. It would be impossible in any sketch of M. Comte's life, however brief, to pass over this episode. It would be unbecoming at the same time to speculate too curiously regarding it. He was undoubtedly in 1828, when he reviewed M. Broussais' book and resumed the oral exposition of his system, as vigorous and luminous in intelligence as he had been in 1826 before his attack. The successive volumes of the 'Positive Philosophy' are a sufficient testimony to the collected strength and sweep of the brain from which they issued. It is also true that there is much in M. Comte which the character of his malady enables us more clearly to understand. Certainly no attempt to estimate his character or works would be adequate which put this grave crisis of his life out of sight.

A painful incident springing out of his malady is related at some length by Mr. Lewes and M. Littré. Comte's marriage had not been solemnised with any religious ceremony: he had resolutely declined the sanction of the Church notwithstanding the wishes of his parents. His mother, however, under the inspiration of the Abbé de Lammenais, who was at this time in the full ardour of the Catholic zeal which distinguished the first part of his life, determined that her son should not return to domestic life without the blessing of that religious ceremony which in health he had despised. By a series of manœuvres which it is needless to mention, she succeeded in calling not only Lammenais but the Archbishop of Paris to her aid; and the result was that the maniacal philosopher was reunited to his wife by a priest before leaving the asylum. A more shocking scene can scarcely be imagined. The priest, deficient in sense and tact, prolonged the service. His prolix discourse stimulated Comte's morbid sensibilities, and he kept up a running comment in a violently irreligious strain; and when it was necessary for him to sign his name, he added to it *Brutus Bonaparte*, which may be still seen, although erased, in the vestry list of marriages in the Church of St. Laurent.

* Préface Personelle, p. x.

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In 1830 the first volume of the 'Course of Positive Philo-'sophy' appeared; and the period which elapsed till 1842, when, after many delays and interruptions, the sixth volume completed the series, is acknowledged to have been 'the great 'epoch' of his life. No one would estimate lightly the patient, earnest, severely intellectual existence which he led during these years. He allowed no diversions to interfere with his great work; its inspiring generalisations wholly possessed him; and although unhappy at home, and in a state of chronic quarrel with his colleagues in the École Polytechnique, to which he had been appointed in 1832, he enjoyed the most exquisite of all pleasures to a mind like his—the triumphant elaboration of a great system of thought which he believed destined to regenerate the world. He was so entirely absorbed in his task that he studied nothing else. On system he even abstained from reading anything further bearing on his work except the accounts of new discoveries in science. The period of acquisition had passed with him; the period of creation had come, and he thought it necessary to give his creative inspiration the fullest play. There cannot be a more curious revelation of his character than what he says on this subject in the 'Préface Personelle.'

'I have always thought that with modern philosophers, necessarily less free in this respect than those of antiquity, reading is hurtful to meditation, modifying both its originality and unity. Consequently having in my past youth rapidly amassed all the materials which appeared to me necessary to the great elaboration whose fundamental inspirations I felt within me, I have now during twenty years at least (he is writing in 1842), imposed upon myself, on the score of cerebral hygiene, the obligation of reading nothing whatever bearing on my subject except such new scientific discoveries as I deemed useful—an obligation which if sometimes irksome was more frequently pleasant. This severe rule has presided over the whole execution of my work, and imparted to its conception precision, range, and consistency, although in some minor matters it may have left it behind the actual state of advance of the several sciences. In the second and chief part of my work I have found it even necessary, in consistency with my hygienic principle, the efficacy of which a long experience has fully confirmed, to abstain scrupulously from the reading of the daily and monthly journals, both political and philosophical. So that for four years I have not read a single journal except the monthly publication of the Academy of Science, and of this sometimes only the table of contents, degenerated, as it has become more and more into a mere display of trifling academic miscellanies. I wish to impress upon all true philosophers how such a mental régime, otherwise in harmony with my solitary life, is necessary in a time like ours to elevate the views

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and give impartiality to the sentiments by bringing into view the true bearing of events, so apt to be obscured by the irrational importance attached to every transitory interest by the daily press and the parliamentary tribune.' (P. xxxv.)

His mode of composition, when once he had worked out his conceptions, was very rapid. He has himself given us at the end of the sixth volume of the 'Course of Positive Philosophy' the dates within which its successive parts were written, and these show in certain cases an almost incredible rapidity of composition. His MS. was sent to press as fast as it was written. All the work of thinking was done before he sat down with his pen, and, when he commenced, his ideas flowed more swiftly than he could transmit them to paper. Having once given them expression, he scarcely corrected them at all in MS. or in proof; a fact which he considers it important that his readers should know, and which no doubt explains in some degree the prolixity, tedium, and repetitions of which they have reason to complain.

The same year which saw the completion of Comte's great work brought to a termination his married life. He characterises the event some years afterwards* as 'an indispensable separa-'tion, all the more irrevocable on my side, because I in no way 'provoked it,' and says that it relieved him 'of an intolerable 'domestic oppression.' He felt the freedom as an 'unhoped-'for calm succeeding long and daily agitation.' For some years, however, we are told that he continued to correspond with his wife 'in affectionate terms.'

About the same time he was dismissed from the subordinate position which he had held for ten years in the École Polytechnique. The whole story of his connexion with this institution has been given by himself in the 'Préface Personelle,' to which we have so often referred, and is narrated at length by M. Littré. Mr. Lewes has shown wisdom in passing it over. It is one of those miserable complications of personal jealousy, official intrigue, and professional dislike, regarding which it is hopeless to arrive at any impartial or clear conclusion. Comte was an embarrassing colleague at the Polytechnique, just as he was an embarrassing husband at home. He liked his own way. '*J'aurai la parole, et j'en userai,*' † was frequently in his mouth in both places. He felt his importance; others did not recognise it in the same degree. Theologians and metaphysicians

* In a letter to Madame de Vaux.
† Littré, p. 499.

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had convictions which they ventured to regard as sacred even in the face of Positive Philosophy. They naturally disliked being held up as the enemies of the human race; while men of science, with many of whom, strangely enough, Comte's quarrel latterly was almost as vehement as with the theologians or metaphysicians, were equally unable to get on with him. They accepted neither his philosophy, nor his estimate of himself. His generalisations were scouted as dreams. And so it was that his claims for a higher position at the École Polytechnique were rejected more than once, and finally he was removed even from the post he held. We confess there is something magnanimous, though very pitiful, in the narrative of his struggles. The contrast is tragical between the imperious confidence with which the Positive Philosopher arranges the whole field of knowledge, and legislates for the future destiny of the world, and his own difficulty in earning his daily bread. Yet how far greater would he have appeared, had he left others to tell the story of his troubles—had he himself exhibited more than he did the beautiful sentiment, which he afterwards repeats with so much admiration, 'Il est 'indigne des grands cœurs de répandre le trouble qu'ils res-'sentent.*

On his dismissal from his post at the École, three Englishmen whose names deserve to be recorded, Mr. Grote, Mr. Raikes Currie, and Sir W. Molesworth, through the kind intervention of Mr. J. S. Mill, came to his assistance. They contributed the sum of his salary for one year, in the hope that he would be either reinstated, or that he would enter on some new career. But his own views were very different. He looked upon this subsidy of his admirers as a simple right, conceded to him as the head of a new school of thought which was to regenerate the world. He was not re-appointed; his admirers in England did not see fit to continue their aid. He was greatly exasperated, and Mr. Lewes tells us afterwards spoke of 'the refusal as if some unworthy treachery had been 'practised upon him.' He even quarrelled with Mr. Mill on the subject, or at least used language which led to a cessation of their correspondence. He refused henceforth to undertake any new avocation for his maintenance, and made a public appeal to his followers for support. Annually he issued circulars with this object—and the appeal was responded to for the rest of his life.

* A saying of Madame Clotilde de Vaux, quoted with enthusiasm in the 'Discours Préliminaire, Politique Positive,' p. 267.

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Two years after his separation from his wife he made the acquaintance of a lady named Madame Clotilde de Vaux. As he was separated from his wife, so she was separated from her husband. He had been condemned to the galleys for life. Brought together in such singular circumstances on both sides, a 'pure and passionate friendship' sprang up between them. On his part at least the attachment appears to have been of the most tender and devoted character. He speaks of her in one of his letters* as having inspired him with a 'happiness of 'which he had always dreamed, but which he had never hitherto 'experienced.'

'Everyone who knew him,' says Mr. Lewes, 'during this brief period of happiness will recall the mystic enthusiasm with which he spoke of her, and the irrepressible overflowing of his emotion which led him to speak of her at all times and to all listeners. It was in the early days of this attachment that I first saw him, and in the course of our very first interview he spoke of her with an expansiveness which greatly interested me. When I next saw him he was as expansive in his grief at her irreparable loss; and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he detailed her many perfections. His happiness had lasted but one year. Her death made no change in his devotion. She underwent a transfiguration. Her subjective immortality became a real presence to his mystical affection. During life she had been a benign influence irradiating his moral nature, and for the first time giving satisfaction to the immense tenderness which slumbered there; she thus initiated him into the secrets of emotional life which were indispensable to his philosophy in its subsequent elaboration. Her death rather intensified than altered this influence by purifying it from all personal and objective elements.

'The remainder of his life was a perpetual hymn to her memory. Every week he visited her tomb. Every day he prayed to her and invoked her continual assistance. His published invocations and eulogies may call forth mockeries from frivolous contemporaries—intense emotions and disinterested passions easily lending themselves to ridicule—but posterity will read in them a grave lesson, and will see that this modern Beatrice played a considerable part in the evolution of the religion of humanity.'†

This great passion marks the transition in M. Comte's life from the Philosopher to the Pontiff. Hitherto we see in him mainly a great intellectualist moulding all the sciences, according to his view, into a vast and compact body of doctrine under the name of Positive Philosophy; henceforth he takes up the position of a new Priest of humanity, the Legislator of a new religion, which, amidst the decay of theistic no less than of

* Lewes, p. 581. † Lewes, pp. 581–2.

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polytheistic beliefs, is to preside over the future development of the human race. What the character of this religion is we shall see more particularly by-and-by. Meantime it is important to remark that this change in Comte's thought and life marks a significant division among his followers. M. Littré and others who have adopted his 'Philosophy' reject his polity and religion, and accuse him of forsaking his own method in his later works. M. Littré has even gone the length of attributing his religious speculations to a fresh cerebral attack, which he is supposed to have had about this time. We confess that we agree with Mr. Lewes in thinking that this is hardly fair or warrantable. If it is admitted that the prolonged attack of insanity, which preceded the composition of the 'Course of Positive Philosophy,' had not seriously affected his mental organs, it cannot be said that a comparatively slight attack, which is only inferred from certain expressions in one of his letters to Mr. Mill, should have permanently affected his powers of thought. In fact there is no evidence of this fact. His mental capacity, in its characteristic qualities of intensity, sweep, and sustained power of coordinating his conceptions, is equally shown in his later as in his earlier writings. There is not more weakness in the one than in the other; there is only more extravagance, more inordinate confidence in his own generalisations, a more developed and self-appreciative tendency to lay down the law for all knowledge and wisdom, and to bring the whole domain of life, as well as of thought, within the range of his theories. We shall see, moreover, that it is impossible to separate betwixt the two series of M. Comte's writings, and that the latter only contain the consistent development of views which he had held, and even announced, from the first.

In 1851 he published the first volume of his 'Système de 'Politique Positive, ou Traité de Sociologie instituant la 'Religion de l'Humanité,' which was completed in four volumes in 1854. In the meantime the famous 'Catéchisme Positiviste, 'ou Sommaire Exposition de la Religion Universelle,' had appeared in 1852. These writings together contain the full exposition of his later views. The longer he lived the more devoted he became to his own ideas; and his most faithful disciples felt difficulty in keeping pace with his love of systematising and the startling audacity with which he elaborated his plans. He lived in a world all his own, in which the most extravagant dreams had become realities. To himself and a few followers he appeared the Philosopher of the age, who had summed up the course of past thought, the Legislator of

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a new era, the author and chief Minister of a new religion, which was to supersede all religions, and perfect the development of the human race. 'In the name of the Past and of the 'Future, the servants of humanity—both its philosophical and 'practical servants—come forward to claim as their due the 'general direction of this world. Their object is to constitute 'at length a real Providence in all departments—moral, intel-'lectual, and material. Consequently they exclude, once for 'all, from political supremacy, all the different servants of God '—Catholic, Protestant, or Deist—as being at once behind-'hand and a cause of disturbance.'* Such was the remarkable, he himself admits, 'uncompromising,' announcement with which he closed, in 1851, his third 'Course of Lectures on the 'General History of Humanity.'

The picture of his closing years is touching in contrast with this magniloquence:—

'He rose at five in the morning, prayed, meditated, and wrote until seven in the evening, with brief intervals for his two meals. Every day he read a chapter from the "Imitation of Christ," and a canto of Dante. Homer also was frequently re-read. Poetry was his sole relaxation now that he could no longer indulge his passion for the opera. From seven to nine (and on Sundays in the afternoon) he received visits especially from working men, among whom he found disciples. On Wednesday afternoon he visited the tomb of Madame de Vaux. At ten he again prayed and went to bed. The hour of prayer was to him an hour of mystic and exquisite expansion. Nothing could be simpler than his meals: breakfast consisted only of milk;† dinner was more substantial, but rigorously limited. At the close of dinner he daily substituted for dessert a piece of dry bread, which he ate slowly, meditating on the numerous poor who were unable to procure even that means of nourishment in return for their work.'‡

In 1857 his health was noticed to be failing, and on the 5th of September he breathed his last, without pain, and surrounded by a few of his most earnest disciples.

In now turning to the consideration of Comte's opinions, or what is known as Positivism, our task must be partly one of exposition, and partly one of criticism. Positivism presents two aspects. It comes before us as a complete system of thought developed into a religion, and a social and moral

* P. 176.

† M. Littré says: 'un bol de lait avec un peu de pain détrempé,' p. 640.

‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 588.

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theory in Comte's later writings—in other words, as a system of worship, of doctrine, and of life, according to the order in which the 'Catéchisme Positiviste' expounds it. But it may also be regarded as, in the main, a philosophy or special mode of thought, without reference to its later developments. It may be considered, in short, as expounded in the preliminary discourse which opens the 'Système de Politique Positive,'* and as treated in the 'Catechism,' or it may be considered as it presents itself in Comte's great work, 'Cours de Philosophie 'Positive.' The former give us the system directly in all its human bearings, as designed to be a new power in life and society; the latter gives us the system specially in its intellectual basis in relation to other systems, and the circle of human knowledge.

These two points of view, as we have already indicated, mark a schism, or something approaching to a schism, among M. Comte's disciples. Many who have embraced the intellectual basis of his system refuse to advance with him to its moral and religious applications. M. Littré has even laid a formal indictment against him, as having abandoned his own method—the genuine Positivist principle of inquiry—and fallen back to the 'theological state,' in his later writings.† Every candid critic will admit the difference of intellectual tone, characteristic of these writings. The animating spirit, the view of man and of his position in the universe, are greatly changed. The subjective method takes the place of the objective, often in the most arbitrary and unreasonable manner, in comparison with which any claims put forward on behalf of metaphysics or theology are modest.‡ This is true, and so far the critic would concur with M. Littré; yet after all it is also true that such thoroughgoing disciples as Dr. Robinet in France, and Mr. Congreve and Dr. Bridges in England, far more completely represent their master than M. Littré and others. It is not only that they go the whole length that he did, that they profess his faith in all its fulness, but that they represent the really governing tendencies of his system from the first. These tendencies, although not fully developed, may be all traced in Comte's earlier speculations. Even Mr. Lewes,

* Translated by Dr. Bridges under the title of 'A General View 'of Positivism.'

† Littré, pp. 572–592.

‡ See among other illustrations the extraordinary views expounded in the 'Catechism,' p. 222, as to the study of the Animal Kingdom in relation to Man.

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who tells us that he has never been able to accept, in any dogmatic sense, the later views of his master, virtually admits this. 'Nothing can be more evident,' he says, 'than that from 'the first Comte's aim was to construct a polity on the basis of 'science. This polity did not at first wear the aspect of reli-'gion, but the transition was inevitable. A doctrine which 'furnished an explanation of the world, of man, and of society, 'which renovated education and organised social relations, above 'all, which established a spiritual power, was in all its chief 'functions identical with a religion.'* It was the distinguishing glory of Positivism, according to Comte's own boast, that it not only contemplated the whole circle of human knowledge and activity, but that it furnished the only effective principles for the reorganisation of both. It based the reformation of life on the demonstrations of science. He claimed to be a reformer on this very ground. All other modern reformers he maintains are wrong in trying to regulate society without a previous regulation of opinions.†

Positivism, therefore, even if separable into two doctrines, and if it fell in the hands of its author into a schism of method, is yet a connected system of thought. We may take certain parts and leave others, but this is to mutilate the scheme of the master. So far as he is entitled to be looked upon as a master of thought at all, he may claim for his whole system a strictly affiliated and organic character; it can only be fairly judged when it is judged as a whole in the light in which it presented itself to his own mind, and with all the pretensions which he advanced for it.‡

For our purpose, however, it is necessary to consider the system mainly in its intellectual basis. It is impossible otherwise to understand it, or the extraordinary influence which it has exercised and is exercising. We recognise the unity of Comte's polity and philosophy, and in conclusion shall advert particularly to the necessary growth of the Religion of Humanity, on the basis of thought laid down in the 'Cours de Philosophie 'Positive;' but before doing so it is necessary to expound this basis. It is impossible otherwise for readers unacquainted with the system to apprehend its leading ideas, and the force with which they have impressed many minds. Furthermore, it is impossible, without some definite review of his philosophy, to

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* P. 637. † P. 637.

‡ See Dr. Bridges's pamphlet on 'The Unity of Comte's Life and 'Doctrine,' in reply to Mr. Mill; an extremely interesting pamphlet, and from its point of view perfectly conclusive.

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understand Comte's real merit, and the services which he has rendered to the cause of science. No one who has studied his great work can be insensible to these services. All who have done so would feel that merely to regard him as the author of a new religion, would be to do injustice to his position as a scientific thinker, and even to leave the essential principles, out of which his religion came, obscure and unintelligible. His undoubted influence lies in certain great conceptions, with which he has enriched and illuminated the modern mind. He has, as we think, mistaken the universality and exaggerated the value of these conceptions; but the persistence, and even the extravagance, with which he has enforced them, have been in some respects of genuine benefit both to the cause of science and of religion.*

I. Starting from the great law of evolution with which he opens the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive,' Comte's philosophy branches into three leading conceptions, under which all that is distinctive in his thought and work as a philosopher may be summed up. These are his method, his classification of the sciences, and his sociological doctrine; and with a brief review of these, we will lead up to a criticism of his system. Already in his announcement of his initial principle or law of evolution, which he regarded as his great discovery, he begs the whole question in his own favour against previous systems of thought. All our conceptions, he says,—every branch of knowledge,—passes through the theological and metaphysical stage towards the Positive, which is final and exclusive of the others. In other words, theology merges into metaphysics, and metaphysics gives way to science. This he proclaims as a universal law, and this is the sum and substance of his general doctrine; but we shall be in a better position for seeing its full meaning, and critically examining it, when we have passed in review his method and the great hierarchy of the sciences to the exposition of which his chief work is devoted.

* It is proper to state in this place that the two first volumes of M. Comte's 'Philosophie Positive' were reviewed in this Journal thirty years ago (Ed. Rev. vol. lxvii. p. 272) by a very distinguished member of our fraternity, and our readers will not regret it if they take the trouble to refer back to that article. The two first volumes of M. Comte's work, which were all that had in those days appeared, relate almost entirely to his views of the natural sciences, especially mathematics and astronomy, of which we shall say but little on the present occasion. The later volumes which are now before us unquestionably open a far wider field of discussion and have exerted an increasing influence on the present century.

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The Positive method is the basis of the Positive philosophy; and it is peculiarly necessary to distinguish it from this philosophy, because there is a sense in which the method is universally accredited and accepted. What is this method? It is nothing more nor less than the application of the principle that in the study of nature we are concerned merely *with the facts before us and the relations* which connect those facts with one another. We have nothing to do with the supposed essence or hidden nature of the facts. Their absolute character, cause, or purpose is beyond our scrutiny. The science of any order of phenomena has nothing to do with the origin or ultimate explanation of the phenomena, but simply with their observed properties and the laws or order of sequence according to which these properties are formed and subsist. *Facts, and the invariable laws which govern them,* are, in other words, the pursuit, and the only legitimate pursuit, of science.

This is the method of Positive inquiry now universally recognised in every department of science, although as yet imperfectly carried out in some. It was formally announced by Bacon, and is commonly associated with his name, although in truth it was but imperfectly understood and applied by that great teacher of Method.* It received a definite impulse from the speculations of Hume, who, carrying to their legitimate conclusions the philosophy of his day, showed that we could get nothing from nature, or *sense-experience,* but ideas of coexistence and a succession; or, in other words, of facts, and the sequences which connect them; and who attempted to prove that this

* The scientific or inductive method is so commonly associated with Bacon as to be often styled 'Baconian;' but, on the one hand, Bacon neither discovered the method, which in its fundamental principle that all science must be based on an adequate observation of facts, is at least as old as Aristotle even in its formal statement; and, on the other hand, he had, as has been frequently pointed out, so imperfect a conception of the Positive development of the principle which rigorously confines all investigation to *facts and their relations,* that he specially aimed, by experiment, to trace under the scholastic name of 'Forms,' the primary essences or causes of phenomena. What Bacon really did was to give, by his powerful genius and imperial sweep of thought, an unprecedented impulse to the great scientific conception of *interpreting* nature rather than imposing meanings upon it. And his services in this respect have been so transcendent as to entitle him along with Descartes to be considered the father of modern philosophy. In this respect Comte expressly owns his obligation to both of them as well as to Leibnitz, but still more to Hume, as we have mentioned in the text.

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was equally true of the world of mind as of matter. From the one realm as well as the other he cast out all ideas of *substance* and *cause*, and left nothing but phenomena and their relations of association. Hume is, therefore, the principal precursor of Comte, as he himself acknowledges.* He anticipated to the full the fundamental principle of the Comtean philosophy. He did more than this. For he saw clearly the use that could be made of it polemically; the sceptical or negative bearings of the principle are equally to be found in his writings. So far, therefore, there is nothing original in Positivism. The Scottish sceptic had already anticipated the nature of its attacks against theological philosophy.

But while Comte cannot claim any originality for his method, or even the anti-theological application which he makes of it, he deserves great merit for the luminous consistency with which he has applied it to all natural phenomena, and so expelled from the domain of science many vague and mystical hypotheses which lingered in his time, and even still linger. He has shown, for example, in relation to gravity, chemical affinity, and the phenomena of heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, how purely arbitrary and supposititious are the 'principles' or 'hidden forces' which have been associated with these phenomena, and under which even men of science are still prone to conceive them. Gravity is nothing in itself. It is an invariable numerical relation betwixt the celestial masses and the various particles of matter, and nothing more. Chemical affinity is nothing but a relation of a similar character subsisting betwixt certain substances. It has no existence apart from these substances, and no determining influence over them. It is simply an expression denoting that in given circumstances given relations will always be found to arise in particular phenomena. All the old ideas of 'fluids' and 'ethers,' as a groundwork or substratum or vehicle of physical phenomena, are equally illusory. They are not in the facts; they are hypotheses added to the facts, in their character incapable of verification, and, instead of enlightening thought or serving to explain nature, in themselves requiring explanation. The well-known 'vital principle,' which has so long played a part in physiological science, disappears under the same rigorous application of modern induction. It is, no less than the preceding 'entities,' a pure hypothesis, misleading because directing attention from the facts, and starting a delusive play of conjecture, rather than a true path of discovery. All such imaginary 'entities' never help—on the contrary, they greatly encumber, the progress of science.

* Cat. Pos. Preface, p. vii. Compare translation.

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Comte did well in expelling all such hypotheses from the scientific domain. He not only took up the Baconian method, but he purified and extended it. He has at once given it a wider application than any previous thinker, and far more clearly understood its import. The very exaggeration and exclusiveness with which he has used it has served to bring out more precisely its true meaning. Facts and the connexions of these facts—in Positivist language *phenomena and their laws*—constitute the sum of knowledge to be derived from the physical method of inquiry. Wherever we penetrate we find that natural phenomena are linked together in endless sequence; there is no jar to the harmony of their movement; there are no disconnected threads in the vast work of material succession. Undoubtedly the more universal recognition of a reign of order everywhere, has been greatly due to the Comtean type of thought. So far the Positivist method has vindicated itself to the higher intelligence everywhere. Comte glories in this, and rushes to the conclusion that, beyond the natural order there is nothing. That he is wrong in this we shall endeavour to prove. But what we wish to point out in the meantime is, that on his basis he is far more consistent than many who virtually occupy the same position; for he plainly implies not only that we know nothing except phenomena and their relations—facts particular or general—but that the Positivist philosopher should in consequence discharge from his language not only such abstract entities as 'principles' or 'essences,' but moreover such expressions as *cause, will,* or *force.* 'Forces,' he says, 'are only movements.' They are transferences of phenomena, and nothing more. Comte is indeed far from consistent in applying his own canon of Positive interpretation, from the simple impossibility of working such a canon, and discharging from the account of human knowledge what is really one half, and that the most vital half, of the sum to be accounted for; still he deserves credit for having clearly seen that, if all our knowledge is only *phenomenal,* then we have no right to the use of language which phenomena never gave us and cannot give us. It is a pure delusion to speak of *causation,* and yet to empty the word of all meaning by making a cause nothing but an invariable antecedent. To the purely physical philosopher force can be nothing but a *transition of conditions.* Turn up the mere soil of *physics* in any direction, analyse to the last the complication of external phenomena, and force as a distinct reality is nowhere found. The springs of nature are viewless, and the mere scalpel of induction can never lay them bare. It is a true and important

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service to have thus stripped the physical basis of all metaphysical gloss, and so expose, as we shall afterwards more fully show, the real roots of the question between Positivism or mere science and theological philosophy.

But Comte has done something more than extend and illuminate the inductive method. He has classified the sciences; and there is no one capable of appreciating the task who will be disposed to undervalue what he has done in this respect. Others may, to some extent, have anticipated him; but no one who has really mastered his system of classification, the principles on which it is based, and the rich and frequently striking thoughts with which he has expounded its sequences, can entertain any question of his ability and originality as a scientific thinker. He possesses, indeed, a singular power of lighting up scientific conceptions, and bringing forth to view their rational coordination and harmony. He never loses himself amidst complexities; he never sinks into mere technical details which have no bearing on his subject; his store of knowledge, although he ceased to add to it prematurely, is vast and multifarious; and he seldom misses the apt example or illustration, while conveniently forgetting whatever does not suit him. With all that is false and one-sided in it, we know of few mental disciplines more bracing and exhilarating than the study of the Comtean hierarchy of sciences as expounded in the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive.'

In proceeding to his task, Comte first establishes a distinction between what he calls abstract science and concrete science. The former has for its object the discovery of the laws which regulate the whole phenomena in any department of knowledge; the latter contemplates the phenomena in detail or according to their actual appearance. Chemistry, for example, is an abstract science, mineralogy is a concrete science. Physiology, or more correctly biology, is an abstract science; botany and zoology are concrete sciences. Properly speaking, the name of *science* only belongs to the first or abstract class. The latter or concrete series are rather classifications than sciences. We only reach the province of *science* when we ascend beyond the description, or even the sorting or generalising, of mere phenomena to their laws—the comprehensive order or combinations of order which the phenomena obey. Comte saw this, and has done a great deal to make others see it; but he did not, as we think, comprehend all that is involved in the transition through which alone a description or even a generalised notation of phenomena passes into science.

It is of course only with the class of abstract sciences or

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sciences properly so called, that Positive Philosophy has to do. These are fundamental, the others are dependent and illustrative. The one gives us *knowledge* and the power that comes from knowledge. The others give only collections of facts. In seeking for a principle on which to coordinate the series of abstract sciences, Comte has recourse to the simple idea of arranging them according to their respective generality and the degree of dependence which they bear to one another. The idea is simple enough, and it is absurd to claim any particular credit for it; but it is at least as absurd to cast any ridicule or discredit upon it. To begin with the most general or elementary branches and advance to the more complex and difficult—what is this, some have said, but to follow the instinct of all sensible people—what ninety-nine people out of a hundred would do? But the plain answer to this is that, not to speak of the ninety-nine, not even the hundredth philosopher had succeeded in exhibiting the physical sciences in a rational series before Comte. The simplicity of the idea upon which he worked, which guided his great faculty of coordination, does not detract from, but rather enhances, the merit of his scheme.

Starting with this idea he comes primarily across the great division of phenomena into organic and inorganic. Taking up the latter as the more general and therefore preceding the other, we have the two sections of celestial and terrestrial phenomena. The phenomena of the heavens are at once the most general and the most independent—for the law of dependence is found to follow strictly the law of priority and generality, and Comte everywhere makes a special point of exhibiting the relations of dependence in the ascending series. Dependence rises as the succession advances; there is everywhere an exact proportion between the two. Of all phenomena those of the heavens are obviously at once the most general and the most independent. And the science of astronomy accordingly takes precedence of all others. The simplest terrestrial phenomenon, chemical or purely mechanical, is more compound than the most complex celestial phenomenon, and so the most difficult astronomical question is less complicated than that of the most simple terrestrial movement when all the determining circumstances are taken into account—the movement, for example, of a falling body. This clear consideration places celestial physics or astronomy at the head of all the natural sciences. Terrestrial physics, on the same principle, falls into divisions according to the merely mechanical or the chemical view of objects. All chemical phenomena are

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more complex than mechanical, or what we commonly call physical, and depend upon them without influencing them in return. All chemical action, for example, is conditioned by such influences as weight, heat, &c., while, moreover, presenting of itself definite characteristics which modify these. Physics, therefore, or natural philosophy, in the special sense, precedes chemistry, which follows astronomy. These three sciences include all inorganic phenomena, and their rational order, according to the ascending complexity of the phenomena, is as we have stated. The next great department of science is physiology, or the science of organic phenomena in their greatest generality, as presented in individual living beings. The simplest living object presents conditions more complicated than any merely chemical phenomenon, while it more or less involves all the conditions of the preceding phenomena.

Up to this point Comte's classification of the sciences appears perfect, with an obvious omission, which, as he himself says, would be prodigious if it were not intentional; he means, of course, the science of mathematics, the most fundamental of all the sciences according to its character and its name. We need not enter particularly into the grounds on which he places mathematics at the head of his series, because these grounds are not likely to be disputed. The phenomena of extension and of simple movement, which yield us respectively the sciences of geometry and of rational mechanics, are plainly the most abstract and generalised phenomena with which we have to deal, not to speak of the still more abstract character of the calculus, which is with Comte not only the fundamental base of all the sciences, but a logical instrument or method extending to all. On the clearest grounds, therefore, *mathematics* stands at the head of the natural sciences—which may be ranged in the following order: mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, physiology.

With the last of these departments science reaches Man as the most characteristic and eminent of living beings. The science of his external constitution, his special organism, sums up all previous stages in the scientific classification, dependent as it is upon all the previous succession of physical conditions, astronomical, physical, chemical, and presenting at the same time the most complex manifestation of organic or physiological conditions. Man is the highest product of nature—the highest form of nature's most complex form—organisation. To Comte he is nothing more than this; and consistently, therefore, physiology gives us, according to him, not only the science of the external constitution, but the

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whole science of Man.* There is no study of Mind distinct from matter; psychology has no claims to be reckoned a science. The method of internal or subjective observation is delusive and quite incompetent to yield us any real knowledge. Knowledge, strictly so called, only arises from actual or objective observation—the study of phenomena in themselves or in their development, their coexistence or their succession. Mind, therefore, can only be known as a function of organism, after the manner of the phrenologists. The phenomena of mind belong to the order of physiological phenomena, and must be investigated after the same manner. Here we approach the essential idea of Positivism, and might run out into a lengthened argument to show how untenable Comte's position is and has been found to be by some who, like Mr. Mill, have otherwise great sympathy with his philosophy. Mr. Mill has defined with admirable success the distinctive character of pyschological science;† and even Mr. Lewes, although in the present volumes he withdraws his adherence to Mr. Mill's view, yet allows that psychology may be reckoned as a concrete, if not as an abstract, science deserving a place in the scientific hierarchy.‡ It is unnecessary for us to enter into this argument, because the real point at issue here is the essential idea of M. Comte's philosophy, which awaits our discussion farther on. The question as to the right of psychology to be reckoned a separate science, and as to the validity of consciousness as a distinct source of knowledge, covers obviously the deeper question as to the nature of the thinking principle or reason in man—the question, namely, whether there are such facts as psychical facts in essence distinct from vital or physiological. The question, in short, comes to be as to what man is—whether there are two orders of being in him or only one; whether he is distinctly spiritual as well as natural, or only a more highly developed animal. Mr. Mill would probably not admit this, but Mr. Lewes clearly enough

* This is only true of Comte's original series as given in the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive.' Afterwards he added the science of 'Morals,' and professed to attach great importance to it as the crown of his 'encyclopedic scale.' But it is unnecessary for us in dealing with the intellectual basis of the system to advert to this addition which he afterwards made to the number of the sciences. We confine our present line of exposition entirely to the 'Cours de 'Philosophie Positive.' Whatever changes he afterwards made, he did not alter the essentially *naturalistic* basis of all his thought.

† Auguste Comte and Positivism, pp. 63–66.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 626.

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recognises it. We pass, therefore, in the meantime, from the discussion that might open here with the simple remark that Comte's classification, which has hitherto proceeded according to rational principles of an enlightened and satisfactory kind, breaks down at that point where he reaches the last stage of purely physical phenomena. Bound by his principles to recognise no higher order of phenomena, he pushes his objective method beyond its proper stretch, and it crumbles in his hands.

The remaining science with which, in the 'Cours de Philo-'sophie Positive,' Comte sums up his series, brings before us at the same time the crowning service which he is supposed to have rendered to Thought, and the last of the great conceptions with which, under all deductions, he has enriched it. He called this science Sociology, and the half of his great work—three out of the six bulky volumes—are devoted to its exposition, the science of man's external and mental constitution ranking under the general head of Biology or Physiology, there yet remains a distinct science of *man in society*. The phenomena of human society present a special class of phenomena, claiming not only to be investigated by themselves, but to be investigated after a special manner answering to their extreme complexity. The increasing complexity of the data of science here reaches the highest point. A social phenomenon is, so to speak, a deposit of all previous phenomena. All contribute in some degree to make it what it is, and the difficulty of its investigation, especially in series, or as a constituent of the complex integral of which it forms a part, is corresponding. So much does Comte recognise this difficulty that he changes here, not indeed his method, but the relations which its two parts bear to one another. This cannot be better explained than in Mr. Mill's language:—

'The method proper to the science of Society must be in substance the same as in all other sciences, the interrogation and interpretation of experience by the twofold processes of induction and deduction. But its mode of practising these observations has features of peculiarity. In general Induction furnishes to science the laws of the elementary facts from which when known those of the complex combinations are thought out deductively; specific observation of complex phenomena yields no general laws or only empirical ones; its scientific function is to verify the laws obtained by deduction. This mode of investigation is not adequate to the exigencies of sociological investigation. In social phenomena, the elementary facts, are feelings and actions, and the laws of these are the laws of human nature; social facts being the results of human acts and situations. Since then the phenomena of man in society result from his nature as an individual being, it might be thought that the

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proper mode of constructing a positive Social Science must be by deducing it from the general laws of human nature, using the facts of history merely for verification.'

M. Comte considers this as an error, or at the best looks upon such a mode of investigation as only applicable to the earlier stages of human progress, of which we have no clear historical accounts:—

'As society proceeds in its development its phenomena are determined more and more, not by the simple tendencies of universal human nature, but by the accumulated influence of past generations over the present. The human beings themselves on the laws of whose nature the facts of history depend are not abstract or universal but historical human beings, already shaped and made what they are by human society. This being the case, no power of deduction could enable anyone, starting from the mere conception of the Being man, placed in a world such as the earth may have been before the commencement of human agency, to predict and calculate the phenomena of his development, such as they have in fact proved.

'If the facts of history, empirically considered, had not given rise to any generalisations, a deductive study of history could never have reached higher than more or less plausible conjecture. By good fortune (for the case might easily have been otherwise) the history of our species, looked at as a comprehensive whole, does exhibit a determinate course, a certain order of development; though history alone cannot prove this to be a necessary law, as distinguished from a temporary accident. Here, therefore, begins the office of biology (or, as we should say, of psychology) in the social science. The universal laws of human nature are part of the data of sociology, but in using them we must reverse the method of the deductive physical sciences: for while, in these, specific experience commonly serves to verify laws arrived at by deduction, in sociology it is specific experience which suggests the laws, and deduction which verifies them. If a sociological theory, collected from historical evidence, contradicts the established general laws of human nature; if (to use M. Comte's instances) it implies, in the mass of mankind, any very decided natural bent, either in a good or in a bad direction; if it supposes that the reason, in average human beings, predominates over the desires, or the disinterested desires over the personal; we may know that history has been misinterpreted, and that the theory is false. On the other hand, if laws of social phenomena, empirically generalised from history, can when once suggested be affiliated to the known laws of human nature; if the direction actually taken by the developments and changes of human society can be seen to be such as the properties of man and of his dwelling-place made antecedently probable, the empirical generalisations are raised into positive laws, and Sociology becomes a science.

'Much has been said and written for centuries past by the prac-

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tical or empirical school of politicians, in condemnation of theories founded on principles of human nature, without an historical basis; and the theorists, in their turn, have successfully retaliated on the practicalists. But we know not any thinker who, before M. Comte, had penetrated to the philosophy of the matter, and placed the necessity of historical studies as the foundation of sociological speculation on the true footing. From this time any political thinker who fancies himself able to dispense with a connected view of the great facts of history, as a chain of causes and effects, must be regarded as below the level of the age.

'The inversion of the ordinary relation between deduction and induction is not the only point in which, according to M. Comte, the Method proper to sociology differs from that of the sciences in inorganic nature. The common order of science proceeds from the details to the whole. The method of sociology should proceed from the whole to the details. There is no universal principle for the order of study, but that of proceeding from the known to the unknown; finding our way to the facts at whatever point is most open to our observation. In the phenomena of the social state, the collective phenomenon is more accessible to us than the parts of which it is composed. This is already, in a great degree, true of the mere animal body. It is essential to the idea of an organism, and it is even more true of the social organism than of the individual. The state of every part of the social whole at any time is intimately connected with the contemporaneous state of all the others. Religious belief, philosophy, science, the finer arts, the industrial arts, commerce, navigation, government, all are in close mutual dependence on one another, insomuch that when any considerable change takes place in one, we may know that a parallel change in all the others has preceded or will follow it. The progress of society from one general state to another is not an aggregate of partial changes, but the product of a single impulse, acting through all the partial agencies, and can therefore be most easily traced by studying them together. Could it even be detected in them separately, its true nature could not be understood except by examining them in the *ensemble*. In constructing, therefore, a theory of society, all the different aspects of the social organisation must be taken into consideration at once.'*

We have given the whole of this passage, because it would be impossible to present in a better shape at once some idea of Comte's sociological doctrine and the special distinction claimed for him as its author. The creation of this science is the crowning effort of the Positive Philosophy; and while of course its success will be estimated differently according to our point of view, there are few even of those most strongly repudiating Comte's principles who would deny the great and

* Auguste Comte and Positivism, pp. 83–8.

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just conception that underlies his sociological scheme. Other thinkers before him had conceived of human society as regulated by natural laws, and so presenting throughout its course a great plan of development. It cannot be said that even here he is entirely original. Not to speak of Montesquieu and Condorcet, to whose labours he himself does justice, M. Littré has cited a remarkable passage from Kant, in which the idea of human history as a connected chain of events, and of human society as a vast organism governed by its own laws, is expressed with great clearness and force. The same views were worked out with still greater power and success by Hegel, from whom we cannot but think that Comte borrowed many of his ideas. But however this idea may have dawned upon other thinkers, none before had evolved it so fully, or worked it out so thoroughly as a scientific conception. Here, as in the preceding department of science, it is Comte's great merit that he has applied the Positive conception without reserve, and shown that looking *merely at the phenomena* of society, no less than at the phenomena of life and the phenomena of physical action, they present an invariable order, facts following facts in rigorous sequence. That Politics is a science in short, and that law reigns there as supreme as in other departments of human knowledge, are truths, the growing diffusion of which is very much owing to the Positive Philosophy.

And not only so. Comte has not only established the scientific character of social phenomena in a more perfect manner than any previous philosopher, but he has also established their *distinctive* scientific character. He has brought out the essential bearing of history upon politics, and shown how all the phenomena of human society are what they are, not merely as the result of human nature *per se*, but as the result of *historical human nature*. History is not merely a sequence linking age to age by inevitable laws of progress, but Society, at every particular stage of its progress, bears the impress of all that has gone before, and social phenomena are in consequence a historical deposit, and not merely a result of individual human life. Man, in short, as a social being, yields a definite science, because there goes to his making not merely the radical propensities which the study of the individual man reveals, but all the special conditions arising out of the sequency of events in the midst of which he stands.

So far we join with Comte's admirers in conceding the great merit of his sociological conception. We agree with Mr. Mill that it is impossible for any political thinker to claim a hearing who has not mastered this conception and recognised the

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essential relation of historical studies to social and political speculation. But M. Comte's disciples claim for him, as he claims for himself, far more than the mere triumph of initiating Sociology as a Science—of verifying, that is to say, the scientific character of social phenomena. He is supposed, besides, to have discovered the great elementary law of these phenomena, and in this manner not only to have indicated the path of the science but to have established its fundamental doctrine. This law is nothing else than the great law of Evolution with which he sets out, and of which we have already spoken—the famous *loi des trois états*, as it is called. Here, therefore, at the end as at the beginning of our brief exposition, we come upon this law and its exclusive relation to all previous speculation and knowledge. It underlies not only Comte's general conception of philosophy, but constitutes his special sociological doctrine. In all the sciences it represents the order of progress, but here it represents the very doctrine or law of the science, under which the complicated phenomena of human society may be gathered up and explained, as the astronomer explains the phenomena of the heavens by the law of gravitation, or the physiologist the phenomena of life by the properties of the cellular tissue. As astronomy had its Kepler, who subjected the eccentric orbits of the planets to definite laws, and Newton who explained these laws by one embracing generalisation, so Sociology has its Comte, who has not only demonstrated the scientific character of social phenomena, but explained the law which governs their development; who has not only recognised that there is an organic evolution marking all historical phenomena, but explained the character of this evolution and its invariable mode of operation. This is hardly an exaggeration of the manner in which M. Littré speaks of Comte,* and Mr. Lewes is even more direct and emphatic in his admiration. In reference to this very point, in regard to which as well as a good many others Mr. Mill fails to come up to the full standard of a disciple, Mr. Lewes observes:—

'Mr. Mill's statement of what constitutes a science is all that Comte's disciples require, namely, discovering or proving and pursuing to their consequences those of its truths which are fit to form the connecting links among the rest, truths which are to it what the law of gravitation is to astronomy, and what the elementary properties of tissue are to physiology. And this, we believe, the law of the three stages is to sociology. Mr. Mill accepts that law; and therefore it is that I venture to intimate that his doubts respecting

* P. 53.

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Comte's claim may be merely a question of terms. Those—and they are the majority—who refuse to accept the law very consistently reject the claim. I cannot here afford the space for a discussion of their objections, but content myself with saying that it is a law of History and must be verified in History—it cannot even be comprehended, much less refuted, through subjective experience. Whoever will take the trouble to understand its meaning or follow Comte's exemplification of it throughout History, will see Mr. Mill's superficial objections to it all disappear as they disappear before the law of gravitation, which likewise needed an extensive and persistent verification before its truth became irresistible.' (Vol. ii. p. 623.)

And so the law of the three stages has all the validity of the law of gravitation! It is not more true that the theological and metaphysical are merely passing phases of human society towards the positive or final stage from which all ideas of a higher Divine order are banished, than that the heavens move in an undeviating order, the proportions of which are expressed in the formula, 'directly as the mass, and inversely as 'the square of the distance.'

It is plain that we here return upon the essence of the whole question betwixt Positivism and Spiritual Philosophy or Theology. It is mere pretence to affirm, that the question is one 'to be verified in history,' or, indeed, that it is one confined to any argument or proof about the law of the three stages. The real question is as to the essential idea or mode of conception out of which this law as well as all the special doctrine of Positivism spring. Do we only know phenomena? Is all our real knowledge objective? Cannot we penetrate beneath the mere outward nexus of order or law? Is all knowledge above nature, or all metaphysical and theological knowledge, essentially invalid? Is the idea of a Divine Order, of a Supreme Intelligence, ruling the world, only a superstition? These various questions present the real points at issue; they all mask the same general question.

II. This question must now occupy us for a little. Let us see that we understand it in its full meaning. It is the pretension of Positivism to reduce all knowledge to the form of *Science*. It affirms not only that the inductive or scientific method is applicable to the whole range of phenomena or events which come under our observation, but that there is nothing beyond the application of this method. What we cannot observe, classify, and generalise are not realities. There is, in short, *one* order of existence—the physical, which gives us science, and no other. There is no higher order embracing the physical, and illuminating it from above with ideas of Reason (metaphysics), or of Purpose (theology). All truth

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arises from outward experience—from facts—and the order in which these facts arrange themselves. It is the function of Science to make known these facts *and their laws*, and so to provide us not merely with details of knowledge, but with a systematisation of all knowledge—a doctrine which shall be a Philosophy, and shall issue in a social authority or Religion.

It is to be noticed that the question is not one at all, as it has been sometimes artfully put, regarding the recognition of Order and Law *as against Will* in nature. Comte himself is not free from this unfair way of putting the question, especially in the earlier volumes of the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive.' In reviewing the great laws unfolded by the progress of scientific discovery, he delights to point out their assumed contrariety to any idea of Providence or supernatural direction of the world. 'Look at the unvarying movement of the celestial masses,' he says, 'how entirely does their necessary action exclude the 'idea of Will. Theological philosophy supposes everything 'to be governed by Will, and that phenomena are consequently 'variable and irregular! The Positive Philosophy, on the 'contrary, conceives of them as subject to invariable laws, 'whose issues admit of prevision—so fixed and sure are they.' The radical incompatibility of these two views is especially marked in the phenomena of the heavens, where the laws, being fully discovered, prevision may be said to be perfect.* This fixed celestial order is supposed to displace altogether the idea of a directing Will. Equally so, the endless transmutations of matter in definite chemical proportions are assumed to destroy all idea of the creation or destruction of matter.† There is endless change according to invariable sequences, nothing more. Mr. Lewes is fond of the same assumed contrariety between Order and Will, *invariable* laws and *variable* volition.‡

* Cours de Philosophie Positive, vol. ii. p. 216.

† Ibid., vol. ii. p. 689.

‡ It is difficult to credit the dogmatism with which Comte and his followers urge this presumed contrariety betwixt Law and Will in nature without some acquaintance with Positivist writings. Every one who has read the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive' will remember many passages bearing out what we say in the text which, indeed, is partly a mere translation of Comte's own language. In the 'Catechism' (p. 218, Congreve's translation) he goes the length of saying that 'the opposition between laws and supernatural will is 'irreconcilable.' 'What,' he adds, 'would become of the wonderful 'order (of nature) if we introduce an infinite Power? The capricious 'action of such a Power would allow of no prevision!' Then Mr.

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There never surely was a cruder or more ignorant misconception. Theology knows nothing of a conflict between Order and Will. Ever since the time of Hooker at least, it has been a commonplace in all higher theological literature that the Divine Will is the type of all law and order. If there is a Divine Will at all, it must be a Will acting by general laws, by methods, of which order is an invariable characteristic; and the presence of order or law through all the domain of nature is exactly what the enlightened Theist would expect. If anywhere he came upon disorder instead of order, chaos instead of a cosmos—instead of finding any satisfaction in the idea of a supernatural Will, he would lose hold of this idea altogether. It would vanish with its sign. It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that theology has no quarrel with the progressive discovery of the reign of law in nature. The more plainly this reign is made manifest, the more thoroughly law is found to embrace all phenomena, and impart meaning to them, the more illuminating will the true theological conception grow. Superstition and prejudice as to the mode of the divine action, low thoughts of God and of divine judgment, may vanish; but the great conception of an Intelligent Will will live, and grow brighter beneath all the discoveries of an ever-expanding Order.

The question is not one of Will *versus* Order, at least with the Theist, but of Will *plus* Order, Intelligence *plus* Law. The Theist has no quarrel with the Positivist so far. When the latter speaks of phenomena and the order of phenomena, the metaphysician and the theologian do not dispute with him. On the contrary, they are grateful to him. They prize every disclosure of facts, and every successful coordination of these facts. If there are theologians or metaphysicians who do not do this, they are no more to be regarded than crude systematisers in science. There are foolish as well as wise workers in all departments of knowledge. It is not any real contribution to science, from whatever quarter, that need trouble the spiritual philosopher. It is the negative conclusions built upon these contributions or discoveries that alone concern him—not the fact, but the allegation that there is nothing behind the fact; not the *laws*, but the allegation that beyond these laws

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Lewes, vol. ii. p. 71, says, 'Instead of conceiving the world under 'the dominion of volitions in their essence *variable*, we have learned 'to conceive it under the dominion of laws in their nature *invariable*.' This is only equalled by the audacity which maintains that 'Mono-'theism is irreconcilable wth the existence in our nature of the 'instincts of benevolence'! (*Catechism*, p. 251.)

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we have not, and cannot have, any knowledge. *This is the Positive Philosophy.* Essentially it is a negative rather than a Positive Philosophy. It seeks not to complete other philosophies, but to build itself upon their ruins.

We confess our astonishment that Mr. Mill does not see this more plainly than he does, and that he should suppose Positivism not to be incompatible with a belief in Theism and the Supernatural. He thinks that we may accept M. Comte's conclusions so far, but that we are not bound to follow him onward to the denial of a Divine origin of the existing order of things.

'Positive Philosophy,' he says, 'maintains that within the existing order of the universe, or rather of the part of it known to us, the direct determining cause of every phenomenon is not supernatural but natural. It is compatible with this to believe that the universe was created, and even that it is continuously governed by an Intelligence, provided we admit that the Intelligent Governor adheres to fixed laws, which are only modified or counteracted by other laws of the same dispensation.'*

No doubt there is nothing inconsistent in the Positive mode of thought with these twofold beliefs. Because the Positive or inductive mode of thought is not necessarily exclusive. It embraces all phenomena, but it does not exclude all knowledge beyond phenomena. It is universal within its sphere, but it does not go on to say that there is no world beyond this sphere. Positivism as a philosophy, however, expressly goes this length. It excludes all knowledge but the knowledge of phenomena. It applies the *scientific* method to *all* inquiries. Its special pretension is, that it transforms science into a philosophy—a homogeneous doctrine which is able to explain all the results of life and history and thought.† If any had said to Comte, We accept your method so far; we are ready to go with you up to the last point in the explanation of all physical phenomena, only you will allow us to suppose a Creator in the very end, an Intelligent Will, originator and governor of all things. We cannot get on without these hypotheses. He would have rejected such discipleship with scorn. This is the very thing you have to get rid of, he would have said. The very idea of Positivism — its essential meaning — is, that the origin of things is beyond all legitimate inquiry, all rational hypothesis. The heavens, you say, declare the glory of God. I say they declare no other glory but that of Hipparchus, or Kepler,

* Auguste Comte and Positivism, p. 15.
† Lewes, vol. ii. p. 597.

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or Newton.* You speak of creation. But you have only to study the transmutations of chemical phenomena to see how this idea, like all other theological ideas, vanishes in the face of natural phenomena. Undoubtedly there can be no rational consistency between Theism and Positivism, or indeed any form of a purely sensational or materialistic philosophy. The one may be tagged on to the other by pure conjecture, according to 'the analogies which are called marks of design, and the 'general traditions of the human race,' which seems to be Mr. Mill's plan; or by a special reserve force of faith, after reason has excluded it, which was the late Mr. Baden Powell's plan; but if we accept the Positivist ground-plan of thought, and confine all knowledge to the domain of phenomena, we can find no rational footing for Theism—for the idea of an Intelligent Will ruling in nature and in the world which is its basis.

But can we get on without this idea and the great principles which underlie and presuppose it? Can we work out knowledge at all on a mere phenomenal basis? Metaphysics and theology, having once intruded beyond their sphere, are now in danger of being turned out of doors altogether. In the temple of knowledge no room is found for them. Can we live without them and their characteristic ideas? We admit frankly that science has advantageously expelled them from its special domain, whether in the shape of 'entities,' 'principles,' or 'final causes.' But admitting this, must we hold not only that metaphysics and theology have no right to intrude upon the scientific explanation of nature, but that they cannot help us in any degree towards an explanation of existence and its problems—that, in short, both are mere illusions of knowledge—the sooner dissipated the better? It requires only a true penetration into the meaning of knowledge to see that all this pretension of Positivism to restrict and exhaust it is as untenable as it is arrogant.

It is not necessary for this purpose that we take up the question of the origin of knowledge from the beginning, and ask, what is perception? What is a *phenomenon* or *object*? Is it anything apart—can it be thought apart—from a *noumenon* or *subject*? Does not all knowledge imply subject-object; mind plus matter? Is it not necessary to start with mind even to get a beginning of science? We do not enter upon these questions; not that we shrink from them, or apprehend any doubtful issue of the controversy on this ultimate ground. We have no fear for the ideal side when the problem of know-

* Phil. Pos., vol. ii. p. 36.

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ledge is really probed to the bottom. But we are naturally anxious to confine our subject within limits, and to keep therefore closely to the order of ideas which it directly suggests. And with this restriction in view, we ask what would come, on the Positivist basis, of certain conceptions with which science incessantly works—which it constantly presupposes and demands? What, for example, is the prevailing conception of law or order? Whence do we get it? Could we ever gather it out of external nature, or any series of phenomena which nature gives us? The facts themselves we gather by our senses, and the comparison and classification of them we accomplish by our inductive and generalising faculty. So far, let it be said, we do not add anything to the facts; our method is objective. We do not transcend the data derived from experience. But a classification does not yield us the idea of law. So long as we keep ourselves to the phenomena before us, and this grouping of these phenomena, we do not reach science in Comte's abstract sense—in the proper sense. No mere classification or order of facts makes a science. It is only when we have taken up the classification or order, and translated its meaning, read off the line or lines which sum up all its phenomena and explain them, that we have attained the scientific level, or reached a law in the true or even Comtean sense; such a law, for example, as gravitation. This is the sense in which Positivism understands law everywhere—not merely an observed order of facts, like Kepler's laws, but a *rationale* of the facts—an illuminating conception under which they all fall, and which accounts or gives a *reason* for them. Now the question is, could we ever reach law in this sense without some distinct mental contribution to the phenomena before us? Could we ever get beyond the facts expressing the relation to the relation, or Law itself, unless we had brought to the interpretation of the facts a light beyond what we get from them—a rational element which is not the product of any mere sense-experience? Could such a conception ever start out of mere phenomena? Could the merely objective method ever give us it? Undoubtedly not. Admitting that it gave us the facts, or the order or grouping of the facts, it is the reason from within that alone illuminates, coordinates, and explains them, or, in other words, brings them under law. Law is essentially a rational concept, which no mere observation of phenomena can yield. We *bring it to nature*, otherwise nature could never give us it. We add on our reason to nature's order of changes, otherwise we could never get science at all. In other words, the root of science is some-

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thing more than science; the physical finds its explanation, its intelligibility, only through the metaphysical.

But this is still more apparent in passing to the idea of Cause and Force, with which science is as frequently compelled to work as with the idea of Law, although men of science are more consistently alive to the difficulty in which it involves them. Comte himself, as we have seen, would fain have got rid of this metaphysical element. But this he was unable to do. It is impossible for science to rid itself of the conception of Force. Its very nomenclature would fall into hopeless confusion if it attempted to do so. To avoid its use, as Mr. Grove admits, 'would be so far a departure from recognised views 'as to render language scarcely intelligible.' At the same time he clearly perceives the dilemma in which this involves the purely physical philosopher, inasmuch as Force, 'repre-'sents a subtle mental conception, and not a sensuous percep-'tion or phenomenon.* Plainly it is so. 'Force' is a contribution of our mental consciousness to the world of phenomena, and apart from this consciousness no changes in the external world merely could ever give us it. The external world presents things only in coexistence or in series. The series or successions of its phenomena suggest the idea of Force. The idea becomes inseparably blended with the mutations of nature which we see proceeding around us; but it does not come out of any of these mutations. We could never catch it by any of our external senses. All we see or feel is merely change following change, first one condition then another. The idea is born within of our self-consciousness: it is the product of our own activity, or personality in action. If we ourselves had been entirely passive, no variety of external changes could have induced it in us; and conversely constituted as we are, the subjects of volition, conscious ourselves of being *powers*, it does not require any special set of phenomena to call forth the idea within us. We carry it with us and supply it to nature. It cleaves inseparably to all its changes, not as residing in the changes themselves, but because we cannot conceive of them otherwise than under this category. 'Take away the con-'sciousness of Force in ourselves, and with the keenest vision 'we should see it nowhere in nature. Endow us with it, and 'we have still no more ability than before to perceive it as an 'object in the external world—observation giving us access 'only to phenomena as distributed in space and time.'† And

* Correlation of Physical Forces. 4th edition, p. 16.

† Martineau's Essays, p. 140

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why is it that this causal idea is everywhere present to us in nature; that we infer 'force' as a reality everywhere around us, 'inseparable from matter' and 'the source of its various 'changes?'* Simply because we cannot help viewing nature in the light of our reason. A rational necessity compels us to see in nature the same explanation of movement that we recognise in ourselves. And so we transfer the idea of Force—born within us, the product of our inner consciousness, the reflection of *ourselves*—to the world of phenomena, and apprehend their evolutions as the expression of power. If this is an illegitimate transfer, all we have to say is that its illegitimacy must be acknowledged throughout. If we have no right to transfer our own modes of working to nature, we have no right to use ideas and language which only come out of this transference, which have no meaning, and could not possibly exist on a mere outward or phenomenal basis. If we are to be confined to this basis, we must work it with its own machinery of thought. We must not stealthily borrow from a higher source ideas of 'Cause' and of 'Law' which no mere observation of phenomena could have ever given us. In other words, if we are to cast away metaphysics we must not keep its old clothes.

But the truth is that we can never be quit of metaphysics for the sake of science itself. Science not only roots itself in metaphysical ideas such as those of 'law' and 'force'; it must not only go to metaphysics for its capital of thought wherewith to work in its own province, but it tends moreover in all its higher aspects to pass off into purely metaphysical or transcendental conceptions. The farther modern science carries us the more do we lose hold of matter and mere physical results, and pass in to the realm of immaterial and invisible realities. 'The old speculations of philosophy, which cut the ground 'from materialism by showing how little we know of matter, 'are now being daily reinforced by the subtle analysis of the 'physiologist, the chemist, and the electrician. Under that 'analysis matter dissolves and disappears, remaining only 'as a form of Force.'† The realities of nature unclothe themselves in the last analysis. We can number and measure, but we can no longer see and handle them. We have passed into the region of the Invisible. So far from phenomena therefore being all with which science has to do, phenomena are, so to speak, merely the middle term of science. Both at the beginning and the end it stretches beyond the phenomenal

* Grove, p. 16.

† The Reign of Law, by the Duke of Argyll, p. 117.

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sphere, having alike its roots and its summit hidden in the psychical or metaphysical sphere. Mr. Lewes himself admits, in his recent work on Aristotle, that 'the fundamental ideas of 'modern science are as transcendental as any of the axioms in 'the Ancient Philosophy.'*

But if we cannot get rid of metaphysics, can we get any more rid of theology? We have seen how impossible it is to get on in science without the conceptions of 'law' and 'force.' The scientific intellect presupposes and works with them in every direction; but after we have made the most of such conceptions, and carried them up to their highest form of generalisation, do we not still keep asking a deeper meaning of things than they can yield? The law of gravitation, for example, which at once brings before us the highest idea of scientific law which we can form, and the highest and most general expression of Force which we know to operate in nature —what is this law when we examine it? It is the name by which we denote certain unvarying proportions of action betwixt the celestial masses,—betwixt all particles of matter. These are 'directly as the mass, and inversely as the square of the dis-'tance.' Such is the formula of gravitation, the loftiest, the most universal under which we have been able to bring natural phenomena. But to be able to measure this universal relation of phenomena, or the force which binds them together, is by no means to explain them. May we not say of such an explanation, in Comtean phrase, that it is merely a 'reproduction in 'numerical terms of the statement of the phenomena'? We keep asking what is the force of gravity? how is its exact measure sustained? by what means was the original balance established betwixt it and the centrifugal forces by which the planets move in their orbits?

'Each force, if left to itself, would be destructive of the universe. Were it not for the force of gravitation, the centrifugal force which impels the planets would fling them into space. Were it not for these centrifugal forces, the force of gravitation would dash them against the sun. The orbits, therefore, of the planets, with all that depends upon them, are determined by the nice and perfect balance which is maintained by these two forces; and the ultimate fact of astronomical science is not the law of gravitation, but the adjustment between this law and others which are less known, so as to produce and maintain the existing solar system.' †

Neither Law nor Force, then, in any simple form, is adequate to explain any class of phenomena, illuminating as it is to

* Lewes's Philosophy of Aristotle, p. 66. † Reign of Law, p. 92.

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the mind to be able to gather up its knowledge in such ultimate ratios as the law of gravitation. We still keep asking what is the force? Why is the law? We must get beneath even such ultimate conceptions as these, and lay hold of the living power or mind of which they are merely the attributes or expression. It is only by adding on mind to nature, that we can reach these conceptions; and so it is only by carrying them out into their full meaning that we find any real explanation in them as applied to nature. When we penetrate behind Law to the reason which speaks in it—when we recognise in Force the will whose attribute it is—then, and not till then, do we approach a solution of the phenomena in which we can rest and find satisfaction. And therefore, as formerly we emerged upon the metaphysical sphere in the mere attempt to vindicate the language of science, so now we emerge upon the theological in the attempt to read the full meaning of this language as applied to nature. Law and Force are nothing in nature if they do not bespeak an Intelligent Power governing and sustaining it. They explain nothing except in so far as they denote such a Power.

This is true, taking Law and Force in their most simple forms, and supposing that what nature brought before us in the last resource was a unity of either. But such is not the fact, as the Duke of Argyll has admirably shown in his volume on the 'Reign of Law,' from which we have already quoted. What nature gives us in the last resource everywhere is not unity of either Law or Force, but multiplicities of both. Law works with law; force with force in infinitely varying adjustment. It is very difficult to form any adequate idea of the vast number of laws which are concerned in producing the most ordinary operations of nature:—

'Looking only at the combinations with which Astronomy is concerned, the adjustments are almost infinite. Each minutest circumstance in the position, or size, or shape of the earth, the direction of its axis, the velocity of its motion and of its rotation, has its own definite effect, and the slightest change in any one of these relations would wholly alter the world we live in. And then it is to be remembered that the seasons, as they are now fitted to us, and as we are fitted to them, do not depend only on the facts or the laws which astronomy reveals. They depend quite as much on other sets of facts, and other sets of laws, revealed by other sciences,—such, for example, as chemistry, electricity, and geology. The motion of the earth might be exactly what it is, every fact in respect to our planetary position might remain unchanged, yet the seasons would return in vain if our own atmosphere were altered in any one of the elements of its composition, or if any one of the laws regulating the

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action were other than it is. Under a thinner air even the torrid zone might be wrapped in eternal snow. Under a denser air and one with different refracting powers, the earth and all that is therein might be burnt up. And so it is through the whole of Nature: laws everywhere—laws in themselves invariable, but so worked as to produce effects of inexhaustible variety by being pitched against each other, and made to hold each other in restraint.'*

The principle of adjustment, of combination for the accomplishment of purpose, is everywhere the predominating idea of nature. So far from the invariability of natural laws excluding the operation of Will, it is this very characteristic of invariability that makes them subservient to Divine Purpose. All results of nature come forth, not from invariable laws simply, but from special combination of these laws in each case; and the very constancy of the laws—the fact that their path is immutably fixed—is the very feature of them which enables them to be combined to a definite result.

'It is perfectly true that every law is in its nature invariable, producing always precisely and necessarily the same effect; that is, provided it is worked under the same conditions. But then if the conditions are not the same, the invariableness of effect gives place to capacities of change which are almost infinite. It is by altering the conditions under which every law is brought to bear, and by bringing other laws to operate upon the subject, that our own wills exercise a large and increasing power over the material world. And be it observed that to this end the uniformity of laws is no impediment, but, on the contrary, it is an indispensable condition. Laws are in themselves unchangeable, and if they were not unchangeable they would not be used as instruments of will.' †

If men were uncertain as to the material forces around them, and with which they work, they could never turn them to any practical or useful account. It is the very fact of their being precisely measurable, or, in other words, invariable, that they are able to use them with successful effect. And the operation of the Divine Mind, or the Supreme Will, is conceived after the same analogy. Going forth incessantly among natural laws, it uses them as instruments for its purpose. It changes not the laws, but it changes their relations and applications infinitely. The true spring of phenomena, therefore, is not invariable forces or laws; but some variable combination of these invariable forces and laws. And in the view of this final multiplicity of natural laws, and their endlessly varying combinations in the cosmical phenomena around us, Mind or a

* Reign of Law, pp. 93, 94.

† Ibid., p. 98.

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Supremely Intelligent Will is seen to stand still more conclusively at the head of nature. The principle of Design, so far from disappearing before the progressive discovery of the reign of law, only emerges into sight more broadly, and with a more impressive majesty, in the face of the invariable order operating all around us.

The Duke of Argyll has rendered a real service to the cause of Theistic Philosophy by his clear exposition of the idea of Purpose in relation to that of Law, in his recent interesting and significant volume. His analysis of the expression 'law' throughout is highly valuable. It would have presented, however, a more consistent logical front to opponents, if he had been careful to recognise, from the outset of his analysis, that he carries, with him, the idea of Mind as the root and only exponent of law in all its applications to nature—in its simplest and lowest interpretation as 'an observed order of facts,' no less than in its most complex form, as 'combinations of force 'for a purpose.' It appears to us beyond dispute that we can never advance to the idea of 'ends' or 'purpose' in nature, unless we begin with the idea of Mind in our lowest estimate of natural phenomena. Why do any number of facts present to us Order at all? Simply because we read a mind behind them. We interpret them in the light of our own reason. They are a mirror in which we see intelligence—intelligence such as our own. Starting, in short, from mind and not from matter, phenomena are nothing to us but manifestations of mind; order nothing but an index of intelligence. And so as we advance we find Order grow into Law, or a measure of ultimate force, and law deepen into design or combination for a purpose; but the root of the complex principle is with us from the first. And were it not so, we do not see how we could ever reach it. If we did not recognise mind behind order in its simplest form, and will under the guise of force in its most indeterminate results, we do not see how the most remarkable combinations in nature could ever suggest Purpose; for even the most elaborate of natural contrivances are nothing but suggestions of a preconceived idea. The most ingenious adaptations of the poison of a snake to the destruction of its enemies, or of certain long-nosed moths to certain deep-nectared orchids in the island of Madagascar, or the most exquisite provisions in the machinery of flight, are *in themselves* no less intelligible as mere natural sequences—the result of natural growth, than the most ordinary phenomena. The higher exquisiteness of the product can never of itself yield the idea of purpose. Only when we have once illuminated

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nature by the postulate of mind can it speak to us either less or more forcibly of *intention*; apart from this postulate, its most curious are equally dumb with its most familiar phenomena. Shut out the light thrown upon it by our own reason, and we never could find in it reason, method, or purpose.

'We receive but what we give;
And in our light alone does Nature live.'

Apart from this light, 'fitness' becomes mere consequence, 'contrivance' mere accident; and nature's growth supplants Creative Purpose. It is very true that 'the relation of a given 'structure to its purpose and functions' is as clearly, or more clearly, evident than the 'relation of the same structure to 'some corresponding part in another animal;' in other words, that the principle of design is as plainly established as the doctrine of homologies; but neither the one nor the other is in the least of the nature of physical truths. Mind is the underlying conception of both. It is because the world is rationally conceived as the production of Mind that either doctrine is intelligible or consistent. They are alike rooted in the essentially theological conception that nature is not a self-growth, but the creation of an Intelligent Will, whose plan or thought it expresses.*

And this brings us to the last and most essential contrast betwixt Positivism and Theistic Philosophy—a contrast which has been constantly cropping out in the course of our remarks, and which comes before us broadly in the fundamental Positivist conception, that all our knowledge is of one type—the 'scientific.' The meaning of this simply is, that man, like all other things, is a product of nature, and nothing more—'simply the apex of 'the animal series,' as Mr. Lewes has it.†

There is one being only, the growth of nature's forces. There are not two orders of being, as all theology believes, and all metaphysics implies; but only one order. The spiritual is not a distinct quality or essence in man, but only a function of the physical—its final result and expression. This is the fundamental position of Positivism. It may disown Materialism, as it disowns Atheism. Comte, we are aware, expressly does both.‡ But this he can only do by changing the meaning of the expression. Materialism, in its ordinary sense, is that view

* The Duke himself admits this. 'It is only as an Order of 'thought,' he says, 'that the doctrine of Animal Homologies is in-'telligible at all.' (P. 208.)

† Vol. ii. p. 72.

‡ A General View of Positivism, p. 49.

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of man's condition and destiny which began with nature and ends with nature, or, in other words, which denies that there is any order of being, and consequently of knowledge, save that of the objective world cognisable by our senses. The postulate of all Theology, on the contrary, is, that there are two orders of being, and two sources of knowledge—the one natural, the other supernatural; and that man belongs to both. The spirit, soul, or reason, while manifesting itself under natural conditions, is yet in itself, apart from these conditions, a reality belonging to a higher order of life, of which God is the head. The higher element in man is his spiritual being. He is 'spirit' and not 'matter.' The higher order is the real *order*, of which the other is only the manifestation. Real or absolute being is 'behind the veil.' Nature hides it while she reveals it. This idea of a higher and supernatural order of being to which man belongs lies at the root of all theology, of all spiritual philosophy. The denial of this—of an immaterial being in man, and of a Supreme Spirit above him, of a divine reason within him, and a divine reason governing him—is what is commonly understood by Materialism and Atheism. The two conclusions are interchangeable—logically inseparable. If there is no spirit in man, he can never find a Spirit above him. 'Nisi in microcosmo spiritus, nec in macrocosmo Deus.' And, on the other hand, as all the higher forms of theistic philosophy have admitted, the reality of a spiritual reason in man, with the fundamental ideas which it implies of Cause, Substance, Personality, is the only rational foundation of belief in a supreme spiritual existence or Divine Being.

III. Positivism, in denying the divine side of man and a divine order in the universe, quite consistently makes humanity its highest word—its 'The Supreme.' It knows no order transcending the human, embracing it and controlling it. It has not only constructed an elaborate philosophy on a physical basis, but with a strictly consistent logic it has constructed a religion on the highest results of this philosophy—in other words, on the supreme conclusions of science. There was no other authority remaining for it. Men have hitherto supposed that in order to constitute a religion it was necessary to fall back on some personal authority—to recognise some higher Being or Beings of a kindred nature with man, and possessed of power to reward or punish him according to his good or ill desert. But Positivism, having exploded the idea of the Supernatural and eliminated the element of the Divine from the sphere of knowledge, could fall back on no other authority than that of scientific opinion. The *consensus* of the highest minds set

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apart from the study of science became necessarily the governing principle of human action, and the highest subject of human knowledge, as man himself, in his collective history and ideal, becomes with equal necessity the object of supreme regard, or the centre of religious reverence and affection.

We have already indicated our opinion that Positivism, in order to be understood fully, must be taken as a whole; that its philosophy cannot be consistently separated from its religion. Comte plainly designed, from the beginning, to establish an authoritative organisation of society. It was the idea of social reform, rather than of any mere organisation of scientific thought, which animated his career. Or rather, it was the former task which gave to the latter, in his estimation, all its special value. It was necessary to organise thought in order to reorganise society. A philosophy of the sciences was needed as the basis and instrument of a new and higher mode of life. It appeared to him that the old principles of government, religious and philosophical, had lost all hold of modern society; and that it was necessary to reconstruct the social system and the activities of individual life on the immutable principles which science had brought to light. The religion of Positivism is therefore a direct expansion of its philosophy—the one is the necessary complement of the other.

It is plain moreover that there was no object of religion remaining for Comte except Humanity. If you cut off all higher knowledge from man, all knowledge beyond the facts of nature, cosmical and sociological, there remains for him nothing to reverence or worship above himself, or the nature in which he shares. Within the sphere of natural facts man is highest. All preceding facts culminate and find their supreme meaning in him. He is nature's choicest result and crown; and if he is to worship at all he must worship the ideal of Humanity as exhibited in its most perfect forms. And this is exactly what Comte has taught. Humanity is with him the collective sum of individual laws and existences. It is not an abstraction, but the highest reality, ideally conceived,—the whole of human beings, past, present, and future. Nor is it an eternal principle or source of being of which human life and all life is merely a manifestation. This would be to imply something beyond Nature; something behind and above it. And Comte is amazingly consistent in refusing to lift his eyes beyond natural phenomena. He will see no facts beyond the facts of earth or of man—of the Cosmos or of human society. He will own no light from any other region. There is no other region. Humanity as it has been,

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is, and will be, is at once the highest fact and the highest thought. Human life in its historical development, in its present activity, and its future progress is to him supreme—*le vrai Grand Etre.**

We share in this life objectively during our visible existence upon earth; we share in it subjectively by living in the hearts and intellects of others after we are dead. This is the only—'the noble'—immortality which Positivism allows the human being. Such a conception is not only the loftiest in itself as revealing the true identity of human existence as a vast organism in which we all share and whose servants we are, but as furnishing to man the only idea of a God which is practically useful to him—a God who needs his service, and whose fulness of being can be advanced or retarded by his activity.† This is the Positivist idea of God.

The Religion of Humanity has an elaborate *cultus*, private and public. The former divides itself into personal and domestic worship, each of which has its special rites. The objects of personal worship are the '*Guardian angels* of the 'family'—the mother, the wife, and daughter—as respectively the highest representatives of humanity. 'The existence of 'the Supreme Being is founded entirely on love, for love alone 'unites in a voluntary union its separable elements. Conse-'quently the affective sex is naturally the most perfect repre-'sentative of humanity, and at the same time her principal 'minister. Nor will Art be able worthily to embody humanity 'except in the form of woman.'‡ The three types, the mother,

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* Cat. Pos., p. 74.

† There is a singular inconsistency in the Positivist reverence for humanity, even looking at it from a Positivist point of view. For while Comte speaks with enthusiasm of the manner in which the smallest tribe and even family may come to look upon themselves as the essential stock of humanity, and of the security which the Positivist idea alone gives for regarding all human beings as essentially linked together, 'every one members one of another,' according to 'the admirable St. Paul,' who yet imperfectly understood his own saying, he does not hesitate at the same time to speak with great contempt of the multitudes of human beings who, according to the energetic reprobation of Ariosto, are 'born upon 'the earth merely to manure it' ('sol per far letame')—'mere 'digesting machines,' 'forming no real part of humanity.' Here the essential exclusiveness of all merely human religion comes out—how different from the human ideal of the Gospel, which is 'preached 'to the poor,' and which came 'to save that which was lost'!

‡ Cat. Pos., p. 119.

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the wife, and daughter, being before us, in private life, the ideal of humanity. Together they represent 'the three natural 'modes of human continuity—the past, the present, and the 'future—as also the three degrees of solidarity which bind us 'to our superiors, our equals, and our inferiors.' The principal Angel, the Mother, is of course common to both sexes. Women must worship husband and son, on the same grounds as men worship wife and daughter.* Worship is equally due to these types of the family, living or dead. Death only exalts the character of the worship, which then becomes *subjective* instead of *objective*. Generally one of the three types has become subjective, while one or both of the others remain objective. 'The two influences, subjective and objective, are 'normally mixed, and our homage is more efficacious from the 'mixture, for it secures a better combination of strength and 'clearness of imagery, with consistency and purity of feeling.' †

Each man should pray to his angels three times a day—on getting up, before going to sleep, and in the midst of his daily work. 'The worship of humanity raises prayer for the 'first time above the degrading influence of self-interest.' ‡ Our first prayer should be the longest of the three, lasting for an hour, chiefly communicative, but in part also effusive. In the other prayers effusion occupies the chief place. The total length of our daily worship should reach two hours; it need not exceed this, even in the case of those 'who find it useful 'during the night to repeat the prayer appropriated for mid-'day.' § Comte is very emphatic in condemning those who would grudge so much time abstracted from ordinary work for meditation and prayer. No mediæval or modern evangelical pietist could speak with more unction of the necessity of stated and prolonged devotions. Nor must our prayer merely be an inward breathing, the 'soul's sincere desire.' It must take the form of words. We may use fixed forms, in order to secure more regularity; but these forms must in all cases be our own composition. If not originally drawn up by him who uses them, they will lose much of their efficiency. ‖

So much for the personal worship of humanity. The domestic worship is embodied in seven sacraments under the successive names of *Presentation, Initiation, Admission, Destination, Marriage, Maturity, Retirement, Transformation,* and lastly *Incorporation.* The first gives a systematic consecration

* Cat. Pos., p. 122. † Ibid., p. 122.
‡ General View of Positivism, p. 374.
§ Cat. Pos., p. 125. ‖ Ibid., p. 110.

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to every birth. The parents present the child to the priesthood, and come under solemn engagement to fit it for the service of Humanity. The second sacrament has the name of *Initiation*, as marking the entrance into public life, when the child passes at the age of fourteen from the training of its mother to that of the national priesthood. Seven years later comes the sacrament of *Admission*, when the preparatory priestly education is completed, and the life service of Humanity is opened to the youth. His choice of a profession, however, may be still delayed till his twenty-eighth year, when the sacrament of *Destination* sanctions the career which he has chosen. Unhappily there will be those even in the normal state of humanity who are unfitted for its service by extremely defective organisation, which education has failed to correct, and these unfortunates are condemned to a perpetual infancy. The priesthood are the judges* of such castaways, and in the discharge of their duty will not hesitate to have recourse to measures of severity, although this severity must never extend beyond the spiritual domain. *Marriage* follows the choice of a career, and is with Positivism as with Catholicism one of the most significant of the sacraments. So far as it is a religious ordinance men can only be admitted to it when they have completed their twenty-eighth year; women when they have reached the age of twenty-one. These limits of age must not be lowered for either sex, save on very exceptional grounds. Marriage when once entered upon is indissoluble, save in one case—the condemnation of one of the married persons to loss of social position for an infamous offence—the unhappy case of the husband of the lady, Madame Clotilde de Vaux, in whom Comte first recognised, and after her death continued to worship, the ideal of Humanity.. In no other case is divorce to be allowed. An extreme urgency like this may justify it just as circumstances may justify falsehood, or even murder; but in itself it is an act not to be tolerated.† The full development of the human organism, which is fixed for the age of forty-two, is celebrated by the sacrament of *Maturity*. This is a critical epoch in the Positivist theory of life. Up to this time life is still of a preparatory character, and the faults into which we have fallen even of a serious character, are not beyond reparation; but from this time forwards we can hardly ever repair any faults we commit, either

* 'You may express all the social attributions of the priesthood 'by adopting the Biblical name of Judge.' (*Cat. Pos.*, p. 280.)

† Cat. Pos., p. 323.

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in reference to ourselves or others. It is well, therefore, that a solemn ceremony should be imposed upon the servant of Humanity at this grave stage of his career. Twenty-one years after the human organism attains to its full maturity, or at the age of sixty-three, comes the seventh sacrament of *Retirement.* Our active service to Humanity is then completed; we retire from the stage of public duty, and in doing so exercise one last act of high authority, by naming our successor, subject to the sanction of the priestly authority. Then comes the last sad rite in which we ourselves engage, known in the Positivist ritual by the name of *Transformation.* 'It is to be the substitute 'for the horrible ceremony of the Catholic ritual. Catholicism, 'free from all check in its anti-social character, openly tore the 'dying person from all his human affections, and made him 'stand quite alone before the judgment-seat of God.' But Positivism surrounds the dying with the sympathy of a 'just 'appreciation,' and mingles the 'regrets of society with 'the tears of the family.' It generally holds out, too, 'the 'hope of subjective *incorporation.*'* It must not, however, be in a hurry to encourage such a hope. This the final sacrament does not come till seven years after death, when the finished life stands out at length from all the accidents of temporary passion, and may be finally estimated according to its true value. Then, 'if the priesthood pronounces for *incor-* '*poration,* it presides over the transfer with due pomp of the 'sanctified remains from the common burial-place of the city 'to the permanent resting-place in the sacred wood that sur- 'rounds the temple of Humanity.'† The incorporated dead are thenceforth glorified. They become subjective members of the sacred existence. If the priesthood pronounce against incorporation, then the dead are cast out from the subjective Paradise, into which enter not only human beings, but also, quite consistently, animals who have deserved well of the human species. ‡

The public worship of Humanity must be touched very slightly. It presents some analogy to the revolutionary worship of the Goddess of Reason. The symbol of the Positivist Deity is a woman of the age of thirty, with her son in her arms. § Such a statue is to be fixed in each temple of Humanity, and a painted representation of the same figure is to be carried on banners in solemn processions. In all parts of the earth temples of Humanity willl arise, but they must all turn

* Cat. Pos., p. 135.
† Ibid., p. 136.
‡ Ibid., p. 137.
§ Ibid., p. 142.

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towards Paris as the metropolis of the sacred race. At first and provisionally, the old churches may be used as they are gradually vacated, in the same manner 'as Christian worship 'was carried on at first in pagan temples;'* but ultimately the influence of Positivism upon architecture will be felt, and more appropriate buildings will spring up for human worship. While one side of the processional banner is to be blazoned with 'the holy image' in white, the reverse side is to glow in green with 'the sacred formula of Positivism, Love, Order, and 'Progress.' 'The green side will be turned towards the pro-'cession.'† Nor is this all. Positivism has not only its sacred formula but its sacred sign. Instead of crossing himself, the Positivist will touch in succession 'the three chief organs, 'those of love, order, and progress. The two first adjoin one 'another; the last is only separated from the other two by the 'organ of veneration, the mutual cement of the whole; so that 'the gesture may be continuous. When the habit is formed 'we need not repeat the words, the gesture is enough.'‡

The worship of Humanity has also of course its calendar. The year is so arranged as to present an incessant series of festivals in honour of all the great epochs and characteristics of human life and history—marriage, paternity, the filial relations, the fraternal relations, women, the priesthood, the patriciate, the proletarial, fetichism, polytheism, monotheism. The days of the week, as well as the names of the months, recall the most illustrious heroes of Humanity. 'Moses' begins the year; 'Bichat' ends it. It is reckoned in thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, with a 'complementary 'day,' devoted to the festival of the dead, and an additional day in leap years for the devout remembrance of holy women.

We cannot extend this description, nor can we dwell upon the churches, offices, and remuneration of the members of the priesthood which Positivism sets at the head of this elaborate ritual. Feelings of painful pity, as well as want of space, forbid our enlarging further on such a theme. In the same manner we must pass over the whole theory of Positive Ethics, which presents some features more worthy of serious interest and discussion.

As for the Religion of Humanity, we scarcely know how to speak gravely about it, and yet the subject is too serious for ridicule. The mental entanglements under which thoughtful men may embrace the philosophy of Positivism we can in some

* General View of Positivism, p. 370.
† Cat. Pos., p. 142. ‡ Ibid., p. 143.

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degree understand. We can even sufficiently comprehend the despair as to religious problems, and the efficacy of existing religious organisations, which has driven so many in our time to stand aloof from Christianity and the Churches which embody it; but we own that it passes all our understanding how men of earnestness, knowledge, and culture can seriously entertain the Religion of Humanity, and profess to find any satisfaction in it. It is, as it seems to us, a combination of all the worst features of priestcraft and of superstition. It reasserts the principle of authority, not as an inspiring moral ideal, embodied in a living Person, to whom our hearts can turn, and in whom our wills may be strengthened in moments of trial and weakness, but as an immutable order, expounded by scientific opinion, and embodied in a priesthood, whose function is to control life at every point. Who does not see that such an authority would come practically to be the authority of mere intellect stiffened by an exclusive line of study and puffed up with its own higher wisdom? Life would be intolerable under such a priesthood; the bodily martyrdoms inflicted by mediæval Catholicism would be as nothing to the mental tyranny of such an intellectual aristocracy. Let Comte himself, the first high-priest of the system, be taken as a specimen. With all his range of intellect and all the noble impulses of his nature, who would be disposed to own the spiritual authority of such a high-priest? Why, he could not by quiet good sense maintain his own domestic authority. In truth there is no greater delusion than the idea which runs through the whole of Comte's system, and is repeatedly implied in his writings, that the scientific intellect is the wisest practical power. History gives no countenance to such an idea. The scientific intellect must always have its own value, but it has not shown any special capacity as yet of governing the world, and wisely directing the diversified activities of human life. A scientific priesthood would prove the most hateful of all forms of priesthood; and it is strange to think of the reappearance of such an idea—the old and worn-out principle of a hierarchy—as the last result of modern philosophy. Is mankind to travel backwards to the land of Egypt? There is no form of human priesthood, it may be said, that has not done as much harm as good. If it has controlled the anarchies of human nature, it has only done so by stifling the free growth of opinion and perverting the conscious responsibility of man.

There is one Priest, and one alone, who lives for ever, to bless mankind. There is one Authority, and one alone, that is imperishably good. But this priesthood and authority are

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neither after the mediæval nor the Comtean type. There is an ideal personal life depicted in the Gospels, and more or less truly rendered by the Church during eighteen centuries, which has been powerful for good and never for evil. But this power has been, according to its character, purely spiritual. Human priests of all kinds have as often marred as helped it. If they have sought to heighten the sense of its presence, they have never failed to destroy its perfection. The ideal has sunk beneath their touch. In the very manner in which they have brought it to bear as an external authority, they have, in the rudeness of their efforts, defaced its finer lineaments. It is of the very essence of such an authority that it should move from within and not from without; that it should penetrate by moral enthusiasm into human nature, and not by priestly dictation be enforced upon it. Such a process is necessarily slow and subject to frequent reactions; but it is at least *religious* in a true sense. It comes from above; it has its source in a living Personality, in which we recognise the sum of all spiritual excellence; it operates on a free will which chooses the good set before it, and which finds in a higher will than its own a supreme power of grace—at once the satisfaction of many necessities and the strengthening of conscious weakness. We do not undervalue the inspiring influence of the idea of Humanity. We should wish to see the service of Humanity more thoroughly recognised and purified from all motives of self-interest; but when the choice is put before us of God or of Man—of Christ or of Humanity, we can have no doubt which is the higher idea, or rather which is the higher reality. We are here speaking not of that humanity which is understood to consist only in the progress of human society, of human science, of aggregate man; but of that humanity which resides in the individual character and destiny of man, which carries it through the struggles of the present existence, and awaits with joyful confidence an existence hereafter. Human nature is glorified in Christ, who took that nature upon him. All its moral activities are in Him in perfect development. There is no spiritual beauty, no excellence, of which human life has shown itself capable, and which is fitted to build it up into nobleness, which does not appear in Him. Positivism would have us turn away from the perfect light above us to the dimmed lights around us; from the life 'holy, harmless, undefiled—the brightness of the 'divine glory,' 'full of grace and truth,' to the fair lives beside us—poor, weak, faulty in all their fairness. It would divert us from the supreme loveliness to an attractive wife, or mother,

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or daughter. The impiety of the suggestion is but ill hidden beneath its seriousness.

It is astonishing that the vaunted scientific enlightenment of our time has come to this; that men, who we honestly believe are panting to be of service to their generation, should see no better manner of serving it than by propagating what must appear to all sober-minded people as a wild impiety, as well as a dismal and monotonous superstition; for the superstitious features of the system are quite as marked as its priestly pretensions. We may well ask if this is to be the final purification of religious worship—a worship of the lifting up of the hands and of the closing of the eyes, of the multiplying of prayers and the keeping of festivals, of banners, processions, images, and temples. Truly if Humanity has no higher prospects than those which await it from the service of its modern worshippers, its prospects are dark indeed. Its 'normal state' is a vague and distant future. But we hope better things, humbly yet confidently, when the true Light from Heaven shall enlighten every man, and the love of goodness shall everywhere come from the love of God, and nobleness of life from the perfect example of the Lord.

ART. II.—1. *Rising of the Dungens or Mussulman Population in Western China.* By O. K. HEINS. Translated from the Russian Military Journal for August 1866.

2. *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society. Volume the Thirty-second. Articles I. and II., Notes on the Yang-tsze-Kiang, from Han-how to Ping-shan.* By Lieutenant-Colonel HENRY ANDREW SABEL, F.R.G.S., 17th Lancers, and Dr. ALFRED BARTON, F.R.G.S. London: 1862.

3. *Cathay and the Way Thither.* By Colonel HENRY YULE, C.B. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society: 1866.

4. *The Middle Kingdom.* By S. WELLS WILLIAMS. New York and London: 1857.

OUR principal information regarding China is derived from the commercial ports on the eastern sea-board, but secondary approaches to the Flowery Kingdom also exist through India and Siberia; and the latter routes, though little regarded in modern England, deserve some attention, for they are the only channels of intelligence with reference to the western boundaries of the Empire. These Indian lines of communication are to be looked for not in the direction of Assam, where

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the advantages of geographical propinquity to the Chinese frontier are neutralised by the barbarism of interjacent tribes and the barrier of impassable mountains, but towards Burmah in the far south, where the absence of the Himalayan range reduces physical obstacles to a minimum, and towards Cashmere, in the extreme north, where the presence of a Maharaja, holding his principality in declared dependence from the British Crown, affords facilities for political correspondence. Hence the tidings that reach India overland from China relate almost exclusively to the two provinces of Yunnan and Eastern Toorkistan; though at rare intervals something is heard also of Thibet and Szechuen *viâ* Nepaul.

Now the recent intelligence received through Cashmere from Eastern Toorkistan is but an echo of the rumours which for some time past have been current in the bazaars of Burmah respecting the political condition of Yunnan. Both in Eastern Toorkistan and in Yunnan the yoke of the Pekin Government has been thrown off by the native population, and the insurgents in both cases are Mahomedans. The first impulse on hearing of these simultaneous outbreaks, the one apparently the counterpart of the other, is to wonder whether, in spite of the 1,500 miles of Thibet, by which they are separated, they may, by any possibility, be connected parts of a single organised movement. Scarcely has the conjecture been started before we receive accounts from St. Petersburg, indicating that the insurrection in Eastern Toorkistan is not confined to that locality, but extends over the provinces of Kansu and Shensi and all the intermediate country. And next we are told that, in the Szechuen districts bordering on Thibet, midway between Kansu and Yunnan, there has for some years been prevalent just such a rebellion as might establish continuity of action over the whole of the immense area stretching from the Pamere Steppe to the Hoang Ho, from the Great Wall to the borders of Annam. So, in the end, we really have before us grounds to surmise that this remote part of the world may at present be the scene of a great Moslem revival, and that under the proselytism of scattered knots of enthusiastic Moollahs, millions of Chinese and Tartars, recoiling from the cold nihilism of Boodha to the vivid faith that is in Mahomet, must have flown to arms in a spirit of fiery fanaticism, directed primarily against their own Government, but ready to blaze out in any direction where infidels are to be exterminated. If facts could be found to verify such a theory, it would be impossible to assign any limits to the grave political consequences that might be apprehended for Asia

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generally and China in particular. It therefore becomes a matter of some importance to ascertain what the condition of Western China actually is; and with this view we now propose to lay before the public such information on the subject as we have with difficulty succeeded in collecting.

Of the eighteen provinces into which China Proper is divided, Yunnan lies farthest to the south-west. It is a mountainous country, rich in mineral products, and, up to the date of the recent outbreak, it formed the channel for an overland traffic with Burmah of considerable value. From very early times there has been a large Mahomedan element in the population. Marco Polo, whose book was written in 1295, describes the inhabitants of the principal city as a mixed assemblage of 'idolaters, Nestorian Christians, and Saracens or Mahometans.' And Rasheed-ood-deen, who was Vizier of the Persian Empire at the beginning of the fourteenth century, says roundly, in his Historical Encyclopedia, that 'all the inhabitants are 'Mahomedans.' Now to what source can this ancient leaven of Islam be traced? Are we to look eastwards to the sea, by which the Arabs first entered China on mercantile ventures? Or in a north-westerly direction to the sandy Desert of Gobi, across which numbers of roving Mahomedans, beginning from the eighth century, have found their way into the upper provinces of Shensi and Kansu from Khorassan, Transoxiana, and Eastern Toorkistan?

Questioned as to their own origin, the Mussulmans of Yunnan give rather a fanciful account of themselves. Once upon a time, they say, there came a plague of evil spirits on China. The sun waxed dim, and the fruits of the earth ceased. Then the Emperor dreamed a dream, and, behold, there appeared unto him a man, clothed as an Arab, but friendly withal and of a cheerful countenance. And the Emperor told his dream to the magicians, and they said: It is a sign unto thee to seek salvation from Arabia, that our land may be quit of the evil spirits that plague it. And the Emperor hearkened unto the word of the magicians, and sent forth messengers to the Prophet Mahomet, saying, Grant me, I pray thee, some of thy followers. And Mahomet granted unto him three hundred and three score men. And it came to pass that the evil spirits fled away before the face of the three hundred and three score Arabs, and the land had rest. Then the Emperor honoured these holy men, and gave them ground close to his royal city, whereon to dwell; and they grew and multiplied exceedingly. But it came to pass that the Emperor died, and another Emperor arose, who knew them not. And

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he feared lest, when war might fall out, they should join his enemies. Wherefore, having taken counsel with himself, he broke up their dwelling-places near his royal city, scattered their families, and sent them, in separate bands, to dwell on the utmost confines of his empire.

Divested of its mythical trappings, this story does not essentially differ from the more sober narrative supplied by the orthodox Chinese. According to the latter version, a great rebellion broke out in China about a thousand years ago. The Emperor, being reduced to great straits, sought assistance from 'a* certain king named Razee or Khazee, who ruled over the 'countries to the west of China.' He thus obtained the services of a Mahomedan contingent, 10,000 strong; and, with its aid, he succeeded in quelling the rebellion. Then arose the difficulty how to dispose of auxiliaries whose military prowess was no longer necessary to the empire, and who, for their part, had lost all desire to return to their own country, in consequence of their reputation among the true believers at home having become compromised by their long contact with the swine's flesh and other abominations of remote paganism. In the end, the Emperor despatched them to colonise the frontier province of Yunnan, as permanent subjects of China.

The general coincidence of these two accounts affords a presumption that they rest on some basis of substantial truth. Moreover, they harmonise with the Chinese custom of deporting a suspected tribe *en masse* from one end of the empire to another, and also with the historical fact that applications for military assistance actually were made to the Abbaside Caliphs by two successive Emperors of China, Sutsung in 757 and Tetsung in 787. Indeed, it is worth while to compare the passage which, in Colonel Yule's learned work on 'Cathay,' is devoted to the incident of 757. Colonel Yule says (p. lxxxi.): 'When the Emperor Sutsung was hard pressed by a powerful 'rebel, he received an embassy from the Caliph Aboo Jaffir 'al Mansoor accompanied by auxiliary troops. . . . Ouïgour 'and other western troops also joined the Emperor's standard, 'and the rebel was completely defeated in the immediate 'neighbourhood of Singanfu. These auxiliaries seem to have 'been found very unmanageable; the eastern capital, Loyang,

* This quotation, as indeed most of our information regarding the Yunnan rebellion, is taken from a memorandum by the Chief Commissioner of British Burmah, the materials for which were supplied by Captain Sladen, the British agent accredited to the Court of the King of Ava at Mandalay.

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'was pillaged by them; and, as we have seen,* one account 'ascribes to them, on their way to embark for the west, the 'sack of Canton which occurred at this time.'

May it not then be possible that the modern Mahomedans of Yunnan are in truth descendants of some remnant of the contingent supplied to Sutsung by the founder of Bagdad—some band so warworn that they had no heart to accompany the bulk of their comrades through the perils of the return voyage from Canton to the Persian Gulf, and preferred to remain in peace on the alien shore? However this may be, the general drift of both the accounts above given indicates the eastern sea instead of the northern desert as the door by which the Mahomedans of Yunnan entered China. Another circumstance testifying to the same effect is that they pride themselves on their *Arab* origin, and that the more learned among them cultivate Arabic not merely as the language of their formal prayers, but as a medium of polite communication. Now the most eastern point which the tide of Saracen invasion ever reached was Kashgar in Eastern Toorkistan, and the Mahomedans of Northern China are not of Arab, but of Toorkhis descent. Therefore, supposing the Yunnan Mussulmans to be justified in their boast, the hypothesis that they reached their present seats by percolation from the north through the intermediate province of Szechuen, ceases to be tenable,† and, as a further consequence, it must be admitted that the tie, if there be any, connecting the insurgents in Yunnan with their co-religionists, who have also taken up arms in Eastern Toorkistan, cannot be one of a common nationality.

The Mussulmans of Yunnan, though they speak of themselves simply as Moslems, are known by a different designation to both the Chinese and the Burmese. The latter called them

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* The previous passage to which Colonel Yule refers will be found at page lxxx. 'The Arabs at an early date of Islam, if not 'before, had established a factory at Canton, and their numbers at 'that port were so great by the middle of the eighth century that 'in 758 they were strong enough to attack and pillage the city, to 'which they set fire and then fled to their ships.'

† Not less untenable appears to be the theory that they may have filtered into China from Bengal through Burmah. The Mahomedan conquest of Bengal took place in 1203, and the interval of seventy or eighty years from that date up to the time when Yunnan fell under Marco Polo's observation cannot, in the absence of any special explanation, be accepted as sufficient to account for a large Mahomedan colony having taken firm root in lands so far removed from the supposed mother-country.

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Panthays; the former are said to call them *Quayz*. The word 'Panthay' is merely a corruption of 'Pathee,' by which name all followers of the Prophet are distinguished in Burmah; and 'Quayz' may possibly be identical with 'Hoai-Hoai,' the generic title applied to all Mahomedans in China; for such a distortion is not greater than might be expected from the phonetic spelling by which an Anglo-Indian officer would endeavour to reproduce on paper Chinese syllables reaching his ear from Burman lips.*

The Panthays belong to the Soonnee sect of the Mahomedans. In physical aspect they are fair, tall, and strongly built. The fashion of their dress is, for the most part, Chinese, 'though many of them cut their hair to a certain length, and 'allow it to fall back on the nape of the neck; they also wear 'in many instances a distinctive turban, of more ample form 'than in use among the Chinese.' In character they are described as industrious and enterprising. Their annals, during the thousand years of their subjection to Chinese authority, seem a perfect blank; it may be inferred therefore that they enjoyed a fair measure of tranquillity and material comfort. They certainly managed to preserve their own social usages intact; nor was any obstacle offered to the erection of mosques and the public practice of their religious observances: even their political status appears to have been little, if at all, inferior to that of the autocthonous population. The cause of the disaffection which latterly spread among them was, so far as can be ascertained, nothing more complex than the extortion and oppression of the individual officers entrusted by the Pekin Government with the administration of the province. It is possible that the foreign extraction and peculiar religion of the Panthays may have attracted towards them the jealousy and cruelty of the local government in an extraordinary degree; or it may be that men with Arab blood in their veins were not to be trampled on with the same impunity as Chinese, to the manner born. The paralysis of the central power induced by the Taeping rebellion in Eastern China, offered the Panthays just such an opportunity as is of itself a motive to action; and in 1855 their pent-up indignation at last exploded, with a vehemence which carried everything before it. Colonel Fytche describes the occurrence as follows:—

'The Loosoonphoo silver mines of Yunnan were worked by

* There are more Chinese Mahometans than is commonly supposed. Thus the butchers in Pekin are said to be all Moslems, though their orthodoxy may have suffered by long residence amongst a pork-eating people.

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Panthays under the superintendence of Chinese officers. On a certain day a dispute arose at the mines, and the miners exasperated by unjust treatment had recourse to force, and murdered every Chinese officer they could find. The revolt of the miners was at once followed by a general armed rising of the Panthays throughout Yunnan. Being inferior in number to the Chinese, they at first took to the woods and mountain fastnesses, from whence they carried on a fierce guerilla warfare. Meeting everywhere with success, they were soon joined by large numbers of the neighbouring semi-independent hill-tribes of Shans, Kakhyens, and others, whereupon they extended their operations to the plains, and laid siege to large towns. The local Government, receiving no assistance from Pekin, finally succumbed; the insurgents became supreme, and a separate Panthay Government was established with its head-quarters at Tali or Talifu, then only a city of secondary importance, but where the Mahomedan element had always been very strong. Feeble attempts have since been made, from time to time, to recover the lost province by the despatch of imperial troops from the capital; but the Chinese Government has never been able to make head against the Panthays; and the troops sent have generally been repulsed, before they could even penetrate within the Yunnan frontier.' . . . 'Panthay traders' (residing at Mandalay) 'state that, during the past year, an embassy was received from the Emperor of China by which the Imperial Government sued for a cessation of hostilities, and volunteered to cede Yunnan to the Panthays, provided they would come to terms and commit no further acts of aggression on neighbouring provinces. The offer, it is said, was indignantly refused, and the embassy was obliged to return to Pekin, without accomplishing its object.'

In fact Yunnan is now in the twelfth year of its independence, and seems likely to maintain that position. The head of the new Mahomedan Government is a chief known to the Panthays as Sooleymaun, and to the Chinese as Tuwintsen. He has had himself formally installed on a divan, wears the imperial yellow,*

* A proclamation from the new Sultan of Yunnan (too long to be offered to our readers in translation), has recently been circulated at Lhassa, with a view of attracting to his camp Mahomedan recruits from Thibet. Prefaced by a quotation from the Koran, it announces, in tones of Oriental hyperbole, the overthrow of the polytheistic Chinese, and the triumphant erection of a kingdom of true believers, under a Sultan wise, just, and generous, whose ministers and chiefs are 'as single-hearted as Aboo Bakur, and as 'bold as Ali.' It is pervaded throughout by a cant of religious motives and divine favour, such as could not be surpassed even in a despatch from the Wahhabee Court of Nejed. This very curious document is written in remarkably good Arabic. For the copy in our possession we are indebted to Colonel G. Ramsay, the British Resident in Nepaul, who obtained it from the Nepaulese Envoy, stationed at Lhassa.

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and in all other respects displays the insignia of supreme power. He is assisted by four military and four civil ministers, of whom the one highest in rank is stationed at Momein, a large town close to the Shan frontier, west of Yunnan. The form of administration, except that it partakes of a more military character, is the same as previously obtained under the Chinese. Taxation is extremely light, being restricted apparently to a moderate assessment on land.

Among the immediate results of this revolution the one that chiefly concerns British interests is the extinction of the overland trade between Burmah and China. The value of this traffic stood in 1854 at half a million sterling; and, as an indication of the distant sources from which the Chinese imports into Burmah were gathered, it may be mentioned that Russian broad cloth used to be procurable at Mandalay, which had found its way there through Siberia and Pekin. Caravans of enterprising Chinese, among whom the Panthays were always conspicuous, came, in those days, to Bamo on the Irrawaddy river, bringing silk and bullion to barter with the Burmese for cotton, jade, and amber. But all this abruptly ceased with the secession of Yunnan from the Chinese Empire. The province that so long had vibrated with the flow and reflux of a lively commerce at once became a non-conductor; the trader found his short-cut closed. At present such small interchange of commodities as still survives between Talifu and Bamo merely represents the produce and requirements of Yunnan alone, isolated from the rest of China. This is a fact which might be commended to the notice of the merchants of Manchester and Rangoon, who clamour for a railway from the latter place to the Yunnan frontier. Hitherto they have made light of every obstacle to the project. The sparseness of the population in British Burmah, which would necessitate the importation of foreign labour, and consequently cause not only enormous expense to the State, but serious mortality among the labourers; the distracted condition of Ava, passing from one insurrection into another, and infested by gangs of organised banditti; the mountainous nature of the country between Ava and Yunnan, and the lawless character of the Shan tribes that inhabit it—all these are regarded by the agitators in question as matters of detail which Anglo-Saxon perseverance would readily dispose of. But they seem totally ignorant that even if the impossibility for which they cry were granted them, and they were actually landed on the platform of a terminus at Talifu, they would still be as far removed as ever from the coveted prize of a trade with China direct from the Bay of Bengal. Their

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only customers would be our interesting, but impecunious and hot-headed, friends, the Panthays.*

From Yunnan we now pass northwards to the large and well-watered province of Szechuen, which has Thibet for its western boundary. The inhabitants of Szechuen are a mixed community; the Chinese of the plains and along the banks of that 'silent highway,' the Yang-tsze-Kiang, being peaceable, inoffensive, and loyal, while the Maoutse towards the south are wild mountaineers, who have never been under any effectual control from the Government. Even at the best of times Szechuen used to suffer from constant commotions and rebellions, which the Chinese authorities, while their power lasted, were wont to quell, in their own peculiar way, partly by force, but more by bribes and concessions.

The high road from Lhassa to Pekin traverses Szechuen through Ta-tsin-deo, a frontier town, and Ching-tu-fu, the capital. Messieurs Huc and Gabet, the well-known missionaries, used this route in returning from their adventurous sojourn among the Lamas of Thibet; and it is periodically

* Two separate projects have been started for establishing a mercantile connexion with Yunnan: one, that referred to in the text, for a railway direct from Rangoon eastwards to the nearest point in China; the other, for water-carriage up the Irrawaddy northwards to Bamo, combined with a revival of the old caravan traffic on by land from that point. Of these two schemes the *first* has now been definitely abandoned, though not before the Indian Government was constrained to go through the farce of a 'preliminary survey' of the route. The discontinuance of the survey has been regretted by one officer of great local experience, on the ground that it might have furnished a useful pretext for ascertaining what, if any, has been the political action among the Shan tribes of the party of French explorers, who last year made their way from Saigon up the Cambodia river as far as 21° N. lat.; but, with all due deference to the eminent authority in question, we hesitate to believe that English interests in that direction can have aught to apprehend from the excursions, however adventurous, which may be made in their vicinity by the colony of Cochin China, which, notwithstanding the recent extension of its territorial limits, still bears the reputation of an administrative failure, unremunerative to the French empire, and unpopular with the French nation. With regard to the *second*, and far more reasonable project, we believe that the sanction of the King of Ava has been obtained for a survey by British officers of the country beyond Bamo towards Talifu. Probably the greatest difficulties we shall encounter in this work will arise from the jealousy of the Chinese traders at Mandalay and Bamo, who are strongly opposed to the apparition of Europeans directly competing for a share in their market.

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followed by the embassy which the Maharajah of Nepaul ought every five years to despatch to the Emperor of China. This also was the way by which a party of English officers, under the leadership of Colonel Sarel, endeavoured, in 1861, to make an overland journey from Shanghai across the Himalayas into India. From M. Huc's silence as to any disturbances in Szechuen, it may be inferred that in 1846 the province was comparatively quiescent. But at the time of Colonel Sarel's expedition, affairs bore a very different aspect. In fact, the cause which compelled that officer to abandon his project, after he had penetrated within 150 miles of Ching-tu-fu, was simply that he had reached a country weltering in rebellion and anarchy, through which no guides would venture to accompany him.

The originators of the movement appear to have been a set of hereditary and professional robbers called Tufeh. Four different bands of these people, encouraged by the success of the Taepings in Eastern China, and by the helpless attitude of the central Government, united their forces in 1859, and began to plunder on a grand scale. Every day brought an addition to their strength; for wherever they turned, the Mandarins fled in terror, the soldiery fraternised with them, and even of the unhappy people, who had begun by resisting them desperately, many afterwards joined them, not from any natural proclivity towards a bandit's life, but simply because homes gutted and burning left no other escape from starvation. In two years' time the rebel force had swollen to 300,000 men, who had carried fire and sword through the greater part of Szechuen, and were then besieging the capital. Numbers of headless bodies floating past Colonel Sarel's boats on the Yang-tsze-Kiang attested the proximity of the ruffians; and at last, on the night of the 29th May, the expedition came into actual contact with them at a place called Pingshan. The meeting and its consequences have been vividly portrayed by a member of the party, Dr. Barton, as follows:—

'All preparations having been made for leaving our boats the following morning, we sat down to our dinner, when suddenly a noise like the shouts of a legion of maniacs rent the air, and we instantly armed ourselves, thinking the people were making a rush at the boats; but we found the rebels were pouring down the hill at the back of the city and attacking it. The whole hill-side was lighted up with hundreds of lanterns, and the city walls also suddenly became illuminated with torches at each of the embrasures. The yells and cries from the combatants and the explosion of gingalls and cannon were so great that we could scarcely hear each other speak. I had only just time to jump into my boat when our crew

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cut us adrift: from the darkness of the night and the din of the battle we could neither see nor hear each other, and consequently our boats became separated, myself and one Sikh only occupying the smaller.

'It was an anxious night for all; for wherever we attempted to make fast to either bank, an explosion of gingalls drove us away. During the night, however, we effected a mooring on the Yunnan side, and I and my Sikh were standing on the house, watching the battle, when several men rushed at our boat, and, after firing three heavy gingalls within fifteen yards, obtained a footing on our junk, but we soon cleared the deck and got away with the loss of only one of our crew. The next morning we picked him up on the opposite bank, he having taken to the water for safety. At daybreak, seeing no trace of the other boat, I slowly dropped down the stream to search for it, when, a few miles below the town, to my great joy, I discovered it safely at anchor under a beetling cliff.

'Thus, after ascending 1,800 miles of this river, exploring and surveying 900 miles beyond any other European, save the Jesuits in Chinese costume, and penetrating to the western borders of the Empire—for we were only a few miles from the country of the independent tribes, the Maoutse—we had now to abandon all hope of carrying out our original plan of reaching India *viâ* Thibet, and returned to Shanghai after an absence of five months.'

The conclusion at which our travellers arrived was that Western China had slipped altogether 'out of the hands of the 'Government.' Bands of robbers and rebels were devastating the country in all directions.

'In the eastern provinces were the Taepings; in the south-west the formidable band of Mussulmans; and in Szechuen the Tufeh: how many others we could not tell, but many no doubt; and these have no connexion with each other. We also found that the followers of the Prophet were very numerous, and Roman Catholics were everywhere to be met, ready, at all times, and at their own risk, to assist Europeans.'

This latter extract shows that the rebels of Szechuen have a character of their own, distinct equally from the Taepings of Nankin and from the Mahomedans of Yunnan. As observed by Dr. Barton, every province of modern China contains a certain number of Mahomedans; indeed, there is one city in Szechuen which alone contains 1,000 Mussulman families; and therefore it is not improbable that several of this sect may be found in the ranks of the Tufeh insurgents. But, if so, they must be an inappreciable portion of the whole force; and, even in their case, the Koran is not the spring of action. In the mass the rebels are Boodhists, and the motives by which one and all of them are animated are not religious, but strictly

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secular. They care little for Fo, and next to nothing for Mahomet; all they seek is plunder.

Not much has been heard of Szechuen since Colonel Sarel visited it. The latest information that has reached India is connected with the quinquennial embassy from the Nepaulese Durbar to the Emperor of China, which started from Khatmandoo in August 1866, and ought to have reached Pekin in the following March. Quite recently Jung Bahadoor (the 'Mayor of the Palace' who rules Nepaul) received through Lhassa despatches from his envoy, dated from Ta-tsin-deo, the first town within the limits of Szechuen, reporting that the party, after suffering considerable hardship in the snowy passes through which their route had lain, had succeeded in passing the Chinese frontier, but could get no farther in consequence of the country being overrun with rebels; orders, it was added, had been received from the Emperor that the letter and tribute destined for himself should be delivered up to his representatives at Ta-tsin-deo, and that the usual return-presents should be issued to the Nepaulese at the same place, for any advance towards Pekin was out of the question; accordingly the envoy contemplated an immediate return from Ta-tsin-deo to Khatmandoo. The following is a translated extract from the despatch: —

'In our journey onwards from the city of Batang, every city we passed through had been destroyed by fire, and deserted by the inhabitants; habitations were rarely met with. As far as Lithang the country is in the same bad state, and everything is dear. Lithang is inhabited, but the governor's palace there has been pulled down by the enemy, and the governor is living in a thatched tenement. The war has now lasted nine years, and the country is in a miserable condition. Some wounded men and deserters have come here (Ta-tsin-deo) from the seat of war, which is only four or five days' journey distant.

Thus it is clear that the Szechuen insurrection has not in the least degree been suppressed, but that the Emperor's authority nevertheless survives at some points, and that communication with Pekin, though difficult and hazardous, is still kept up by some circuitous route.

In speculating on the present condition of Szechuen, special interest attaches to the fate which may have befallen the city of Chung-king-fu, an important trading port at the junction of the river Hotow with the Yang-tsze-Kiang. Chung-king, whatever may be its present aspect, not only used to be the largest and most flourishing city in the west of China, being of greater extent and population than the provincial capital, Chingtu, but

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it also formed the head-quarters of a small band of those heroic men whose toils and sufferings have for centuries illumined the dull obscurity of Chinese annals—we allude, as hardly needs to be explained, to the Catholic missionaries. The head of the mission establishment at Chung-king in 1861 was Monsignor Desflèches, bearing the title of Vicar Apostolic of Eastern Szechuen, and his flock numbered over 2,000 souls. It is devoutly to be hoped that this notable out-post of Christianity has escaped falling into the hands of the rebels. And there is reason, we rejoice to observe, for believing this to be the case. For, among the despatches received from Ta-tsin-deo by Jung Bahadoor, was a very interesting communication to the address of the British Resident in Nepaul from certain French missionaries, who, being stationed at a town near Ta-tsin-deo through which the Nepaulese envoy had passed, had taken this opportunity to inform the Indian Government of their position and prospects.* This letter contained no mention of Chung-king,

* There is a pathetic simplicity in the narrative. The original seat of the Mission was a valley called Bonga on the Lon-tsa-Kiang river in the south-east corner of Thibet, close to the western frontier of Szechuen, and the northern border of Yunnan. Here in 1854, MM. Renon and Fage took some land on lease, and soon afterwards converted to Christianity the inhabitants of a neighbouring village, within the limits of Yunnan, called Kion-na-tong. In 1858, the landlord forcibly ousted them from Bonga and destroyed the house they had built. In 1861, upon the strength of the new treaty between France and China, several recruits from Europe joined the Thibetan Mission, and, in the beginning of the following year, the intercession of the French envoy at Pekin procured the restoration of the Bonga valley to its rightful tenants. In May 1863, M. Renon left Bonga for Kiangka, the chief town of the district, and established there a new centre of missionary labour. He died at Kiangka about September of the same year, 'some days after a nightly attack of 'paid raskals;' his place being taken by MM. Fage and Goutelle. Meanwhile five Thibetan villages in the neighbourhood of Bonga had embraced Christianity. Enraged at this encroachment on their influence, the Lama priests caused three out of the five villages to be simultaneously attacked in June 1864; the inhabitants were beaten and carried away captive, and the resident pastors were obliged to retreat to Bonga. The station at Kiangka came in for similar treatment on the 7th of June, 1865, and MM. Fage and Dubernard fled for their lives out of Thibet into Szechuen. The next that suffered was the village of Kion-na-tong; M. Durand was murdered there on the 28th of September; but his colleague, M. A. Biet, and the bulk of the native converts, made good their escape to found a Christian colony at the town of Tsekou on the Kin-cha-Kiang river in Yunnan. Bonga was the last to fall: towards

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and, though the writers appear to have had no closer connexion with the establishment at that place than as pioneers thrown out in advance, yet, if aught untoward had befallen their base of operations, it is not likely they would have omitted to notice so important an occurrence.

The political relations of Thibet with China, and of Nepaul with both those countries, are curious. There is a native government in Thibet, as we all know, of a sacerdotal character; or it might even be called theocratic, for the Grand Lama at the head of the administration is venerated throughout the Boodhist world as an incarnation of the Deity. But side by side with the native government stands the Chinese power, in the person of a diplomatic agent, bearing the title of Amban, who occupies at Lhassa towards the Grand Lama a position analogous to that which, before the Italian war of 1859, the Austrian Ambassador used to hold at Rome towards the Pope. How completely the Amban was master of the situation at the time of M. Huc's visit to Lhassa, may be inferred from the circumstance that, when it became a trial of strength between the Amban and the native government whether the French missionaries should be allowed to remain at Lhassa, the Amban carried his point and

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the close of the year MM. Desgodins and F. Biet were deported with their flock, after much ill-treatment and some murder, out of Thibet to Tsaka in Szechuen. Thus the missionaries lost at last all foot-hold in Thibet; and at present the only stations left to them are Tsaka near Ta-tsin-deo in the Batang district of Szechuen and Tsekou in the extreme north of Yunnan; at the former are MM. Desgodins, Goutelle, and Fage, the writers of the letter to Colonel Ramsay; at the latter M. A. Biet. They ascribe their persecutions entirely to the religious jealousy of the Lama priesthood as a body, and the political ill-will of one or two individuals among the Chinese bureaucracy at Lhassa. Their words are :—'Though people 'helped in expelling us, it was certainly against his own will. People 'of Thibet is so slave of powerful men that his deeds are to be 'counted for nothing; but we know his good feeling for religion as 'well as for Europeans. We know very well that he would feel 'very glad if he become freed from the heavy yoke of the Lamas.' The Indian newspapers, from which the above account is taken, seem to have been unaware that this is not the first occasion on which the Catholic missionaries in Thibet have succeeded in sending a letter overland into British limits. On the 9th of August, 1859, they despatched a geographical description of the country about Bonga to Bishop Bigandet, the Vicar Apostolic at Rangoon, which, travelling *viâ* Yunnan and Bamo, reached its destination in about ten months' time. The letter was communicated by the Bishop to Sir Arthur Phayre, and was subsequently published in the Proceedings of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta.

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caused them to be deported back to China. The Chinese military force, at that time quartered in Thibet, appears to have been inconsiderable, comprising, besides a guard of honour for the Amban at the capital, only a few scattered garrisons, employed in guarding the frontier towards Nepaul, and keeping open communication with Szechuen. But in truth the Amban's influence has always rested less upon the strength visibly at his command, than upon his supposed power of summoning at any time unlimited reinforcements from the province of Szechuen. With the people of Lhassa the Chinese element in their government is by no means popular: on this point M. Huc has testified that 'the Thibetans fear the Chinese, the 'Katchi* despise them, and the Pebouns laugh at them.' Similar evidence occurs in a despatch dated July 1854, from Sir John Bowring, to Lord Dalhousie, in which a good authority (M. Gabet apparently) is represented to have said 'that the Chinese yoke was oppressive to the Thibetans, and 'that they would avail themselves of any favourable occasion 'to revolt against their masters.' Therefore it certainly might have been expected that now, when the Chinese Government is threatened with total collapse at home, and the Amban has been cut off from his communications with Szechuen, the Thibetans would at once have recognised their opportunity, expelled the Chinese, and established their own independence. Facts, however, in the field of Asiatic politics, invariably belie the best-grounded anticipations. Thibet at the present time is perfectly tranquil, and the Amban, though backed by only 500 Chinese soldiers at Lhassa and not more, say, than 1,500 in the provinces, still continues the virtual master of the kingdom. It remains to be seen how long, by dint of incredible brag, he may succeed in retaining this position.

As regards Nepaul, the quinquennial embassy above mentioned, which the Maharajah is bound to despatch to Pekin, had its origin in events which occurred at the close of the last century. The Goorkhas, a Hindoo race, had barely completed the conquest of Nepaul from an aboriginal tribe of Mongols called Newars before they turned their arms in the direction of Thibet; and, in 1790, they penetrated as far as Digurche, ravaging the country and pillaging the sacred temples. The

* The Katchi and the Pebouns are the principal foreign settlers at Lhassa,—the latter being emigrants from Bhootan, chiefly of the artisan class, and the former a colony of wealthy Mahomedan merchants from Cashmere, who have a monopoly of the trade through Nepaul with British India.

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Lamas had recourse for aid to the Emperor of China, who despatched an army of 70,000 men to avenge the outrage. The Chinese drove the Goorkhas back into Nepaul, and compelled them, within a few miles of their capital, to accept an ignominious peace. The precise terms of the treaty have never come to light; but it is certain that the Goorkhas had not only to acknowledge the supremacy of China, but also to undertake the despatch of tribute every five years to Pekin. Matters continued on this footing until the year 1854, when the Crimean war in one direction, and the Taeping insurrection in another, presented to the scheming brain of Jung Bahadoor (not then a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath) simultaneous and irresistible temptations to military action. He collected a considerably army, and then deliberated on what errand it should be launched. Should he march into China and aid his feudal sovereign against the rebels? Or could he make a better bargain by helping the Lamas to extrude the Chinese from Thibet? Or—and here he wondered whether the prodigious tales of Russian victories and English defeats in Europe were altogether to be trusted—might he venture to make a sudden pounce on those rich plains in Bengal and in Behar north of the Ganges, the financial heart of the Anglo-Indian Empire, which, save at the one point of Calcutta, he saw ungarrisoned by a single sepoy? He concluded to take none of these courses, but to pick a quarrel with Thibet on the ground that insults and ill-usage had been inflicted in that country on the members of the Nepaulese embassy, just then returned from Pekin. In December 1854 a formal declaration of war was despatched to the native rulers and to the Chinese Amban at Lhassa; and at the same time the Emperor of China was informed, in very humble terms, of the injuries which had constrained Nepaul to take up arms against a fellow-tributary of the empire. In the following spring the expeditionary force started in three columns, intended to operate by separate routes; altogether, it included 30,000 regular fighting men, an equal number of armed followers, 36 guns and 8 mortars. But Jung Bahadoor soon found that he had under-rated the difficulties of providing food for so large a body of men, and of forcing snowy passes, defended by hardy mountaineers; so, after one or two positions in Thibet had been occupied by his troops, he was not sorry to receive overtures of peace. In the course of the negotiations that ensued, the Chinese Amban wrote to the Maharajah of Nepaul in the following arrogant strain:—

'If you choose to consent to these proposals, do so. If you will not consent to them, we shall address a petition to the Emperor of

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China, and call from the city of Sutyang an army of Chinese soldiers, and of Gyamees,* besides some Kumba† soldiers, and some Thibetans, and some Khambalics,‡—we will assemble them all, and take them with us in person. We have taken an oath seven times repeated to this effect! We will do this, and will entirely destroy your capital, and seize the ruler, and will deliver him to the Emperor at a time when His Majesty is possessed with extreme anger.'

This intemperate effusion did not tend to smooth the course of the negotiations, and during the last weeks of 1855 some severe fighting ensued. At length, in March 1856, a treaty was concluded between Nepaul and Thibet, to which the Amban condescended to give a haughty assent. It was agreed that the Goorkhas should evacuate the positions occupied within the Thibetan border, and that the Thibetans should pay Nepaul an annual tribute of the value of 1,000*l.* But the most remarkable part of the engagement was the insertion in two places of an acknowledgment that the Emperor of China was the common lord and master of both the contracting parties. It speaks well for the diplomatic audacity of the Amban that he should have successfully insisted on this recognition of his master's supreme authority, at a time when either State might have laughed his pretensions to scorn with impunity. The Nepaulese Durbar, however, was only complaisant, not imposed upon. Jung Bahadoor accepted the two clauses as being, in respect of his own country at least, a meaningless formality; and, as soon as peace had been fully re-established, he declared a determination to make open disavowal of Nepaul's nominal allegiance to the Emperor by discontinuing the despatch of the quinquennial tribute. He adhered to this resolution in the year 1857, when the next embassy should have started, and again in 1862. However, in 1866, cupidity induced a change of purpose. The Chinese Government, at all times in its history, has loved to make a parade before the citizens at Pekin of ambassadors humbly bringing tribute from the most distant potentates to the Emperor's feet; and, as the power of the empire has gradually waned, the only means of persuading States that have acquired a practical independence to keep up a custom no longer extorted from their fears, has lain in so augmenting the value of the presents issued by the Emperor, in return for the so-

* Said to be a Chinese military tribe.

† Tartar cavalry from the Kokonor country, probably.

‡ Can this word have any connexion with the name Cambalu or Khanbalic, by which Pekin was known to European travellers of the middle ages?

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called tribute, as to make the embassy positively a profitable speculation to the prince from whom it emanates. This was the bait which tempted Jung Bahadoor. He had but to get together a pedlar's pack of trumpery and send it off to Pekin with a deferential address to the Emperor, and in return he would secure a re-appearance of those costly gifts, which had not been seen at Khatmandoo since 1854—bales of silk and satin, embroidered cloaks, ornaments of porcelain, ivory, jade, and tortoise-shell, pictures, and all sorts of artificial curiosities. Enormous profit was also to be reaped by making the embassy an instrument for smuggling opium and other merchandise into China. With a cynical appreciation of such solid advantages, Jung Bahadoor put the national pride in his pocket, and decided to do homage anew to the Emperor. Accordingly a Nepaulese embassy was despatched from Khatmandoo in August 1866. What its fate has been we have already stated, namely, that it advanced as far as the border of Szechuen, and has been obliged to retrace its steps from that point back towards Nepaul, in consequence of the road to Pekin being blocked up by rebels. Jung Bahadoor is naturally much disappointed at this result, and the native *quidnuncs* of Khatmandoo discuss the probability of a fresh war with Thibet, in case the returning party should meet with any ill-treatment in that territory. There is no real ground, however, for anticipating such a result. All that is at present clear is, that the last links are broken between Nepaul and China, and that the former power is therefore drawn into somewhat closer union with the British Empire of India. This, from a national point of view, matters little to England; for, except as regards the mutual extradition of fugitive criminals from either jurisdiction, and the superb field which Nepaul opens for recruiting the Bengal regiments of Native Infantry, the Goorkhas are of little interest in British eyes, and our relations with their Durbar have, for several years past, been so frank and cordial, that no better understanding is left to be wished for. But to China it is different. The final loss of all connexion with Nepaul distinctly marks a further stage in the decadence of the Empire; and this specially is the point to which, on the present occasion, we desire to draw attention. It is one more instance of that general mortification in the extremities of the body politic, which forms the subject of our review.

North of Nepaul and Thibet lies a vast expanse of territory, throughout which the present insurrections against the Chinese power offer some appearance of continuous and systematic action. Speaking roughly, we may take for the boundaries of

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this area the parallels of 35° and 45° north latitude, and of 72° and 110° east longitude; and we may divide it from west to east into three zones, of which the first shall include Eastern Toorkistan and Dzungaria, the second the Desert of Gobi, and the third the Chinese provinces of Kansu and Shensi. The events that have recently occurred within these limits were carefully investigated in 1865 by a Russian officer, Monsieur Heins, who, in the following April, communicated to the Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburg the paper which heads the present article. Monsieur Heins, it will be observed, entitles his contribution 'The Rising of the Dungens;' and, considering that little has hitherto been heard in Europe of any such people, it appears advisable that we should begin by explaining who the Dungens are.

At the beginning of the Christian era, the inhabitants of Eastern Toorkistan were a branch of the great Ouïgour horde of Toorks,* who, from their geographical proximity to China, and the fact of their having, for long intervals, been subject to Chinese dominion, had acquired, both in physical characteristics and in language, a closer resemblance to the Chinese than was to be found in any other Toorkish tribe. In China their name assumed the forms of Hoeike, Oihor, and Hoai-Hoai. Towards the close of the eighth century the Emperors of the Tang dynasty took strong measures for their coercion by deporting, it is said, as many as a million families from the neighbourhood of Kashgar, and settling them in Kansu and Shensi. Boodhists by original profession, the Kashgaree-Ouïgours, about the year 966, followed the example of their famous Prince, Satook Bookra Khan, and embraced the Mahomedan religion. Led by the same chief, they conquered Transoxiana, and carried away captive an immense number of the inhabitants, who were Toorks of the Turghai tribe. In 972 the majority of these prisoners were allowed to return to their homes about Samarcand, but many stayed where they were, and the latter came consequently to be known by their own countrymen as

* Toorks, Mongols, and Manchoos, are the three great species into which that most indefinite entity, the genus Tartar, may be divided. Mountstuart Elphinstone gives their geographical distribution as follows:—'The Oosbegs who now possess Transoxiana, 'the Toorkmans both on the Oxus and in Asia Minor, the wandering tribes of the north of Persia, and the Ottomans or Turks of 'Constantinople are all *Toorks*, as was the greater part of the army 'of Tamerlane. The ruling tribe and the greater part of the army 'of Chinghiz Khan was *Mongol*. The Tartar dynasty that now 'reigns in China and the adjoining part of Tartary is *Manchoo*.'

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Toorghanees, or Toonganees, a name signifying *remnant*. The conquests of Chinghiz Khan and of his successor, Okkodai Khan, in the first half of the thirteenth century, brought a fresh influx of population from Eastern Toorkistan into China, the immigrants this time being mingled Ouïgours and Toonganees. These new comers were Mahomedans; their religion spread, and, by the end of the fourteenth century, it had been universally adopted throughout the Toorkish colonies in Kansu and Shensi. And so it came to pass that the bond of a common faith was added as a new link between the exiles in China and their western mother-country. Another circumstance which must have had considerable influence in preserving them isolated from the Chinese, and united in sympathy with their own race, was the facility of communication they had with the latter from their geographical position in the track of the great commercial highway between Europe and Pekin; for the caravans across the Desert of Gobi kept a perennial stream of Toorkish Mahomedans passing to and fro between Kashgar and the western termination of the Great Wall. Meanwhile in Eastern Toorkistan the fusion of the Toonganees with the native Ouïgours became so complete that the distinction between the two nationalities ceased to exist, and a single designation sufficed to cover both. The name, however, which was taken up in Transoxiana differed from that current in China. In the former the Toonganees were regarded as having absorbed the Kashgaree-Ouïgours, in the latter the Ouïgours were remembered to the exclusion of the Toonganees; and hence the same people came to be spoken of in one direction as Toonganees or Dungens, and in another as Ouïgours or Hoai-Hoai. The idea equally comprehended in either title was that of a community, Chinese in type of features, fashion of dress and language, but of Toorkish lineage, and by religion Mahomedan. The early habitat of the people so defined was, as we have seen, the belt of country between the Thian-Shan and Kuen-Loon Mountains, extending eastward as far as the Yellow River; but in modern times they are also found to muster strongly in Dzungaria, as far north as the Tarbagatai range, where their presence may be accounted for partly by the spread of Mahomedan doctrine among the aboriginal Ouïgours of the north, and partly by the fact that, when the Chinese, in 1757, conquered Dzungaria and exterminated the resident Kalmuks, they re-peopled the province by drafts from Kansu and from Eastern Toorkistan, having a large Mussulman element in their constitution. The result is that the whole north-western border of the Chinese Empire is thickly sown

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with Mussulmans who, in spite of some local distinctions among themselves, have enough of a common history to be regarded for political purposes as a tolerably homogeneous body. The generic appellation which we shall prefer applying to this community is *Toonganee*—a word differing in form only from M. Heins's *Dungen*. As for *Hoai-Hoai*, the name in China has quite lost its proper signification; for, from the Mussulman Ouïgours, to whom alone it originally applied, it has been transferred by the Chinese to all Mahomedans of every description resident in any part of the empire, and even to Jews as well.*

Like the Panthays, the Toonganees belong to the Soonnee sect of Islam, and, like all followers of the Prophet in every part of the world, they are capable of outbursts of splendid fanaticism. In so godless a country as China, a character for devoutness is perhaps more easily obtainable than elsewhere; and we must also remember that in the mere principle of dissent from the religion of the masses, there is an inherent vitality which tends to band the non-conforming minority in closer adhesion to their peculiar tenets; but, however it is to be explained, the Toonganees certainly have the reputation of exceptionally rigid compliance with the requirements of their faith, and of extraordinary subservience, even in secular affairs, to the summons of their spiritual leaders, the Imaums and Akhoonds. They abstain from wine and spirits, and smoke neither opium nor tobacco, so that in outward appearance they are easily distinguishable from the drug-bemused Manchoos and Chinese, by a more robust physique and a more intelligent expression of countenance. Their temper, according to M. Heins, is passionate and overbearing; and they are too apt to settle quarrels by the knife, which they invariably wear about their persons. Less questionable characteristics are their love of trade, and the honesty which pervades all their dealings, especially those of a commercial character. The latter quality recommended individual members of their body for employment in the Imperial service, and numbers of them held office in the department of police. But, as a whole, the Toonganees were viewed by the Manchoo government with marked jealousy and disfavour. Not only were they made to pay for the luxury of retaining a separate nationality by being subjected to exceptionally severe taxation, but, from time to time, they

* 'Les Chinois appellent les Juifs qui demeurent parmi eux Hoai-'Hoai. Ce nom leur est commun avec les Mahometans.' (*Lettres Édifiantes et Curieuses*, tome xxiv. p. 50.)

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fell under the weight of special ordinances designed to obliterate their guild and fuse them into the mass of the population. Thus, about the beginning of the present century, an Imperial decree was issued requiring the men to wear pigtails, and the women to compress their feet to the standard of Chinese deformity; attempts were also made to prevent the marriage of their daughters to any Mahomedans but those of purely Chinese blood. These measures, however, so far from producing the desired effect, served only to weld the Toonganees into a political unit, animated throughout with strong antagonism to the ruling power.

In China Proper the Toonganee community was nowhere stronger than at a certain city in Kansu, on one of the right affluents of the Yellow River, which M. Heins denominates Salar, but of which the Chinese name is apparently Hochow. This place has been the scene of frequent insurrections against the present dynasty, and M. Heins regards it as the centre from which a politico-religious propaganda for the subversion of the government has for a long time been carried on. A native of Salar, named Sawun, is said to have been the head of the movement; he died several years ago, and his memory is still cherished by the Toonganees.

It was at Singan-fu, however, the large and well-known capital of the neighbouring province, Shensi, that the present rebellion first broke out. The spark that kindled the flame there in 1862, appears to have been a squabble between two merchants, a Toonganee and a Manchoo, in which the latter was stabbed; hence arose a municipal tumult which speedily assumed the proportions of a political revolution: the Manchoos were cut to pieces, and the Toonganees remained masters of the city. When the news of this success reached Salar, Sawun's youthful son, Sookhun Jan, set out for Singan-fu and assumed command of the insurgents. The first force despatched from Pekin for the restitution of order numbered only 1,000 soldiery, and, of course, could effect nothing; a second corps, 10,000 strong, was utterly defeated; and a like fate befell the army of 40,000 men, which represented the third effort put forth by the government.

From Singan-fu the insurrection spread in a north-western direction. Sometimes after a struggle with the local garrison, and sometimes without any opposition, the Toonganees soon obtained possession of several towns: at places where they were numerically inferior to the Manchoos, they slew their own wives and children and fled unencumbered to join the cause in a more favourable quarter. At Salar a Holy War

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was proclaimed; and preachers were sent forth in every direction to rouse all true believers against the infidel. These emissaries went to work with a will, and, ere long, there was not a town in the two provinces, containing any considerable number of Toonganees, where the mosques had not rung with their passionate exhortations. They announced the arrival of the long-looked-for hour when the Manchoos must be either converted or exterminated, and they summoned every male Moslem to join in the good work. Their audience responded enthusiastically to the call, and the crowds that then flocked to Sookhun Jan's banner enabled him, in a very short time, to take the field with vigour, and maintain himself against the enemy with persistent success.

For the internal government of his people, Sookhun Jan took the most experienced and influential of the priests into his counsels, and the institutions he established owe their peculiar form largely to the influence of that hierarchy. The right of private property was abolished until the termination of the war, and, as in the early Christian Church, a community of goods was ordained. Every person, however wealthy, brought the whole of his worldly possessions to the local mosque, and delivered them to the Imaum; thenceforward he became, equally with the meanest of his fellow-citizens, dependent for clothes, weapons, food, and the subsistence of his family on such supplies as might be issued to him from the mosque. That establishment was made the pivot on which social life revolved: from the cobbling of a shoe to medical aid for the wounded, whatever any one wanted could only be obtained from the mosque. Disobedience to the Elders was punishable by death. Severe penalties also were prescribed for robbery; and, as all spoil taken in war had to be transferred entire to the common stock, any imitator of the sin of Achan was liable to instant execution. Boodhist temples, wherever found, were plundered and destroyed. Adult Chinese * were compelled to

* The relations of the Toonganees towards the Manchoo Tartars, and towards the native Chinese, appear to have been very different. With the former war to the knife was their watchword; but with the latter they had no particular quarrel; on the contrary, they had intermarried with them for centuries, and, but for the stumbling-block of a different religion, they were even inclined to sympathise with them as fellow-sufferers under a dynasty equally alien and inimical to both. M. Heins cites this feeling in explanation of what otherwise would be inexplicable, the 'certain degree of intimacy' which arose between the fanatical Toonganees and the heterodox Taepings.

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adopt Islam, or become hewers of wood and drawers of water; and their children were all placed in mosques to be nurtured and educated as Mussulmans. Lastly, that no outward sign, however trivial, might be wanting to mark the dawn of a new era, the Toonganees discarded the Chinese garb, and assumed one of the fashion prevalent in Toorkistan.

The most striking feature in such an organisation as that we have just described is undoubtedly its religious tincture. M. Heins, who is our authority on the point, has been charged by persons well versed in Chinese affairs with giving an undue prominence to the antagonism of Islam against Boodhism; but we are not sure that the charge is just. The principles of the Koran generally, and above all the text which declares death in battle against the infidel to be the surest passport to the arms of the expectant Houris in Paradise, have established in every Mussulman's breast so intimate a connexion between his spiritual aspirations and his political convictions, that it is only consonant with experience to believe that the Toonganees, in entering on their desperate struggle for civil liberty, should have vociferously appealed to Allah to aid the cause of his chosen people. The war-cry that rang through Mussulman India in 1857 was, 'Deen! Deen!' (for the faith! for the faith!); and it is the same spirit that for the last two years has kept the heterogeneous rabble of Bokhara in arms against the disciplined might of the Russian Empire. Or a yet nearer example is to be found in the tone of the manifesto issued by the Yunnan Mahomedans, which we have above noted.

Respecting recent events in Kansu and Shensi, our information is singularly defective. M. Heins says briefly that 'the Mussulman insurgents in that quarter appear to have 'sustained a check.' How and when this check was brought about, we have failed to discover; but there is reason for believing it to be a fact; and therefore, although the success of the Imperialist troops is perhaps temporary only, and their snake scotched rather than killed, we may for the present withdraw our attention from China Proper, and concentrate it on the territory west of the Desert of Gobi.

A traveller, taking the great caravan route, which for ages has maintained commercial communication between China and the regions around the basin of the Caspian Sea, would start from the western extremity of the Great Wall, with his face set to the north-west, and, after traversing the Kiayu Pass, would find before him five hundred miles of desolate sand to be traversed ere he could reach the city of Khamil. At Khamil the road strikes the eastern spurs of the Tian-Shan Mountains,

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and bifurcates along the northern and southern slopes of that range—the upper branch leading through Barkul, Urumchi, and Kurkara-usu into Dzungaria, and the lower through Pijan, Turfan, Karashar, and Kucha, to Aksu in Eastern Toorkistan. While the Chinese rule continued, Dzungaria and Eastern Toorkistan formed respectively the northern and southern circuits of a single province, which, under the designation of Ili, was administered by a governor-general having his headquarters at Kulja, in the northern circuit. This administration differed considerably in form and principles from the organisation of the home provinces of China; it was necessarily of a more military character, as having to deal with subjugated foreigners; and at Pekin, it ranged departmentally under the control of the Colonial Office. In short, it was of the type which, if we may be permitted to borrow a comparison from Anglo-Indian institutions, we should denominate 'non-regulation.'

Into this territory of Ili, in the summer of 1864, came fanatical emissaries from Salar, and fugitives from those parts of Kansu where the Toonganee cause had failed. Their path was traceable by the furious insurrections which broke out in city after city, as they spread westwards. The Toonganees of Khamil and Urumchi were among the earliest to rise. The latter city is large and densely populated, and from a distant date it had been the emporium on which the whole of Central Asia depended for its supply of tea. Here, as indeed throughout Ili generally, the revolt assumed the form of a military mutiny. For the soldierly qualities of the Toonganees had blinded the authorities to the danger of employing aliens in the ranks of the Imperial army, and, at the time we speak of, the Toonganees formed the very flower of the 60,000 troops distributed under the command of the Manchoo governor-general. The Toonganee soldiery at Urumchi, led by their own officers, seized the city, compelled their co-religionists, the native Sarts,* to join their enterprise, and put all the Manchoos to the sword. In the course of the struggle a fire broke out, and the flames were not extinguished, before many streets of houses and vast stores of tea had been destroyed.

* Dr. Vambéry identifies the *Sarts* with the people who, in Bokhara and Kokand, go by the name of *Tajiks*. According to the same authority they are of Persian blood, and have for ages been settled throughout the tract which has Siberia and India, Persia and China, for its several borders. In the present narrative all that need be noted about them is, that they represent an urban and quasi-aboriginal population, owning no connexion with the Toongances, except that of a common religion.

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From Urumchi the insurgents advanced westwards in two bands, one making for the northern, and the other for the southern circuit of Ili.

Those composing the force destined for Dzungaria effected an important capture of artillery at Manasy, and, after occupying that town, proceeded to Kur-kara-usu. On the way they met and routed an army sent out to oppose them from Kulja, and their victory was the signal for a general rising of all the Mahomedans in Dzungaria against the Chinese rule. The insurrection at Kulja was at first a failure; the Toonganees were badly armed, and, after a bloody struggle of twelve days' duration, they had to fly for refuge to Old Kulja.* Encouraged by this result, the Manchoo governor-general again gave them battle; but fortune no longer favoured him—he was utterly defeated, and all his artillery captured. He then evacuated the city of Kulja, and fled into the fort, where the victors immediately subjected him to a strict blockade. Elsewhere in Dzungaria the Toonganees and Manchoos were in constant collision throughout the year 1865, but step by step the former steadily prevailed. The whole country was full of exiles, who hailed the Toonganees as their deliverers; for Dzungaria, during the century since its acquisition by the Imperial Government, had been the general place of transportation, not only for individual convicts from interior China, but for entire families suspected of political disaffection from Eastern Toorkistan. Even the Manchoo tribes of Sibo and Solon, who had been brought from the banks of the Amoor, on the footing of military colonists, to act as a check on the exiles, proved faithless to their trust, and compounded for peace with the Toonganees by engaging to adopt the Mussulman religion. One after another, the minor forts and towns of Dzungaria fell into the hands of the revolutionary party; and, when autumn

* Colonel Yule believes that Old Kulja may mark the site of Almalig, a city which was renowned in the middle ages as the capital of the Chagatai Khanate. In 1339, there was a Catholic bishop of Almalig, who, with six other minor friars, suffered martyrdom there. John de' Marignolli, however, who visited Almalig, the following year, on his way to the Court of the Great Khan of Cathay, testifies to the prevalence of a very tolerant spirit in the city. 'There,' he says, 'we built a church, bought a piece of ground, 'sang masses and baptised several; preaching freely and openly.' It is curious to note these old-world glimpses of a country, which, having since been buried for centuries in the thickest darkness, is now inevitably marked out for speedy restoration to the gaze of Europe by absorption within the light of the Russian Empire.

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came, four points alone remained with the Imperialists, two of which were the citadels of Kulja and Chuguchak. The struggle which occurred at the last-named place is noteworthy as having caught up in its eddy the nomad Kirghizes and Kalmuks, who pasture their flocks in the vicinity. No sooner had the Kirghizes shown signs of siding with their co-religionists, the Toonganees, than their ancient foes, the Kalmuks, declared for the Chinese. Nor was the declaration an idle one. On the night of the 4th November, a large body of Kalmuks, joined by a sallying party of Chinese from the beleaguered citadel of Chuguchak, crossed the Russian border, and, *within Russian limits*, fell suddenly with fire and sword on an encampment of the Kirghizes. The work of massacre and plunder continued for two days. The Kalmuks then withdrew to Chuguchak, taking with them 100,000 sheep, 6,000 horned cattle, 1,300 horses, and 600 camels; they left on the field 300 human corpses, 200 sheep killed out of mere wantonness, and 1,500 masterless dogs.* This, for the time at any rate, was a crushing blow to the Mahomedan cause in the north of Dzungaria. The Kirghizes no longer dared to lift their heads, and the Toonganees were obliged to raise the siege of Chuguchak. But the single check in this direction was more than compensated to the Toonganees in other quarters. Early in 1866 they carried the citadel of Kulja by storm, and butchered the gallant garrison to a man. And, though no detailed accounts of subsequent events have yet reached us, the general tenor of our information inclines us to believe that, at the present time, the Toonganees are masters of all Dzungaria south of the Tarbogatai mountains.

Whether their power promises to be permanent is another thing. From China probably they have little to fear. An army of retribution has, it is true, recently recaptured Khamil, thereby cutting off the Toonganees in both circuits of Ili from those provinces of interior China where the rebellion was hatched; but we doubt the competency† of the Pekin Govern-

* These dogs, after devouring the flesh, and gnawing the bones of their slain masters, soon became ravenous and desperate. Scouring the country in packs between Urdjar and Chuguchak, they were so numerous and audacious that the pass of Khatyn-Su was officially reported by the Russian superintendent of the district to be dangerous for a single horseman.

† Recent accounts from China report the occupation of the eastern districts of Shantung by a body of rebels, called Nien-fei, who are carrying rapine and murder up to the walls of Pekin. 'The *élite* 'of the Tartar army' (we quote from the 'North China Herald')

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ment to follow up its first success; and to the Toonganees the loss of Khamil is merely one city the less in their possession; it is not as though they had any base of operations in Kansu. The chief danger to the victorious insurgents in Dzungaria comes from their own disunion and barbarism. Under all circumstances, it is much easier to upset a government, especially an alien one, than to organise a fresh government in its stead. And in Dzungaria we doubt whether the Toonganee, or any other, section of the heterogeneous population is capable of producing a dynasty which shall reunite the several townships and encampments under a single sceptre, or even consolidate a strong administration in any one district. Each township aspires to a separate autonomy, and every camp has its own chief; all these endeavour to work out their own ideas of right and order, and as aggressive war upon their next neighbour usually stands high in the programme, the general result is not far off utter anarchy. Now anarchy just beyond a border implies raids within that border. We have already had an example of this truth in the incursion of the Kalmuks from Chuguchak into the Russian province of Semipolatinsk. And it is as impossible for Russia to let such injuries pass unnoticed as it would be for the Anglo-Indian Government to submit to corresponding insults from the Wuzeeree or Murree tribes on the Peshawur or Shikarpore frontier. The press of St. Petersburg already speaks of the Toonganee insurrection in Dzungaria as 'the Dungen question;' and the recent measure of administrative reconstruction, by which the southern portion of Semipolatinsk has been severed from the Government of Western Siberia, and constituted, together with Russia's recent conquests on the Syr-Daria river, into a new 'Government of 'Toorkistan,' is avowedly adopted with a view to watching, and, if necessary, controlling, the affairs of Dzungaria. Had China retained her grasp on the two circuits of Ili, the Czar would have had no reason, and possibly little inclination, to transgress the bounds of empire laid down by recent treaties with the Court of Pekin; but, now that the power to which he was pledged has finally disappeared from the scene, and that

'is gathered around the capital, and it is only the terror of this arm 'of the service which keeps the rebel hordes from the City of Nine 'Gates.' This is probably an exaggerated estimate of the importance attaching to the Nien-fei movement. And it must also be conceded that the Taepings have disappeared from the scene. But still the Government, which can permit the former to go unchecked, and all but succumbed to the latter, cannot be expected to show more vigour against rebels in a remote and impracticable country like Ili.

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its successor is found to be a disorderly neighbour, objectionable in many ways and specially so for interrupting the course of Russian trade towards the east, we imagine that it cannot be long before the troops at present* concentrated about Fort Vernöe have their headquarters transferred across the frontier to Kulja. In short, we look forward to an early extinction of the Toonganee revolution, with all its attendant troubles, in Dzungaria, by means of a Russian occupation of the country.

But it is time that we should turn to a field of greater attraction for British interests. We have already intimated that, while one band of Toonganees issued from Urumchi, in June 1864, for operations in Dzungaria, another band, by a more southerly route, advanced into Eastern Toorkistan. Before proceeding, however, to follow the fortunes of the latter force, it appears desirable to say a few words as to the physical appearance and past history of the territory forming the new scene of action.

Other names for this territory are Little Bokhara, which is simply unmeaning, and Chinese Tartary, which conveys an incorrect impression; Eastern Toorkistan, on the contrary, as the correlative of that Western Toorkistan, which is to be looked for on the other side of the Bolor mountains, rightly indicates a geographical division of the region which has Toorks for the bulk of its population. Eastern Toorkistan then forms a great depressed valley, shut in on three sides by mountains of great height; on the north it is separated from Dzungaria by the Tian-Shan range; on the west from Transoxiana by the Bolor; and on the south by the Karakorum and Kuen Loon from India and Thibet. Hence its configuration somewhat resembles a blunt-headed cone, except that, towards the east, where the base-line ought to be, there are only barren sands, which merge imperceptibly into the great Desert of Gobi. Sand throughout the interior of the cone, and a clayey soil and stony surface along the edge of the mountain lines, are too largely the characteristics of the country. Moreover, the air is of exceeding dryness, and rain is rare. But, on the other hand, the volume of water, which flows down from the snowy mountains on three sides of the valley, is considerable, and the rivers which carry this, all of them converging into the

* East of Lake Issyk-Kool, the Russians have 5 battalions of infantry, 10 'sotnias' (each one hundred strong) of Cossacks, and 16 guns; and, west of the same point, there are 11 battalions, 20 sotnias, and 40 guns; the whole under the command of General Kaufman, the new Governor-general of Toorkistan.

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central channel of the Ergol or Tarym, afford ample means of irrigation; while the tracts under the shadow of the three ranges, arid as they generally are, nevertheless contain patches of more or less fertile land. The climate is temperate, and eminently salubrious. The mineral resources have been very imperfectly explored by the ignorant natives; but there can be no doubt of their abundance. They include gold, copper, sulphur, salt, and especially the jade-stone, on which the Chinese place so high a value. The real importance, however, of Eastern Toorkistan lies not in its indigenous productions, but in its geographical advantages as a commercial thoroughfare. It forms an important stage in the ancient line of communication by land between Europe and Asia. This famous route, which we have above traced from the Great Wall as far as Khamil, passes on, along the southern slope of the Tian Shan, through Karashar, Kucha, and Aksu to Kashgar; from thence over the commodious Terektin Pass to Andijan and Kokand; and finally it crosses the Russian border to Orenburg. The distance from Pekin to Aksu is said to be 2,550 miles, and caravans take nearly five months to traverse it, though special couriers accomplish the journey in one month. From Aksu on to Kokand may be reckoned other 800 miles.

As for the history of Eastern Toorkistan, the Chinese appear to have been masters of the country from the beginning of the Christian era up to the days of Chinghiz Khan, though their rule during that interval was subject to considerable fluctuations, at one time extending beyond the Bolor mountains as far as the shores of the Caspian Sea, at another receding within the territory of Khamil. On the partition of Chinghiz Khan's mighty empire, Eastern Toorkistan became a part of the Chagatai Khanate, and even after the bulk of that Khanate had been overrun by the Kalmuks, a descendant of Chagatai continued in power at Yarkund up to the middle of the seventeenth century. Some insight into the mediæval condition of Yarkund, Kashgar, and Khoten is obtainable from the travels of Marco Polo, and of the pious Jesuit, Benedict Göes. In both narratives the point which most strikingly contrasts with the circumstances of our own day is the religious toleration displayed by the native authorities. Marco Polo testifies to the existence of a large number of Nestorian Christians among the inhabitants; indeed, in his time, Kashgar was the seat of a Nestorian archbishopric; and Göes, whose journey dates 1664, or three centuries after the Venetian, was admitted, in the presence of the Prince of Yarkund, to a religious discussion

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with the principal Moollahs of the country, who actually came to the conclusion that 'our law also might have some good in 'it.' Yet Eastern Toorkistan, since its first conversion from Boodhism, has always been intensely Mahomedan; and its political fortunes, particularly in the western portion of the province, have received a very strong bias from the national creed. This western portion is known as Altyshahr, or the *Six Cities*, and comprises Yarkund, Kashgar, Khoten, Aksu, Yanghisar, and Oosh-turfan, with the territories subordinate to each. Altyshahr, perhaps from its proximity to those centres of Mahomedan theology, Bokhara and Samarcand, has never had any lack of holy men to guide its concerns; and, as the Chagatai dynasty neared its close, the priestly element began to play an important part in public affairs. No better summary of the events of this period can be given than the one supplied by Colonel Yule:—

'Saintly teachers and workers of miracles, claiming descent from Mahomed, and known as Khwajas or Hojas, acquired great influence, and the sectaries attached to the chief of these divided the people into rival factions, whose mutual hostility eventually led to the subjugation of the whole country. For, late in the seventeenth century, Hojah Appak, the leader of one of those parties called the White Mountain, having been expelled from Kashgar by Ismail Khan, the chief of that state, who was a zealous supporter of the opposite party, or Black Mountain, sought the aid of Galdan Khan, sovereign of the Eleuths or Kalmuks of Dzungaria. Taking the occasion offered, that chief in 1678 invaded the states south of the Thian Shan, carried off the Khan of Kashgar and his family, and established the Hojahs of the White Mountain over the country in authority subordinate to his own. Great discords for many years succeeded, sometimes one faction and sometimes another being uppermost, but some supremacy always continuing to be exercised by the Khans of Dzungaria. In 1757, the latter country was conquered by the Chinese, who, in the following year, making a tool of the White party, which was then in opposition, succeeded in bringing the states of Turkistan also under their rule.'

Such were the successive steps by which the Chinese power was at length re-established in Eastern Toorkistan. The Khojas of the White Mountain, however, who, on their expulsion by the Chinese, had found refuge in Kokand, made more than one bold endeavour to recover what they regarded as their patrimony. In 1827, Jehangheer Khan Khoja invaded Altyshahr with a large rabble of armed fanatics, and captured Yarkund and Kashgar; but after an eight months' occupation of those cities, he was defeated by the Chinese, and obliged again to fly across the Bolor. The Khan of Kokand

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surrendered him to the Chinese; he was conveyed to Pekin and executed there in 1828, his fate making a profound sensation throughout Central Asia and even in China also: to this day there is no more popular ballad among the Kirghizes and Oosbegs than that which tells the tale of Jehangheer Khan's betrayal. In 1852, the Kokand Durbar connived at a fresh expedition against Altyshahr, headed by seven Khojas of the same family, who, after a transient success, were similarly repulsed by the Chinese. One of the seven, Wulee Khan Turra, renewed the attempt in 1857, and, though he too, in the end, had to retire, his temporary occupation of Kashgar is memorable for a display of cruelty, such as staggered even the unsusceptible Toorks. 'His mania was a thirst for blood, and not 'a day passed without several men being slaughtered in cold 'blood, either by himself or in his presence. On the banks 'of the Kizyl he erected a pyramid of human skulls, and 'anxiously watched the gradual rise of a monument so worthy 'of him. The heads of fallen Chinese and Mussulmans were 'collected from all parts and added to the pyramid.' Some of the bravest and best of his own adherents were made to contribute their skulls to this ghastly trophy; and it was crowned by the head of a European traveller, the lamented Adolphe Schlagentweit. He struck a paralysis of terror into the people, and, to be rid of him, even the return of the Chinese was for a time welcomed by all classes. The Chinese, however, were not conciliatory masters, and a national party soon rose into sturdy life again. Still fondly looking in the direction of the saintly family from which they had suffered so much, the Toorks fastened on Boozurg Khan, son of the martyr Jehangheer, as their destined deliverer. Their watchword was, 'When Boo-'zurg Khan mounts his steed, Altyshahr shall be free.' All that remains to be noted is that, while contact with the fanaticism of Transoxiana had thus kept Altyshahr seething in perpetual war and anarchy, proximity to the civilisation of China had saved the eastern towns from participation in the same miseries. East of Aksu the influence of the Khojas diminished, and east of Kucha it ceased entirely, so that not the Toonganees only but the Mahomedans generally of Karashar, Turfan, and Khamil had served actively with the Imperial troops engaged in the pacification of the Six Cities.

This imperfect sketch of previous events in Eastern Toorkistan will perhaps suffice to give the reader some idea of the relative position of parties in the province, about the middle of 1864, when the wave of Toonganee insurrection swept in from the Desert of Gobi. There were the Chinese in military

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possession, with a force of about 14,000 men; there were the Toonganees, forming a large and hitherto staunch portion of the Chinese garrison; and there were the native non-Toonganee Mahomedans (Oosbegs, Sarts, Kirghizes, and others), who in the eastern districts identified their interests with the Toonganees, but who in Altyshahr held Chinese and Toonganees in equal abomination, and sighed for a return of the Khojas from their exile in Kokand.

On the arrival at Kucha of the Toonganees, who had been despatched from Urumchi to raise Eastern Toorkistan, their clansmen of the Chinese garrison at once fraternised with them and mutinied. The other Mahomedan residents joined the Toonganees; and the Chinese, powerless to resist the combination, all had their throats cut. The triumphant Moslems then elected a Khoja, named Rashud-ood-deen, of great local sanctity, to be their ruler; and under his direction, they rapidly obtained possession of Aksu, Oosh-turfan, and Lai Musjid. Rashud-ood-deen's next blow was to have fallen on Yarkund, the seat of the local government of the southern circuit of Ili. The Manchoo Governor, however, precipitated events at that place by the very measures he took to counteract the move. By largesses and yet more liberal promises he induced his Toonganee soldiers, through their priests, the Imaums, to swear solemnly on the Koran that they would stand by their colours to the death. They observed the oath for three whole days; but, on the 24th July 1864, they mutinied, broke open the jail, released the prisoners, and plundered all the dwellings of the Chinese civil population. Next day they proclaimed a Holy War against the infidel; a device which secured them the co-operation of every Moslem in Yarkund. The Chinese troops had now to retire within their fortifications and submit to a siege. Scarcely had this result been attained at Yarkund, before the same antagonistic elements came into collision at Kashgar. Here too the Chinese took the initiative, though by a sterner process than that which had failed so signally at the capital. The Manchoo commandant of Kashgar invited the Toonganees to a feast in his fort; they came, and as they unsuspectingly sat at meat, a volley of musketry was poured into them from all sides; of the seven hundred men who were in this doomed assembly, fifty only are said to have made good their escape. Instantly the Mussulmans of the city flew to arms, with a cry for vengeance; and the Chinese, like their compatriots at Yarkund, found themselves beleaguered within their own citadel. Almost at the same time a similar tragedy was enacted at Khoten; the Chinese began

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by massacring a number of Toonganees, and the Mahomedan citizens retaliated with vigour; but in this instance no fortifications availed to save the Chinese from immediate ruin; they were blotted out of Khoten, and a native priest, named Hajee Hubeeboolla, was elected to rule in their stead. Soon afterwards Rashud-ood-deen's preparation at Kucha for an advance on Yarkund were complete; and on the 30th September he despatched a force of 7,000 horse and foot and 250 camel-guns to aid the revolted Yarkundees in pressing the siege of the fort. The Chinese defended themselves with the courage of despair; but famine and undermined ramparts soon rendered further resistance hopeless; then they fired their magazine, and anticipated in flames of their own creation the certain death which awaited them from their relentless foe.

The fort of Kashgar was now the last place in which a vestige of the Chinese power remained. While its fate still hung in the balance, Boozurg Khan Khoja from Kokand rode into the streets of the city with a following of 500 men, chiefly Kirghizes and Kipchaks. At last the Toorks had got their long-looked-for deliverer among them, and they hailed him as their rightful prince with acclamations. But, alas for the misdirection of popular regard, not Charles Stuart nor Louis *le desiré* ever so disappointed the hopes of their enthusiastic partisans! Boozurg Khan proved a worthless debauchee, who, before many weeks were over, was content that the burden of princely duties should be transferred to an officer of his own staff, Yakoob Beg. Of a very different stamp was this new ruler of Kashgar. By birth a Tajik, and a subject of Kokand, he had for many years played a conspicuous part in the stormy politics of his native Khanate. The deed for which he hitherto had been best known would in Europe have covered his name with hopeless dishonour, but the moral sense of Central Asia is less nice, and he, who in 1847 as commandant of Ak Musjid, had accepted Russian gold in exchange for a portion of the territory committed to his charge, still retained among his countrymen a reputation for exceptionally fair dealing. Brave, energetic, and open-handed, he was popular with his brother-chieftains, and beloved by his own retainers. At the time to which our story relates he held the rank of Kooshbegee, or commander-in-chief of the Kokand forces; but, as Kokand existed only on the sufferance of Russian generals, his instincts had rightly taught him that even a subordinate share in Boozurg Khan's venture across the Bolor offered a finer field for his ability and ambition than any that was open to him at home.

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Meanwhile famine was effectually doing its work within the fort of Kashgar. By March, 1865, two thousand Chinese had died of starvation. The remainder of the garrison then for the most part committed suicide, and Yakoob Kooshbegee became master of the fort with little difficulty. So fell, after a whole century of continuous dominion, the Chinese power in Eastern Toorkistan.

But the Mussulmans who, in one form or another, had now succeeded to the supremacy, were far from being a united or harmonious body. Rashud-ood-deen in the east, Hubeeboolla in the south, and Yakoob Kooshbegee in the west, each represented a separate faction. At Kucha, Aksu, and Yarkund the prevailing influence was Toonganee. At Khoten Habeeboolla, as the weakest of the parties, sincerely desired, but was not likely to enjoy, a life of quiet isolation; already he had been obliged to fight a pitched battle in defence of his territory against a wanton invasion of Toonganees from Yarkund. And lastly, Yakoob Kooshbegee at Kashgar, though constantly threatened with destruction from the local intrigues of rival competitors for power, was not the man to be content with the possession of a single township. Thus the conclusion to which events manifestly tended was a struggle for mastery between the Toonganees of Rashud-ood-deen and the Kokandee adventurers under Yakoob Kooshbegee; Khoten meanwhile endeavouring to keep aloof from either side, but destined to be absorbed by whichever should prove the winner.

The contest that ensued was sharply fought out, but we spare our readers a recital of the varying fortunes of the combatants. The issue was still doubtful, and Hubeeboolla consequently still unmolested, when, in October 1865, Khoten was visited by a European traveller, the first (excepting Adolphe Schlagentweit, who never lived to tell the tale) that had been seen there for centuries. We allude, of course, to Mr. Johnson, of the Indian Trigonometrical Survey. An account of Mr. Johnson's journey, and of the incidents that followed it, has been already given in a previous number of this Journal; how, while in the execution of his professional duties on the Cashmere border, he received, and upon his own responsibility accepted, an invitation from Khan Hubeeboolla of Khoten; how the Khan entertained him with sufficient hospitality, but was strongly inclined to keep him as a hostage for the extraction of money and munitions of war from the Indian Government; how, in the end, he let him go, and endeavoured to obtain what he wanted by the more civilised method of a formal embassy to the English Viceroy at Calcutta; and how his hopes were

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blasted by Sir John Lawrence civilly refusing to have anything to do with him.

At length victory inclined decidedly to Yakoob Kooshbegee; for in April 1866 he captured Yarkund from the Toonganees. He followed up his advantage with ardour, and his career eastward was an unbroken success, so that by autumn of the following year Khoten, Oosh-turfan, Aksu, and Kucha had surrendered to his arms. In fact Yakoob Kooshbegee is at the present time undisputed master of the whole of Altyshahr.

What bearing this result may have on British interests in India, we shall presently inquire; but, in the meantime, we may with advantage cast a glance at the circumstances connected with the Kooshbegee's capture of Khoten. For there have not been wanting writers in the public journals to sneer at Sir John Lawrence's pusillanimity in declining to enter into close relations with this particular chiefship; and even a responsible and undoubtedly most able Minister like Lord Cranborne was at one time disposed to look with favour on the proposal of a Punjab official, who, with more ambition than knowledge of his task, volunteered to visit Khoten in search of that brilliant Will-o'-the-wisp, the trade of Central Asia. Statesmen can seldom hope to obtain so immediate and signal a justification of their prudence, as Sir John Lawrence has found in the narrative of Hubeeboolla's fall, as given by the British Agent at Leh, in a despatch dated September 3, 1867, which has been published in the Indian newspapers. We prefer therefore to give the actual text of the despatch without attempting an abridgment.

'At the end of last year Yakoob Kooshbegee of Yarkund, having first imprisoned the Agent from Khoten, to prevent his sending any intelligence, commenced preparations for an advance on Khoten. The Agent, however, managed to send off a letter by two of his servants to give warning to the Khan, but the messengers were stopped, and the letter found sewn up in a shoe. The men were brought back and shot by the Kooshbegee's orders. The Agent was then very closely confined and guarded; and threatened with a like fate, if he did not give full information regarding the strength of Khoten, the number of troops, &c.; and, to save his life, he disclosed everything. The Kooshbegee then, at the beginning of this year, sent a strong force against Khoten, and himself joined it within a march or two of the town. From this point he sent off a letter to the ruler, Hubeeboolla Khan, expressive of his friendly feelings, and his desire to establish amicable relations between the two countries, as they were neighbours and of the same faith, and begging the Khan to come out and meet him that he might enter into an alliance. Hubeeboolla at first refused, but, after much pressing, and receiving

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many assurances of friendship and esteem, he assented and went out to the Yarkund camp with one of his sons and a few followers. He was received with every mark of friendship and honour, and well feasted and entertained, but in the night he and all his followers were made prisoners, and his signet-ring removed; and the next day a letter was sent to Khoten, signed with the Khan's seal, directing all the chief officers and other men of influence to come out and pay their respects to the Yarkund ruler, with whom a friendly alliance had just been formed. Many of the officers and others obeyed the summons, and, as they left Khoten by one road, a large force was sent against it by another. And, there being no one to take the command and give orders, the place was quickly taken and a large number of the garrison slain. The Kooshbegee then entered, and secured a very large treasure in gold and silver; and, after appointing one of his own officers governor, he returned to Yarkund. When leaving, he gave all the women of the Khan's harem to his chief officers and followers: but these women, having formed a plot among themselves, and seizing the opportunity when their new husbands were unarmed and unprepared, attacked and killed many of them. When the Kooshbegee heard of this, he at once ordered Hubeeboolla Khan, an old man of more than eighty years, and his son to be shot.'

Now, supposing that Sir John Lawrence, in deference to the popular cry for the extension of Indian trade in Central Asia, should have allowed the English officer abovementioned to proceed on his volunteer journey to Khoten, what, it may be asked, would have been that officer's fate? We unhesitatingly reply that, even if he had not been cut off before reaching Khoten at all, he must, upon arriving there, either have perished in that city amid the tumult of Hubeeboolla's downfall, or have been carried off captive to Yarkund, where England, for all her length of arm, would have been utterly powerless either to rescue or to avenge her son. With this difference, and it is one that would have been most damaging to the national prestige, we should have had a second Abyssinia in Eastern Toorkistan, another Theodore in Yakoob Kooshbegee. Taught by lessons such as these, we trust that henceforward the British public may hear no more of that ignorant temerity, which, in pursuit of wholly imaginary advantages, clamours for the despatch of English officers among the bloodthirsty and perfidious barbarians of Central Asia. Were England at war with Russia, and were it necessary for the prosecution of the war that English gold and English lives should be staked in organising hordes of Oosbegs and Toonganees for guerilla warfare against the enemy, our money and our lives might doubtless be lavished in the country; but he who, as matters now stand, prates of English embassies to Yarkund or to Khoten, is simply

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an enemy to his country. This is strong language, we admit, but it cannot be wholly uncalled for, when a recent writer in a well-informed English journal charges the Indian Government with 'inexcusable apathy' in neglecting to establish Consuls in the cities of Eastern Toorkistan.* Apathy there certainly is not, either for commercial and political purposes, or towards purely scientific ends. Sir John Lawrence refuses to send English officers where their mere appearance would be a signal for their immediate detention; but he obtains all the intelligence he requires by the systematic despatch into the same countries of natives of India, specially trained for inquiry, and handsomely remunerated for their pains. And, if proof were wanted of the efficiency of this agency, we might point to the valuable geographical information acquired by a Pundit who, under Captain Montgomerie's instructions, recently journeyed from India *viâ* the Mansarowur Lake to Lhassa.

Reverting now to the actual position of affairs in Altyshahr, and the extent to which British interests may be affected by the succession of a wild captain of free-lances to the dominion of the Chinese, we can only say that the Kooshbegee's rule is of altogether too recent a growth to admit of any opinion being formed as to the qualities it is likely to display. Hitherto he has had work enough to win his kingdom at the point of the sword; and now that it is fully won, whether he will succeed in keeping it, and, if so, how he will govern it, remain to be seen. Upon these doubts hangs the future as well of Russian policy as of British trade.

If the Kooshbegee be, as we are disposed to believe, not a mere soldier of fortune, but something of a statesman also, the first use he will make of the consolidation of his conquests will be to resuscitate the trade which recent wars and tumults have all but extinguished in Eastern Toorkistan. Most probably it will be beyond his power to reopen commerce with China through the country occupied by the revolted Toonganees;

* This writer in the same sentence denounces the Indian Government for similar neglect at Leh, and also for permitting the Raja of Cashmere to block the course of trade by monstrous exactions at the frontier; whereas the fact is that so far back as in 1864 the Maharaja was constrained to make large reductions in his customs duties, and that there already is a consul at Leh, sent there for the special purpose of seeing that the terms of the reduced tariff of 1864 are strictly adhered to by the Maharaja's officials. The true cause of the depressed state of trade at Leh is the disturbed condition of the country on the other side of the Karakorum range.

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but China's difficulty ought, in this instance, to be India's opportunity. With the Kooshbegee's leave, India should be able to supply most of the articles for which Tartary has hitherto depended on the Chinese, and other goods besides. Already there is one Indian staple, which is in urgent demand throughout all the Toorkistans, Eastern, Western, and Russian; and that is tea. The Toorks cannot live without tea; not only do they use it as a beverage at meals, but one person may not receive a private visit from another, nor a chief give audience to his retainers in public durbar, without tea being offered to the guests and freely consumed by all present. Thus, if our planters of the Himalayas would only take the trouble to ascertain and imitate the particular appearance, whether brick-shaped or blue-glazed, which Chinese tea has hitherto borne in the Toorkish bazaars, they ought to find at Leh a splendid market for the commodity which has caused so much disappointment to Indian speculators. Quite recently we heard of a single tea-district in the Northwest Provinces exporting tea into Central Asia to the value of 15,000*l.* It will easily therefore be understood that the Indian Government scans the prospects of a revival of the caravan trade across the Karakorum Pass with considerable solicitude.

Still more narrowly are the Russians on the Syr Daria watching the movements of the Kooshbegee in respect to the re-opening of traffic over the Terektin Pass. Their frontier at Namangam is only about 160 miles from the foot of the pass: they are indignant at the loss of their ancient commerce with China by this route; and, though they cannot but admit that the more distant Toonganees on the borders of Kansu, or within that province, are the principal cause of the misfortune, they are not likely to overlook any obstructions to their mercantile enterprise which Yakoob Kooshbegee may offer in Altyshahr, close to their own outposts. If the Kooshbegee is a wise man, he will do his utmost to conciliate Russian sentiments on this score. But there are rumours afloat that he is differently inclined. It is even said that he has sent emissaries to the courts of Kokand and Bokhara and to the Toonganees at Kulja, in view to the formation of a league hostile to Russia. This very likely is false. The substratum of truth, however, appears to be that in Altyshahr, as in every other part of Central Asia, including Affghanistan, a general feeling has arisen, and day by day gains ground, of antagonism to Russia, as an aggressor from whom much is to be feared, and of inclination towards England, as a Power content to remain within her own limits. The time may come when this feeling

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will be of incalculable value to us; and we owe its existence to that determined policy of non-intervention which among certain critics of Sir John Lawrence's policy is his capital offence. Meantime, if Yakoob Kooshbegee should be imprudent enough to give serious umbrage to General Kaufman, the newly-appointed Governor-general of Russian Toorkistan, events may be precipitated which, upon present chances, are not immediately to be expected. In the end no doubt Altyshahr will be absorbed into the Northern Empire, and it probably will be the fortune of the Karakorum Mountains to form the first common boundary the world may ever see between the dominions of Old England and Holy Russia. But on the whole, we doubt whether the next move of the Russian forces in this quarter will be across the Terektin Pass. An advance from Fort Vernöe for the suppression of the Toonganees about Kulja appears a much nearer contingency; and, since the command of Dzungaria would enable the Russians to reach Khamil and the trade beyond, almost as effectually as they could from Eastern Toorkistan, it is possible that, with the accomplishment of that object, they might cease to take all the interest they at present certainly do in the affairs of the Six Cities. But, whatever may be the course of events, whether to accelerate or to retard the southward progress of the Russians, we look forward to their ultimate occupation of Eastern Toorkistan without any apprehension. Our trade cannot suffer, for it is impossible that the system of protective duties should be much longer maintained at St. Petersburg, and as for the security of the Indian Empire, even the wildest of Russophobists has not yet conceived the possibility of an invasion by way of the Karakorum.

Our task is done. We have endeavoured, so far as our fragmentary materials permit, to throw light upon a part of the world regarding which Europe possesses very scanty information, and to trace over an enormous extent of frontier the progress of a famous empire's decline. What effect the events we have reviewed may produce on the central fabric of Manchoo power we leave to others to delineate. The result perhaps will be small, for the morbid condition of the extremities is, in this case, less a potential cause of future disaster than a mere symptom of deep-seated evils that have their origin elsewhere. It betokens an organisation sapped at its vital sources by an atrophy, which, sooner or later, must terminate in utter collapse and dissolution.

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ART. III.—1. *Les Moines d'Occident, depuis St. Benoit jusqu'à St. Bernard.* Par le Comte de MONTALEMBERT. Tomes III.–V. Paris: 1866-7.

2. *The Towers and Temples of Ancient Ireland.* By MARCUS KEANE, M.R.I.A. With one hundred and eighty-six Illustrations. 4to. Dublin: 1867.

3. *The Cathedral, or Abbey Church of Iona.* By the Messrs. BUCKLER, Architects, Oxford. *And some Account of the Early Celtic Church and of the Mission of St. Columba.* By the Right Rev. The Bishop of ARGYLL and the ISLES. London: 1866.

THROUGH a long series of ages the history of Western Monachism is a history of great and beneficent conquests. The most vehement enemies of Latin Christianity cannot deny that in the monastic societies we see the army which won the victory for law and order, at a time when the very foundations of the earth seemed out of course, that to them we owe not merely the preservation or the revival of art, but the reawakening of human thought from a sleep not unlike death itself. The men who reclaimed nations from barbarism, who changed wildernesses into gardens, who dared to examine the forms and forces of the natural world, are, with all their faults, their vices, and their crimes, the men to whom we are indebted for the marvellous developments of modern civilisation. They did great things; and the world has judged them more harshly than they deserved. It could scarcely be otherwise. Their words seemed for the most part to condemn the work which they were doing. The commands which enjoined manual labour spoke of bodily toil as an end rather than as a means, and set at nought all the principles which lie at the root of modern economical science. The wealth created by mortifying taskwork was to be expended in the service of God, not so much by strengthening the common interests of nations, as by filling the land with magnificent fabrics for unceasing prayer and praise. The secrets which some among them gathered from the great storehouse of the outward world were turned to no man's profit. The true empire of the mind was proclaimed, only, it would seem, as an inheritance which mankind at large could never hope to share. But more than all, they waged war against universal and imperious instincts of nature. They spoke of absorbing love and consuming passion, and few have cared to say that they did not feel them; but their kindliness and

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devotion flowed in a channel far removed from the life of the family, of the city, or the nation. They were the promoters of learning, but they spoke as if they were the great champions of ignorance. They did their best to advance the temporal interests of their fellow-men, while they professed to have no interests except in a world unseen; and not unnaturally, the world which they despised has in its turn reviled or forgotten them. A society which refuses to believe that its political course should be determined by an order claiming to exercise supernatural powers and to judge by virtue of a divine commission, is not likely to regard too leniently the shortcomings even of the best and greatest among the Western monks.

For those who, like M. de Montalembert, still cling to the faith which animated these conquerors of the past, while they combine with it an assent to modern ideas, this forgetfulness or contempt must be a thing far harder to bear than personal injury or insult. To vindicate their good name, or at the least to show what they have really done, is for such men a duty which in the interests of truth and righteousness they are bound to discharge unflinchingly; and M. de Montalembert's keen appreciation of English freedom, and of all that Englishmen have done to guard and strengthen it, has only served to quicken his zeal in defence of the 'Chivalry of God.' He is the first of his race who has made war only with his pen; but his pen will, he feels sure, become a sharp sword in the stern and holy warfare of conscience against the triumphant despotism of falsehood and wrong.

In this battle he is fighting, he tells us with earnest reiteration, for truth and for truth alone. The protest is not needed to convince us of his sincerity. In his own words, we know that he is, intentionally, 'incapable of betraying the truth even for 'the profit of that which he loves more than all things else on 'earth;'* but we can be at no loss to perceive that the conviction which can so colour his thoughts as to identify the cause of the Western monks with the struggle of righteousness against iniquity has determined for him the meaning of the word. For him they are all soldiers in the great army of the King of kings, and all are consecrated for a work which can be accomplished by them alone. To regard them simply as members of a human society which has done both good and harm, to pass a calm and dispassionate judgment on their greatest exploits and their worst crimes, to look upon them as working out, conscientiously perhaps, yet at best only with partial success, a

* Vol. v. p. 324.

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theory of human duty, is for such a man a mere impossibility. In his belief there is in the world 'an army of sacrifice,' not in the sense in which all alike, old and young, rich and poor, are bidden to bear each other's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ, but as a force existing apart from a world with which it can no longer have any common ties or interests. This army is indeed the salt of the earth, the leaven which preserves society from utter rottenness.* In other times its achievements have been more brilliant, its services in promoting the welfare of mankind more willingly acknowledged. But it has fallen on evil days. It may well be doubted whether in the turmoil of this busy age even Benedict or Bernard would retain their ancient majesty, and the monks who now inhabit the cloisters of France and England are not like Bernard or Benedict. It is but the deeper pain, therefore, to feel that 'the recompense for such incessant toil, for so many evils 'endured, for so many lives spent to promote the glory of God 'and the good of men, should be slander and ingratitude, pro-'scription and contempt.'†

To plead the cause of these beneficent men, not by rhapsodical eulogies on ideal perfections, but by relating their acts in a plain unvarnished tale, was at once a thought worthy of St. Louis or of Bayard, and a labour from which even Bede might have recoiled. In our own literature, this great design once inflamed the imagination of Robert Southey, but even his indomitable industry flinched from the task and left the work unattempted. Great enthusiasm and a long life could alone enable a man to follow throughout its course the mighty stream which once carried wealth, in the full meaning of the word, to the nations of the earth. The sphere through which the historian of the Western monks must move is in one sense wider even than that which was surveyed by the historian of the Roman Empire. A less daring ambition was needed to trace the decay and record the ruin of that stupendous political fabric, than to exhibit in its completeness the action of a system, whose history through many centuries is scarcely less than the history of the human mind itself. Starting into life under the Egyptian ascetics, monachism insured to itself the homage of the human intellect when it won the admiration or adhesion of Athanasius, Augustine, and Ambrose. Enlisting under its standard minds of every class, it seemed to have excluded from its ranks only the weak, the irresolute, and the cowardly among mankind. In Jerome it exhibited the greatest learning

* Vol. v. p. 379. † Vol. i. p. ccxi.

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of the age with an asceticism which professed to regard all learning as ineffably vile. Among the early Spanish and Gallic hermits it revelled in a savage severity which enabled it to accomplish in a generation a work beyond the powers of all philosophers that had ever lived. In Benedict of Nursia it found the general whose genius for rule combined into a single coherent body forces which had thus far worked in isolation, and imparted to them an irresistible strength. Renouncing wealth and power, art and learning, it rose into magnificence at Monte Cassino and Clugny; it confronted emperors and kings; it opened the way through the toil of Fra Angelico for the dazzling splendour of Raphael. Above all, by the conflicts of Nominalism and Realism it carried on that warfare of the human mind, the final issues of which are still seen but dimly, if seen at all, in the future. The history of the great monastic orders is thus the history of all thought during the centuries in which the constitutions of the several countries of Europe were taking shape, to assume at length the several forms of continental centralisation and English individual freedom.

In all the qualities which mark the generous yet impartial judge of moral and spiritual character, M. de Montalembert is singularly fitted for the task which should have been the labour of his life. But more than thirty years have passed away since he wrote the life of St. Elizabeth, and if they have weakened in him neither the power nor the will for action, they have sadly shortened the time for work. The burning and painful emotion which first prompted him to 'take 'vengeance' for the world's ingratitude to the monastic orders,* still thrills through his veins; but the lengthening road over which he must travel with failing limbs makes him conscious of a natural weariness, and the task which once filled him with simple enthusiasm is now an ungrateful and laborious toil, endured chiefly because its abandonment would be to him a sort of sacrilege.† His early passion for truth, or rather for his ideal of truth, has been strengthened by the habit of a life, and the words in which St. Paul speaks of his duty to the Gentile Christians may without irreverence be applied to the disinterested fidelity with which he has laboured so long.

The fruit of his toil already fills five goodly volumes; but the latest of these brings the narrative down to a time not much later than the victory which the Latin Church obtained over Irish monasticism by the substitution of the Benedictine

* Vol. i. p. ccxi. † Vol. v. p. 324.

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rule for that of St. Columba. Yet he will not have wrought in vain, even if he can give to the world no more than the story of this most important conquest. If the monastic system of Columba exhibits some of the features which mark the Protestantism of modern times, it seems not the less certain that its continued existence would have been fatal to the growth of all that is most wholesome and vigorous in the society of Teutonic Christendom. Whatever may have been the origin of the ecclesiastical polity under which the earliest churches in Ireland and Britain grew up and flourished, it is clear that to the corporate development of a nation and to any genuine cultivation of art and science it presented a formidable barrier. If the asceticism which sanctified the cells of Iona and Lindisfarne was as stern and unsparing as that of Simeon Stylites, it must be remembered that the pillared saints have little kindred with the goodly company which numbers the first and the seventh Gregories among its leaders, and may point with pride to the achievements of Lanfranc, Anselm, and Aquinas. The rule of Columba was essentially stationary; and a law immovable as that of the Medes and Persians could issue only in a stunted or petrified civilisation. The victory of Columba or of his disciples might have strengthened that feeling of personal independence which, far from being lost by the most merciless of Eastern ascetics, has perhaps most effectually supported them under their self-maceration; but it must in the sequel have crushed all spontaneous action by the narrowest and the most frigid sectarianism. If at the outset the monks of the Holy Islands seem to take their stand on the ground of reason and the right of personal judgment, their verdict is not the less based on an authority as arbitrary as that of the Roman See and far less flexible. If it be said that Irish and Scottish monachism, extended over a thousand years, would never have given birth to the heresies of Berengar and Abelard, we must not forget that it would have checked or repressed that mighty movement in which Abelard and Berengar took their part, and to which we are indebted for the philosophy of Bacon and Locke, of Copernicus and Isaac Newton. The theories of Pelagius had sprung up and died away before the rule of Columba was promulgated, and Irish monachism had in its turn yielded to the Latin yoke long before Scotus Erigena ventured, in the words of Dean Milman, 'to fathom the very 'abysses of human thought.'

The reader who is charmed by the grace and beauty of the language in which M. de Montalembert has told the story of this great struggle, will feel a natural regret that he can scarcely

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hope to receive from one of the most eloquent and graceful of French writers a narrative of the more stirring times of Hildebrand and Lanfranc, of Peter the Venerable and Stephen Harding. But the regret may be tempered not only by the thought that the task is beyond the strength of any one man, but because the real object for which M. de Montalembert is striving has in fact been already attained. So far as it was necessary to point the contrast between the monachism of the East and West, to place in clear light the benefits which the Western monks have conferred on European civilisation, and to trace their influence in the worlds of thought, letters, and art, his task is practically done. In the preface to his work M. de Montalembert has set forth the philosophy which in his judgment underlies all the varying phases of monachism; and we have already given our reasons * for holding that philosophy to be radically false, and in its last results hostile to the best interests of mankind. That M. de Montalembert is among the most candid of writers we readily admit; but his mind is made up on many points which the greatest thinkers of modern Europe regard as at the least doubtful; and the sequel of his work is not likely to present to us under any new or unfamiliar aspects the great controversies in which monks were the most prominent antagonists. He is firmly convinced that the Irish monks were essentially in accord with the doctrinal and ecclesiastical system of the Roman Church, and the signs which seem to point to a different conclusion scarcely arrest his attention or meet his eye. He is sure that the obligation of priestly and clerical celibacy is divinely imposed and universally binding; and we know therefore what his narrative would be of that woful struggle in which the married clergy of Milan fell beneath the onslaught of Peter Damiani and his pitiless supporters. The writer who can stigmatise as concubines the wives of Pietro Vermigli † and Martin Luther may have a compassionate sympathy for the families whose homes were made desolate by the decrees of Hildebrand; but he must represent the pontiff and his abettors as right in the contest, and their opponents as wrong. Few probably would feel this compassion more keenly than M. de Montalembert; but a faith which he has never been led to question will in all likelihood lead him to exhibit Pope Gregory as enforcing priestly celibacy purely on the theological grounds which alone imparted to it any merit or meaning in the eyes of Damiani. The same

* Edinburgh Review, No. ccxxxii. Oct. 1861, p. 318.

† Vol. iii. p. 302.

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natural feeling would find eloquent expression when he comes to tell the story of Abelard and Heloisa; but with him Abelard will be simply a heretic whose errors were met and put down by Bernard, and not a thinker who, like Scotus Erigena, showed men that if their conclusions were wrong, they were yet justified in using the faculty of reason by which alone any personal convictions can be formed. Against the monstrous cruelties of Arnold of Amaury and Peter of Castelnau his sense of equity must utterly revolt; but while his indignation is roused by the crimes of the Albigensian crusaders, his idea of toleration will still leave a loophole for the necessary repression of principles which he regards as hostile to the faith of Christendom.*

Even in the present volumes we look in vain for the clear and decisive conclusions which a complete survey of the ground to be traversed ought to furnish, or, failing this, for the candid admission that we have no means for reaching them. We might have looked for some judgment which should at once explain the phenomena of early Scottish monachism and the conflict which was renewed in England in the days of Dunstan.† We might have expected a more definite account of Irish episcopacy in its relation to that of the Roman Church, and still more of the great quarrel which made the later life of Wilfrid of York one long and wearisome turmoil.

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* In propounding a modified theory of persecution M. de Montalembert may claim the support of Dr. Arnold; but his language is not always consistent. If Ethelbert refused to compel his subjects to become Christians, we are to conclude that 'Augustine had im-'pressed on him the incompatibility of all constraint with the service 'of Christ.' (Vol. iii. p. 367.) But this doctrine still left Ethelbert free to destroy heathen temples, and the ranks of the converts were swelled by some who had made profession of Christianity through fear of Ethelbert or from a wish to gratify him. (Vol. iii. p. 434.) No hint is breathed that the enforcement of the Lenten fast under severe civil penalties was any infraction of this principle. (Vol. iv. p. 106.) In short, M. de Montalembert condemns the king who forces his people to baptism (vol. iv. p. 291); but persons who call themselves Christians may, he thinks, receive benefit from constraints which fall short of torture or bloodshed. (Vol. v. 149.) It is to the lasting disgrace, he tells us, of the Church of England that she has outstepped these limits, and inflicted on those who would not submit to her yoke either a hopeless captivity or cruelties unheard of even among savages. The accusation may be either wholly or in part deserved; but we cannot ascribe to the Roman Church the meek inoffensiveness of the Hind, even if we see the Panther in the Anglican Establishment.

† Edinburgh Review, No. ccxxxvi. Oct. 1862, p. 422.

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On these important questions the examination of M. de Montalembert's pages is to us, we confess, disappointing. Without making the slightest imputation on his honesty and singleness of purpose, we may yet believe that throughout his task he has been guided more by his sense of dogmatic truth and spiritual beauty than by the stern and perhaps uninviting truth of fact. Of no portion of the work can we say that M. de Montalembert has been fully alive to the necessity of distinguishing clearly between possibility and likelihood, between things probable and things definitely ascertained. His pages bring before us tales handed down by oral tradition alone for perhaps two or three generations, together with documents and letters as genuine as the despatches of the Duke of Wellington. But there is little or no effort to show that one is more valuable than the other, or to determine where the poetry which is lavish of marvellous incidents ends, and where the region of fact begins. The plea that he has 'had recourse to 'the supernatural only when the Church commands him, or 'when a phenomenon cannot be accounted for on natural 'grounds'* carries little weight with those who reject the authority of the Roman Church, or who may wish to know why a method should be applied in one place which is regarded as fallacious in another. To the genuine student of history there is little satisfaction in the alternative of an imperious credulity or an arbitrary scepticism. To accept as authentic that portion of a narrative which exhibits little of the marvellous, merely because it is found in juxtaposition with sequences as astounding as those of the 'Arabian Nights' Tales,' is in the judgment of all who wish to know the actual truth of facts a mere walking blindfold among the pitfalls of plausible fiction. To regard the constitution of Servius Tullius as historical because it is as dull as an English Act of Parliament, argues a discernment not greater than that which dates the beginning of Assyrian history from the period when the lives of the kings begin to be reckoned by decades and not by centuries. Still less is it satisfactory to read a narrative in which a vague admission, that parts of the tale have a mythical character, serves to introduce a series of marvellous incidents related with all the gravity of history. The caution that the story is not in all respects trustworthy may be forgotten when the author drops no hint that the tale which he is telling may be nothing but a fable or a metaphor translated into fact. The history of the Western monks is a subject worthy of the most

* Vol. i. p. cclxxxiii.

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patient research and the most dispassionate judgment; and they who seek to know whether the events related took place as they are recorded, or whether they did not, have a claim on the writer far more pressing than any fancied interests of such as may read wholly or chiefly for edification. For the latter it may be well to multiply legends so long as they point a wholesome moral; the former will think that undue space given to the marvels of mediæval hagiology implies a faith in them which M. de Montalembert seems at times to disavow.

If we regard as a whole the system which this hagiology was designed to uphold and to glorify, we may find it a hard matter to repress the feelings of indignation and scorn. We may despise the mean austerity which condemned men as reprobate because they wished to have their meals decently cooked; we may loathe the ferocity which urged on an indiscriminate massacre with the cry that God would know his own. But it would be foolish to shut our eyes to the singular beauty and tenderness which invests many of these legends with an imperishable charm. The unprejudiced critic who looks on the lives and exploits of ecclesiastical saints as he would on those of Roman and Hellenic heroes, will expect to find them thrown into the most repulsive and the most attractive forms. He will feel that they are portraits drawn to suit ideals of character indefinitely varying from each other, and that they must exhibit the peculiar features produced by differences of time and place, of society and modes of thought. The ideal of an age just emerging from barbarism will display but little of the softer colouring under which a more advanced civilisation seeks to depict the objects of its reverence or its love.

Of the society, which, in its mystical language, sent forth two doves, to find a home, the one upon a desolate rock off the coasts of Argyle, the other amid the ruins of an abandoned city in the wilds of northern Gaul, we can scarcely hope to trace more than the general outlines. Constant wars and interminable feuds are evidence enough that it was not without its element of ferocity, while the legends and songs in which it has recast the history of its most prominent saints reveal a play of fancy and feeling, an appreciation of form and colour, and a love of all that is beautiful in the outward world, of which we find but few and faint glimpses in Sophocles, or Æschylus, or the great epics of the Homeric age.

Of these lays (for so they may be fairly termed, whether their form be poetry or prose), few are more beautiful or more touching than that which sings of the earthly and spiritual

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exploits of Columbkille. No doubtful tokens must precede the birth of one who should carry the Divine Light from the crowded monasteries of Ireland to the shores of Argyle and Strathcluyd. As the mother of Paris dreamed that from her body there went forth a torch which should destroy the sacred Ilion, so an angel gave a curiously embroidered and glistening veil to the mother of Columba, from whose hand it spread abroad until it covered the plains, the forests, and the mountains. His birthplace was a rock; but that rock became a refuge for all who, like this scion of the great house of O'Neal, should be doomed to the bitter lot of exile. For those who slept on that hard stone banishment should lose something of its misery, and the memory of their native land should come back to them not with the gnawing agony of home sickness, but with the peaceful glow of a tender and consoling beauty. The story of his childhood is not unlike the exquisite apologue of Prodicus, the difference being only that Columba had made up his mind at a time when Heracles had yet to choose between Kakia and Arete.

'"I choose Virginity and Wisdom," said Columba, and forthwith three beautiful maidens stood before him. His modesty shrank from the caresses which they were eager to lavish upon him. "Know you not," they asked, "whose love and kisses you are throwing away? We are three sisters, whom our Father has betrothed to thee." "But who is your Father?" "He is the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world." "I cannot deny the greatness of your lineage," said Columba, "but what are your names?" "We are called Virginity, Wisdom, and Prophecy. We shall never leave thee, and ever love thee with a love which can know no change."'

The choice was significant of his whole career. The chaste preacher, the wise seer, had not wedded himself to meekness or to charity. The young chieftain, whose forefathers had ruled the land for generations, who by the splendour of his hereditary fame or of his own virtues drew thousands to fight under his standard against their spiritual enemies, could scarcely afford to espouse brides who might take the sting from his rebukes and arrest his avenging arm as it fell on unjust judges or oppressive kings. The near kinsman of the monarch of Ireland, he need not stoop before princes and lords whose descent was not more noble than his own. Nothing more was wanted to raise him to a supreme authority than the idea that his word carried power; nor was there any dearth of opportunities for his righteous utterances. As he sat in the open air listening to the instructions of a Christian bard, a young girl chased by a robber ran up and sought to hide herself behind

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the folds of their robes. The marauder pierced her through with his spear and fled. 'How long,' asked the bard, 'will 'God suffer this iniquity to go unpunished?' 'Not an hour,' was the reply: 'Even now the spirit of the maiden ascends to 'heaven, and the soul of the murderer goes down into hell.' As the words were uttered, the robber fell dead, and the name of Columba became great throughout the land. From all quarters men flocked to learn from him the secrets of the spiritual life. Thirty-seven monasteries depended on his guidance and claimed his care; but his home and his delight was in Derry. The sound of the axe was never heard in its oak woods, and the poor alone might gather the fallen branches and leaves for fuel. The place became consecrated in his songs. On each oak leaf he beheld a white-robed angel seated, and all things in heaven and earth became instinct with gladness. The rapture of the bard broke out into malediction. 'Cursed be the man who shall do hurt to this delicious para-'dise.'

An intense faith and devotion inspired Columba, as it inspired all true monks, with a passionate love of transcribing the sacred books in whose language he had learned to think and to speak. Three thousand 'religious' were under his rule; it was not too much that he should make three hundred copies of the Psalter and the Gospels for their benefit and comfort. If such treasures were stored up anywhere, thither he went to see them. An old recluse named Longarad repulsed him, and by way of answer Columba prayed that his books might cease to be of use to himself or to others. The memory of Longarad might neutralise the curse for himself; but his writing became illegible, and after his death no man living could decipher is manuscripts.

In one instance at least his appetite for books led to momentous issues. His old master, the abbot Finnian, had a psalter of which Columba longed to possess a copy. It was necessary to do the work of transcription clandestinely; but the divine light which streamed from his left hand supplied the place of lamp or candle while he wrote with the other. A passer-by, startled by the brilliant rays which issued through the keyhole of the cell-door, stooped his head to learn the cause, and had his eye knocked out by a blow from the beak of a crane which had taken up its dwelling in the sanctuary. The fault of Columba was heightened by the mischance, and the abbot informed his disciple that as a copy made without leave appertained to the owner of the original, he must resign the 'Son-book.' Columba refused, and the appeal was

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carried to King Dermot at Tara, who in spite of his near kinship with the saint gave judgment that the young calf belonged to the cow, and the young book to the old one. Columba pronounced the sentence unjust, and threatened to take vengeance. He had not sat at the feet of St. Basil and learnt like the monk Zosimus to say that if the getting of books is to begin in quarreling it is better to have none at all. At this juncture a young son of the chief of Connaught who had taken refuge with Columba was torn away from the sanctuary and put to death by order of the lord of Ireland. The wrath of Columba was now fully roused. 'I shall tell my brethren and my 'kinsfolk,' he said, 'how the rights of the Church have been 'violated in my person, and the wrong shall be wiped out in blood. 'My humiliation shall be followed by yours in the day of battle.' As he journeyed from Tara, his thoughts shaped themselves into a psalm which more nearly resembles a chorus of Sophocles than the Sermon on the Mount:—

'Alone on the mountains, I need the help of God only. This shall shield me better than a guard of six thousand warriors, for not even those could avail me aught, if the hour appointed for my death be come. The reprobate perish even within the sanctuary; the elect of God is preserved in the fore front of the battle. Let God order my life as it may please him; nothing can be taken from it or added to it. Each man must fulfil his own lot. Cursed, then, be he who does evil. The thing which he sees not comes upon him, and the thing which he sees vanishes from his grasp. It is not a sign or an omen which can fix the period of our life. Our trust is in One who is mightier. I care not for the voices of birds or the casting of lots; my Druid is Christ, the Son of God. My kingdom is that of the King of kings, and I dwell with my brethren at Kells and at Moone.'

The battle of Cul-Dreimhne was the issue of his crusade. As the armies fought, Columba, who was fasting, prayed with all his strength for the discomfiture of his enemies, and Dermot, utterly routed, fled to Tara. The psalter which had led to the strife became a talisman, and enshrined in a rich case was carried about in all the wars of the clan of O'Donnell. The victory had been won by the prayers of Columba; but a synod convened at Teilte cared little for the inference that a victory so gained must have been achieved with the good pleasure of God, and passed upon him a sentence of excommunication. Not a whit dismayed, Columba turned the scales in many an after fight by the power of his intercessions. At length he found an advocate. St. Brandan had seen the column of fire which went before Columba and the angels who walked by his

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side, and he besought his brethren at Teilte to revoke the sentence passed on one thus manifestly singled out for some high purpose. But Columba himself was now disquieted in conscience. He had begun to doubt, not that his victories had been won by his prayers, but whether he had been right in applying so potent an engine to the discomfiture of mortal adversaries. His first anxiety was for those who had fallen in the wars which he had provoked, and he took the readiest way to relieve himself of it. 'I beseech you,' he said to a holy monk named Abban, 'to pray for the men who have been slain 'in the wars waged by me for the honour of the Church. I 'know that if you intercede they will obtain mercy, and the 'angel with whom you daily converse will reveal to you the 'will of God concerning them.' The monk, prompted by a feeling of modesty, long refused his request. At length he prayed, and when his prayer was ended, the angel gave him the assurance that all should be admitted to the bliss of heaven. His own future course Columba learnt from the saintly Molaise, who charged him forthwith to leave Ireland and to see it again no more. The souls whom he should bring under the yoke of Christ he must find in another land. This doom he announced to his brethren, twelve of whom resolved to go with him, well knowing that they should see their homes again no more. Columba himself went forth to an everlasting banishment in an agony of love for the land of his birth. In a frail boat he reached the shores of Oronsay; but from thence his eyes could still discern the blue hills of Ireland dimly in the distance. Again he faced the stormy sea, and landing on the island consecrated by his name found that from no part of it could even the outline of the Irish coast be seen. He had much to do to prepare his abode on the then wooded sides of Iona;* but his

* The architectural history of Iona begins with a much later age. The wattled huts raised by Columba had either crumbled away, or been removed long before the erection of the Church, the history of which has been given by the Messrs. Buckler in their memoir on the Cathedral of Iona. The preface to this work by the Bishop of Argyll is rather a summary of conclusions than an attempt to demonstrate their truth. Dr. Ewing asserts the absolute independence of the Scottish Church from that of Rome; and we have no wish to call the statement into question. But we feel some misgivings in following a guide who assures us that the writings attributed to Columba are all of more or less authenticity. (P. 19.) The handsome volume on the Towers and Temples of Ireland, by Mr. Marcus Keane, contains a long series of excellent illustrations of the primitive architectural remains of the West.

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passionate grief vented itself in songs full of tender memories and irrepressible yearnings. Sometimes he is wandering again through the woods of Derry, listening to the song of the thrush or the cuckoo, or the sigh of the wind among the oak-branches. Sometimes he is guiding his skiff among the bays and inlets, while his ear is soothed by the sound of the waves as they break on the rocky shores. The very thought of Ireland is full of sweetness, and all that it contains is dear to him except the chiefs who bear rule in it. The old resentment is strong within him; but stronger still is the longing to return to that land in which death itself would be better than an endless life in Albion.

Columba had now begun the great work of his life; but in the battle with heathenism and in the government of his community there was full scope still for all his natural qualities. He was still the genial friend, the stern teacher, the inexorable judge, the prophet whose word was doom. One of his disciples, named Finchan, had admitted to the priesthood * Aedh the black, the murderer of King Dermot; but the remembrance of old wrongs could not tempt Columba to palliate the act of his friend. 'The hand of Finchan,' he said, 'shall rot 'away and be buried before the body to which it belongs, 'and the murderer shall fall by the blow of an assassin.' 'Cette double prophétie s'accomplit.' M. de Montalembert is right; the prediction accomplished itself.† To a fugitive from Ireland who besought Columba to impose on him a penance for his sins, the reply was, that he must discipline himself for seven years on a lonely island near Iona. 'But 'how then,' asked the stranger, 'can I atone for a perjury 'which I have not yet confessed? One of my kinsfolk paid 'my ransom when I was doomed to die as a homicide, and I 'promised to be henceforth his slave; but in a little while 'I repented of my vow, and now I am here.' The additional penalty was exclusion from the Paschal communion during the seven years. When these were ended, Columba sent him back to Ireland with an ivory-hilted sword as his ransom; but his generous kinsman refused to receive it, and taking off his girdle released him from his bond. On his return to Iona Columba, greeting him as Libranius, the freeman, dismayed him by the injunction to go and spend the remainder of his days on the rugged island where he had done his seven years'

* This ordination is a subject of controversy. Finchan was a priest.

† Vol. iii. p. 164.

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penance. To his tears and prayers Columba replied gently: 'Your life will be spent away from me; but with me and my 'monks you shall die, with us you will rise again, and with 'us you shall have a place in heaven.' More commonly his prophecies were of evils which we may probably insure by predicting them. Among the penitents to whose scanty meal he had ordered some slight additions, there was one who, like Lupicinus at Condat, protested against the relaxation. 'You 'refuse the refreshment which I offer to you,' was the answer; 'but you will soon become again a robber as you were, and 'steal venison in the forests which surround your home.' To such as welcomed him under their roofs he promised length of days and abundant prosperity, while for such as would not shelter him there remained a life of wretchedness and beggary. No great effort is needed to understand the powers with which such vaticinations would invest him in a faithful or credulous age. But among his many utterances prophecies were not wanting which appealed to the popular sense of justice and equity. Columba had entrusted an exile from Pictland to the care of a chief who, breaking his pledge, put him to death. The swine of this chief were then fattening in the woods; but Columba's word had gone forth that he should never taste their flesh. Eager to falsify the prediction, he ordered one to be placed over the fire and hastened to taste the meat before it was well roasted. The morsel had not touched his lips when he fell dead; and the bystanders confessed that a life of iniquity was thus well rewarded. Another miscreant, who sought the Saint's life, smote a disciple who had purposely put on Columba's cowl. A year had passed away, when Colomba said suddenly, 'Twelve months ago Lamm-Dess thought to 'slay me; at this moment he himself is slain.' And so it was that in that hour he fell by the blow of an assassin who invoked Columba's name. There was magic power in the mere sound, as there was in everything that had touched his body or received his blessing. The cowl which had saved his disciple from the murderer's knife becomes an impenetrable breastplate to those who wear it in battle, but the chief who forgets to bind it on him is smitten by the sword of his enemies.* The mere recital of hymns in his honour insured safety. It was, however, impossible for the wicked to recite them perfectly. A profligate clerk of Armagh, who wished to attain salvation without a change of life, had succeeded in learning one half of the talismanic Ambhra,† but toiled hopelessly at the rest.

* Vol. iii. p. 218. † Vol. iii. p. 208.

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In a paroxysm of vexation he betook himself to the tomb of the Saint, and spent the night in tears, prayers, and fasting. In the morning he was able to recite the latter half; but the earlier portion had faded from his memory like mist from a hill side. For ages the name of Columba remained a terror to oppressors and evildoers. In recompense for his misdeeds, Richard Strongbow died of an ulcer inflicted by the Saint whose churches he had despoiled. His vengeance in like manner overtook Hugh de Lacy who perished at Derry; and the Columba who smote murderers became Saint Quhalm (Qualm), the dread arbiter of sudden death.*

But if Columba achieved triumphs not unlike those of his rival Benedict, he was also not without his temptations. A King of Dalriada, placing his daughter before him, asked the Saint if her beauty excited in him no emotion. 'Doubtless it 'does,' was the reply; 'but not for all the world would I yield 'to a natural weakness.' A greater peril lay in the unscrupulous love of a woman who dwelt not far from Iona, and who resolved to conquer the strong man in his strength. Made aware of her design, Columba sent her a letter warning her of judgment and recompense to come, and the woman who had sought to entangle him in a fleshly affection learnt to love him as a sister and became a saint herself.

Mighty in his predictions and in his prayers, he was not less powerful in his miracles, whether of beneficence or of revenge. Hindrances which barred the way to other men were to him as nothing. Coming as a Christian missionary to the court of the heathen king Bruidh,† he was charged not to enter his gates. At the touch of the Saint the bolts gave way, and the great doors opened to receive him in triumph. The marvel produced its fruit in the confirmation granted to Columba of his possessions in Iona. The contest was not always so easy. Broichan the Druid had received warning of his coming death if he refused to surrender a maiden whom he had seized. His obstinacy was subdued in the hour of mortal agony, and a draught of water into which a pebble sent by Columba had been dipped restored his strength. With his strength returned his hatred of the Saint, and he resolved to confront marvels with marvels. In his turn he warned Columba that on the day of his departure he should find the heavens black with clouds and the winds contrary. Nothing daunted, Columba bade his men hoist the sail against the wind; and the

* Vol. iii. p. 294. † Vol. iii. p. 181.

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canvas swelled in the teeth of the gale, as though the boat were running before a fair breeze.

If things inanimate obeyed his word, things unseen were not hidden from his eyes. If a friendly chief was hard pressed in battle many leagues away, the Saint knew at what moment he should summon the brethren to prayer, and when he should announce that their prayers had turned the fortune of the fight. So, as he was writing in his cell, he was heard to call suddenly for help. The cry was addressed to his guardian angel, who at his bidding went to succour a man who had fallen from a round tower then being built at Derry. In the frosts of winter Columba saw the monks of a distant monastery fainting with cold as with frozen fingers they handled the stones and mortar for a new tower. The compassion expressed by Columba made itself felt by the abbot of the toilworn monks, and the genial glow which filled his breast prompted him to release them from their labour until the weather should again be fair. Well might his disciples say that saints immeasurably more holy than their brethren could not be compared with Columbkille.

Ready to share the toils of his monks on land, he was reverenced specially as their guardian and deliverer at sea. At his word noisome beasts fell dead;* at his supplication the stormy winds went down. But potent as were his prayers, there were times when he could pray no more for very weariness. 'It is not my turn to-day,' he said on one such occasion; 'the holy abbot Kenneth must now pray for us.' Kenneth was far away in his monastery, about to join his monks at their humble meal. On hearing the appeal of Columba, he said that it was no time for eating when his friend was in danger of perishing at sea, and hastening to the church obtained his safety by his prayers. Nay, the mere fact that a man was the friend of Columba gave him some share of his power. When the fugitive Libranius wished to return from Ireland to Iona, he was refused a passage in a ship about to sail for the coast of Argyle. He invoked at once the aid of his friend. Straightway the wind changed and the vessel was driven back to land. Guessing the cause, the sailors asked Libranius if, on condition that they took him in, he would promise to procure them a favourable breeze. Libranius promised, and the aid of Columba was not wanting for the redemption of his word. The familiar love felt for him during his lifetime was not wholly absorbed in reverence after his death.

* Vol. iii. p. 239.

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Spaniards threaten their saints with the scourge if they fail to comply with the requests addressed to them; and the monks of Iona expostulate with Columba for the contrariness of the wind. 'Why is this?' they asked; 'We had thought that 'you were in great favour with God.'* Others who were detained in Lorn on the very eve of his festival, complained that he might with ease have obtained for them the privilege of celebrating mass on his feast day in the church. Their remonstrances were successful, and the wind veered to the necessary quarter.

Nor was his beneficence bounded to good services rendered at sea. Trees which had yielded only bitter fruits were sweetened by his benediction, and barley sown in June was by his intercession ready for the harvest in August. On the sight of a dark cloud, which he knew to be laden with epidemic disease, he sent a monk to distribute among the sick some bread which he had blessed, and the malady passed away. If the light streaming from his left hand had enabled him to transcribe a psalter at night, his sanctity was made perceptible to another physical sense. Towards the close of their master's life, his friend and successor Baithen asked his brethren as they approached the monastery whether they were conscious of any special feeling as they stood on that spot. An exquisite perfume, as if all the flowers of the world were there brought together, filled them, they said, with delight, and a joy so great stirred their hearts that they felt neither weariness nor pain. 'It is the breath of our master,' said Baithen; 'Columba, in 'his ceaseless love and care for us, is sending his breath to 'refresh and comfort us.'

In one point only his prescience was at fault. His days were not to be wholly spent in exile, and many expeditions to Ireland broke the monotony of his later years. There were momentous political missions to be discharged, and the religious houses which he had governed in his youth laid upon him, as they grew and ramified, a more complicated responsibility in his old age. As his long career drew towards its close, his visions brought before him more and more the presage of happy deaths for those who had shared his toils, and whose lot it was to enter on the fruition of Paradise before their master. With himself the conflict was sterner, and the race more anxious as he approached the goal. His body, macerated by habitual fasts, was plunged each night into freezing water while he went through the whole Psalter;

* Vol. iii. p. 244.

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and the poverty of a woman who complained that she had nothing but wild herbs and nettles for her sustenance prompted him to refuse henceforth any more generous food, and sharply to rebuke a friend who ventured to mingle a little butter with this sorry meal. His asceticism was visibly rewarded. Day by day his form became more luminous, his raiment more glistering. Day by day, when he had withdrawn to the most hidden nooks, the brethren, whom he had straitly charged not to follow him, found him in rapt converse with heavenly visitants clad in robes of dazzling splendour. The radiance streamed from the windows of his cell, as the yearnings of his soul found vent in songs more entrancing than any which his brethren had yet heard from him. His eyes were opened to see clearly the inner sense of passages in the Scriptures which thus far had been to him dark sayings. Monks who hid themselves in the church to watch him at his devotions were betrayed by the burst of light which filled every corner of the building; and novices who wished to know whether the same glory surrounded him as he reposed in the night were blinded by an overpowering blaze as they pried curiously through the keyhole. For several years the holy house of Iona was gladdened with this visible realisation of the bliss of heaven; and the only care which ruffled the happiness of the Saint lay in the power which the prayers of the monks had to counteract his own. If at any time the ecstatic beauty of his countenance was clouded by an expression of deep sorrow, it was because he saw the march of the angels, who were descending from heaven to bear away his soul, arrested by the vehement intercessions of the brethren. Four years were thus added to the sum of his life on earth, and not until these were ended could he prepare for his departure. He had besought for himself the privilege of yielding up his soul on the day of the great Easter festival; but his charity forbade him to mar the gladness of that supreme feast, and he consented to tarry with them till the Sabbath of the Octave. On the morning of Saturday he made ready with serene joy for the last journey.

There is something inexpressibly touching in the perfect quietness which marks the closing scene. The Sabbath of his long and toilsome life was at length come, and the natural pain of parting with his brethren was tempered by the thought that the separation was but for a little while. He had a blessing for all, for the grain stored up in the garner, for the old white horse which placed its head on its master's lap as he sat down under the great cross for the last time. Departing thence,

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he made his way slowly to the summit of the little hill whence his eye could range over the whole island, and there pronounced his benediction on his children and on all that they had, and foretold the greatness and the glories of Iona in the time to come. Returning to his cell, he took up his habitual work of transcription. His fingers moved over the parchment until they had written the words, 'They who seek the Lord 'shall want no manner of thing that is good.' 'Here I must 'stop,' he said: 'Baithen will write the rest.' This faithful friend, who was to succeed him as abbot, supported him into the church to assist at the vigil of the Octave, and remained with him afterwards in his cell. Through him he sent his last words to his dear children. They expressed a simple trust that a deep peace and a fervent charity might for ever reign among them. After this message the voice of Columba was heard no more; but when the midnight bell gave the signal for matins, the Saint arose, and hastening more rapidly than the brethren could follow him, entered the choir and prostrated himself before the altar. The building had not yet been lighted, and the monk who was nearest knew not in the darkness where he was. When others came with lights, they found him lying before the altar steps. Dermid, the monk who had groped his way to his master, was supporting his head on his knees. Opening his eyes, the Saint bestowed on all a glance full of a serene and radiant gladness, and, aided by Dermid, raised his hand for the act of benediction. Presently the muscles relaxed, and a faint sigh marked the moment when he fell asleep.

Such is the legend of Columbkille, as recounted by M. de Montalembert. The genius of the race to which he belonged may have thrown the story of his life into a form more than usually attractive; but its main incidents and its more striking features are scattered plentifully over the vast field of Christian hagiology. If we read it as a poem, we cannot deny its charm. If we sift it as a history, the residuum will at best be but scanty. But whatever it be, we must reach it by a process which can lay some claim to be called a method, not by a balancing or a selection of probabilities, any one or all of which may belong to the region of plausible fiction; and it is here that M. de Montalembert fails us. If in a series of astonishing sequences some are to be rejected as wildly impossible, others because the narrative comes to us at second or third hand, others because the extraordinary incidents related may be traced to their source in metaphor, it becomes the first duty of the historian to determine whether a career

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thus abounding in prodigies and marvels belongs after all to an order of things differing in any way from that in which we are conscious of living ourselves. We have obviously no more right to pick and choose between stories in which the machinery is mainly supernatural, than to select any particular date out of many, when we have valid evidence for none. When, during the lifetime of a saint, and for generations after it, the annals of the country exhibit a monotonous series of frightful crimes, of bloody wars, of ravages marked by the worst conceivable cruelties, the historian cannot shake off the responsibility of determining whether a picture of angelic purity and peace, surrounded by such horrible accompaniments, can be anything but a poem in which the men of a later age have embodied their ideal of saintliness. If, instead of attempting this, or of admitting candidly that we have and can have no definite knowledge of the subject, he takes a number of incidents all essentially the same in kind, and betrays a disbelief of some, while he relates the rest in terms applicable to the best ascertained facts of ancient or modern history, we may admire his generous sentiment, his impartial estimate of moral or spiritual character, his charm of style, but we cannot receive him as a safe guide through a field which it is better to avoid altogether than to traverse blindfold.

From many of the incidents thus related, to all appearance, as actual fact, M. de Montalembert himself strips off all historical character. If some of the most striking instances, whether of prophecies fulfilled or of prayer immediately answered, are to be explained by referring them to an exceptional knowledge of physical phenomena, then it is the writer himself who casts suspicion on all narratives relating to the accomplishment of predictions or the mechanical action of prayer. Still more, if the legends which have gathered round the name of a saint, are precisely those which grow up among a people as passionate in their love and hatred as they are destitute of the historical sense, and if these stories floated down the stream of oral tradition for many a year before any attempt was made to draw up a regular biography, then all efforts to reconstruct the history may for all that we know land us in the quagmires of ingenious conjecture. How then does M. de Montalembert deal with his materials? The alleged affection of Columba for the oak woods of Derry is taken as evidence that he composed the songs which celebrate their beauty; and these poems 'reveal him to us in one of the most attractive aspects as a 'singer of that national poetry, on whose intimate union with 'the Catholic faith and invincible power over a generous

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'people we cannot lay too great a stress.'* The assertion that Columba as a singer stands at the head of two hundred poets, 'whose memory and names in default of their works 'have remained dear to Ireland,' is made seemingly without any misgiving that in this sense Columba may be as mythical as the goodly company of bards who have left nothing but a name behind them. Yet M. de Montalembert has himself admitted† that the text of these songs belongs perhaps to a later age than that of Columba. The plea that they nevertheless illustrate sufficiently the sentiments of the Saint and his disciples, can but show that men who ascribe a poem to any given author will naturally do their best to make the poem speak as that author would have spoken. Nay more, the ambhra or so-called bardic hymn in honour of Columba is regarded as furnishing adequate proof of the fact that the Saint saved the whole order of bards from indiscriminate massacre,‡ and that these bards were the representatives of the Druidical hierarchy. But under the wand of Mr. Burton the Druids have vanished into thin air, and the supposed defence of the bards by Columba can prove nothing beyond the fact that they were held in high estimation, and that they may have suffered some wrong.

Of the marvellous narratives with which even the pages of Adamnan are crowded, M. de Montalembert speaks with the same uncertain language. They are not all unhistorical, yet it may be necessary to put them all aside if we wish to look on Columba as he really was.

'Whatever allowances may be made for exaggerations and fables with which the proverbial credulity of the Celtic tribes has overlaid the legends of their saints, no Christian will be tempted to reject the well-attested narratives which bear witness to the supernatural appearances lavished on Columba, as to many other saints, throughout his life, and especially in his old age. These heroic champions of Christian truth and virtue assuredly needed such prodigies to strengthen them under the toils and trials of their anxious mission. From time to time it was necessary that they should rise to these heavenly regions, thence to draw strength for the conflict amidst constantly recurring hindrances, dangers, and temptations, and there also to learn how best to withstand the hatred, the savage habits, and the blind feuds of the tribes whom they sought to set free.' §

Yet in spite of the historical character thus claimed for some of these incidents, another process may be required if we wish to reach the true historical residuum.

* Vol. iii. p. 120.
† Vol. iii. p. 117.
‡ Vol. iii. p. 204.
§ Vol. iii. p. 270.

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'It has been no easy task to select the features on which we may fix a somewhat exclusive attention, and to sift out all that may attract the modern reader (in other words, all that relates to the character of the Saint and his influence on the history of his time) from the mass of legends which are wholly taken up with minute details of supernatural manifestations and ascetic discipline. But when we have done this, we have before us, with features sufficiently marked and in outlines sufficiently clear, the grand old man with his chastened and genial habits, his sweet yet powerful voice, his Irish tonsure, with the crown of his head shaved and his locks hanging down behind, clad in his monastic garb, as he sits on the prow of his boat made of skins laid on osiers, sailing through the stormy archipelago and among the narrow lakes of the north of Scotland, and carrying from island to island and from clan to clan light, truth, and justice, the life of the soul and of conscience.' *

Few words are needed in reply to these plausible conclusions. The whole narrative displays a chain of causation scarcely less extraordinary and astounding than that of the tale of Troy or the Mahabharata. Columba knows what things are being done in distant regions; his word accomplishes itself; his prayers can still the waves of the sea and the winds of heaven. His body gleams with unearthly light, and angelic visitants are seen to talk with and to strengthen him. These marvels form in great part the strands of which the rope is made up, and for none have we even the pretence of strictly contemporary testimony. But even if we had, the value of the method which would arrive at historical truth by leaving out all that is extraordinary in the narrative may be measured by the ingenuity with which Herodotus converts the myths of Io, Europa, and Helen into a story not much more poetical than De Foe's account of the apparition of Mrs. Veale to her friend at Canterbury. Of all such conclusions we can but say again and again, in the words of Mr. Grote,† that as the possibility of them cannot be denied, so neither can their reality be affirmed.

But M. de Montalembert himself, not content with rejecting some of these narratives as belonging to the cloudland of mythology, hazards an explanation of their origin.

'Under this legendary dress we may easily discern in the monastic apostle of Caledonia (over and above the marvellous power of his intercessions) an attentive study of the winds and all other natural phenomena affecting the insular and maritime life of the tribes whom he wished to train in the Christian faith. A hundred stories exhibit him to us as the Æolus of these mythical times and these dangerous

* Vol. iii. p. 282. † History of Greece, Part I. ch. xv.

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seas. Every hour men came to beg from him a favourable breeze for any expedition which they might be taking in hand. Nay, it fell out once that two of his monks, before setting sail in two different directions, entreated him at the same time for a breeze from the north and a breeze from the south. The prayers of both were granted, by detaining the monk who wished to go to Ireland until the other, who was sailing only to a neighbouring islet, should have had time to finish his voyage.'*

We have here a virtual admission that for some of the most striking incidents in the life of Columba we are indebted simply to a significant metaphor. How then are we to distinguish those which can be so explained from others which may be really historical? If, again, such marvels were needed, as M. de Montalembert affirms, to sustain the saints in their struggles with heathenism and the cruelty of savage life, on what grounds are we justified in explaining away any such narratives by naturalistic interpretations? Columba and Wilfrid alike heal the sick and raise the dead, and from the bodies of both streams a celestial splendour. We may, if we please, accept the legend in spite of its inconsistencies; but we are bound to reject it at once, if our criticism leads us to mutilate its prominent features. Our faith in the story is gone if we ask why the effulgence from Columba's person which dazzled the novice at his cell door should fail to lighten the church on the evening of his death; or why Wilfrid of York should complain of being thrust into a dungeon where he was deprived of lamp or candle, when his jailers were dazzled by the brilliant light which filled his prison?† Yet more, if incidents not belonging to the ordinary course of human life are needed either for those who do battle with heathenism or for those who are rescued from it, how are the narratives of such incidents to maintain their credit if the cause fails to produce its designed effect, and if the cause itself is on either side ignored? Wilfrid restores to life the son of a widow; but even this mighty work has not the slightest weight with his ecclesiastical adversaries; and Wilfrid himself in his conference with Colman sets aside the miracles of Columba as being possibly diabolical, and as being in any case irrelevant to the subject of the Easter controversy. Of the miracles attributed to Augustine of Canterbury the most important was performed for the purpose of convincing the British bishops that they were bound to submit to his legatine authority. It is true, indeed, that Gregory warns his friend against being puffed up

* Vol. iii. p. 242. † Vol. iv. pp. 282–284.

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by any manifestation of preternatural power in his own person; but it is perplexing that neither Augustine nor the British bishops should regard the controversy as brought any nearer to its settlement by an action performed with the sole object of putting an end to it. The instance is crucial. If the work of Augustine in any way depended upon or was furthered by the miracle, the like need and the like benefit may be pleaded for the acceptance of similar narratives in the biographies of Wilfrid or Columba. If the absence of any result affect the credibility of the story in one case, it must affect that of all similar narratives. The cure of the blind man by Augustine is related by M. de Montalembert simply as fact, and without any remark on its harmony or disagreement with the rest of the narrative;* Dean Hook has dealt with it as summarily as Sir G. C. Lewis has treated the story of the Tarquins or the Decemvirs.

'In justice to the memory of Augustine, I venture to say that I do not believe that any such transaction took place. That Bede related faithfully the tradition of the Church of Canterbury, no one doubts; but the event recorded took place some time between the years 600 and 605. Bede, we know, finished his history in 731. More than a century, therefore, elapsed between the alleged event and the first written record of it. If we read his narrative attentively, the account of the miracle looks like an interpolation. The whole action terminates with the determination of the British bishops, the anger of Augustine, his *increpationes*, when suddenly, without any reason assigned, Augustine becomes collected and calm. He deliberately, according to a plan prearranged, works his miracle; and what is the effect produced? Bede does indeed say that the Britons confessed that it was the true way of righteousness which Augustine taught; but the statement is contradicted by the fact that he does not name a single Briton who became a convert to Augustine's opinion. No Briton invited his countrymen to change the customs of their country on the ground of the miracle. All that we know is, that a second conference was decided upon, and was held. At that conference the Britons one and all determined to adhere to their own traditions. Is it not strange, if the miracle had been wrought, that by neither party any allusion should have been made to it? Surely, if a miracle had been wrought, Augustine would have been eloquent on an argument so powerful, and the British Christians, if the miracle was admitted, would have had nothing to plead for what would in that case have been mere perverseness and obstinacy.' †

Dean Hook is perhaps hypercritical. The British bishops,

* Vol. iii. p. 403.

† Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, vol. i. ch. ii.

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if they had seen the letters of Gregory or were aware of their tenour, might have pleaded that the Pope himself left them the alternative of rejecting any miracle as wrought by the power of the devil; but additional weight is thus added to the argument that for the settlement of such questions extraordinary incidents are both unnecessary and useless, and assuredly the work of Columba or Wilfrid was not harder or more urgent than that of Augustine. With the rejection of such incidents in the life of this great missionary the portentous mass of similar legends which gather round his contemporaries or his successors crumbles away. The marvellous agency which supersedes at the will of a saint the ordinary sequence of human affairs fades into the mists of poetry; and we at once accuse ourselves of an over harsh judgment if we assume that the religion of the age was as talismanic as it is said to have been. The stone at Gartan, the ambhra hymn which sang the praises of Columba, the cowl which rivals the armour of Achilles or of Sigurd, may all be classed with the spells which evoke the marvels of the Arabian Nights' fiction; and, like these marvels, they are the offspring of a sentiment which knows nothing and cares nothing for the orderly government of nature. If the Abbess Elfleda really felt assured that the touch of anything which had belonged to her friend St. Cuthbert would at once heal her sickness,* she was under the influence of a superstition worthy of a Hindoo devotee. The story that her recovery was effected by a linen girdle which St. Cuthbert sent her, was but the form into which the poetry of the time threw the fact that meek and merciful men are the true sons of consolation.

To such as find pleasure in watching the varied play of these natural feelings, it may be a task of some interest and perhaps of some profit to trace the recurrence of the same myth in the lives of a multitude of saintly heroes. The historian may feel a satisfaction of another kind in marking the significant diminution or disappearance of marvellous incidents as the narrative acquires a better title to be regarded as the evidence of contemporaries.† He may also feel that the story of the death of Bede, identical as it is in many of its features with that of Columba, is really more beautiful and touching. The visible angels and the bodily effulgence are not there; but

* Vol. iii. p. 425.

† M. de Montalembert, with his usual candour, admits that Bede disclaims all personal knowledge of any of the extraordinary incidents related by him. (Vol. v. p. 67.)

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his lips still dictate, as the hand of Columba writes, the words of eternal life. 'It is finished,' said the scribe as Bede ended the dictation of St. John's Gospel. 'You say true,' replied the dying saint, 'it is finished, and now take my head in your 'hands and turn my face towards the sanctuary.'

Pictures such as these may both console and edify; but if the narratives in which they are found are histories, then they must be submitted to the tests which distinguish fact from fiction or falsehood. There is no satisfaction in the permission which M. de Montalembert gives to his readers to receive or reject the miracles attributed to St. Wilfrid,* while he insists that some of the marvels in the life of Columba are historical facts; and the method which accepts likelihoods as certainties, and regards as 'authentic' those portions of a narrative which do not exhibit a supernatural machinery, must be set aside as simply fallacious. Still more must the dispassionate critic set his face against attempts to analyse the early history of Christianity in Britain or in other countries from the point of view taken by the ecclesiastical historians of an age in which the hierarchical constitution of the Church had been fully developed. As we read the glowing pages of M. de Montalembert, the severe condemnation passed on all offenders against monastic and Christian morality, the candid admission that all was not rose-colour in the religious houses of the sixth and seventh centuries may almost cause us to forget that there may be momentous questions lying quite apart from the defiant profligacy of English kings and the scandalous pilgrimages of English nuns. It may be true, as M. de Montalembert asserts, that the controversy which was practically ended by the defeat of Colman at the Council of Whitby may have been caused simply by the adherence of the Scottish Christians to a calculation by which the time of the Easter festival had once been generally determined; and yet the question whether their obstinate retention of an obsolete rule may not point to some radical difference of principle may be no nearer to its answer. Of this important subject M. de Montalembert's treatment is, to say the least, evasive:—

'An honest and careful examination of all monastic peculiarities to be found in the life of Columba reveals nothing in the way either of observances or of duties which runs counter to the rules adopted by all the religious communities of the sixth century from the traditions of the fathers of the desert. But what we see clearly is—first, the necessity of the vow or solemn profession to mark the definite

* Vol. iv. p. 231.

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admission of the postulant into the society after a trial of whatever duration; and, secondly, the absolute conformity of the religious life followed by Columba and his monks with the precepts and rites of the Catholic Church in all ages. Texts indisputable and undisputed prove the existence of auricular confession, of the invocation of saints, the universal trust in their protection and in their interference with the conduct of temporal affairs, the celebration of the mass, the Real Presence in the Eucharist, the celibacy of clerks, fasting and abstinence, prayer for the dead, the sign of the cross, and more particularly a diligent and profound study of the Scriptures. So fall the fancies of writers who think that in the Celtic Church they discern a primitive Christianity beyond the pale of Catholicism; so once more is the lie given to the absurd but inveterate prejudice which accuses our fathers of having ignored or forbidden the study of the Bible.' *

It is obvious that a close agreement both in doctrine and practice may have coexisted with the most complete independence of the several Christian societies, and that so long as we infer the absolute authority of one Church from the mere fact of such agreement, we are not even on the right road towards solving the mystery. To treat the question as turning on an insignificant point of detail† is in truth but little to the purpose. For whatever reason, the Easter controversy interposed a great gulf between the Irish and the Latin Christians; for whatever reason Wilfrid, the victor in this dispute, the eager Latin partisan, was involved in a lifelong struggle with a hierarchy headed by another special champion of the Latin Church.

The singularly inconsistent explanations of this great quarrel given by modern historians may fairly strengthen the conviction that the process of judging from inadequate materials is neither satisfactory nor profitable. According to M. de Montalembert, ‡ the diocese of Wilfrid embraced the Picts of Lothian, the Britons of Cumberland, and the mixed clans of Galloway. These Wilfrid, he thinks, would seek to wean from their old traditions, and thus become the object of a suspicion and dislike which afterwards overwhelmed him. The view is plausible, until we remember that Wilfrid's crusade against Celtic ecclesiastical usages would insure the favour of Archbishop Theodore rather than his enmity. In the opinion of Lappenberg,§ the division of the diocese of York was prompted by fears grounded on the unparalleled magnificence of Wilfrid as a prelate, while Wilfrid in his turn would naturally resist

* Vol. iii. p. 301. † Vol. iv. p. 161. ‡ Vol. iv. p. 226.
§ England under the Anglo-Saxon Kings, vol. i. p. 186.

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every measure likely to lessen his influence. But this view puts out of sight the fact that the one absorbing passion of Wilfrid's life was devotion to the Roman Church and to the Pope, and that Gregory had expressed to Augustine his desire that the province of York should embrace twelve sees. Hence when Dr. Hook* explains the quarrel by the unwillingness of Wilfrid to relinquish the power which he possessed, we have to account for the singular circumstance that Wilfrid should run counter to the one authority whose slightest wish he professed to be ready at all hazards to carry out. When again Dr. Hook lays stress on the disregard with which Theodore treated the papal decree obtained by Wilfrid after his deposition, he forgets seemingly that the Archbishop had complied with the papal decrees which enjoined the reinstatement of Wilfrid in the see filled by Chad, and that submission to one papal decree as such involved the duty of submission to all. Dean Milman alone candidly confesses that the causes of the great quarrel between Wilfrid and Theodore are lost in obscurity.† Yet when he tells us that Theodore brought with him to England the Roman love of order and organisation, we must not forget that thus far he was but seeking to realise the deepest yearnings of Wilfrid himself. When he adds that Theodore seems to have formed a great scheme for the submission of the whole island to his metropolitan jurisdiction, we are driven to reply that the scheme was present both in its outline and in its details to the minds of Gregory and Augustine, and that on this supposition Wilfrid should have been his fellow-labourer, not his enemy.

Whatever may have been its nature, the quarrel was undoubtedly a serious one. It becomes absurd only in the pages of Mr. Faber.‡ True faith, it would seem, makes it necessary that the reader should forget in each page what the writer has said in the preceding, and according to Mr. Faber's devotional history there was absolutely no ground for the quarrel at all. Both were 'ardent Romanisers,' both were equally saints, and they unfortunately misunderstood each other. As Romanisers, they were both eager to carry out the wishes of Gregory. Still Theodore urged on 'his favourite scheme with hardly 'justifiable zeal,' and he had 'some reason' for thinking that Wilfrid would object to the division of his diocese. This objection, it seems, owed its origin to a 'singular faculty given

* Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, vol. i. ch. iv.
† History of Latin Christianity, book iv. ch. iv.
‡ Lives of the English Saints. Wilfrid, Bishop of York.

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'like a new sense to honest and hard-working priests.' 'It is 'the love of souls; and perhaps none but a saint could ade- 'quately measure the affliction which a teacher would suffer 'in having his spiritual children taken from his guidance and 'paternal care. The convents and their dependent villages all 'up the valleys of those wooded streams of the romantic north '—they were Wilfrid's creation. There he went preaching 'and confirming and receiving confessions till he loved his 'spiritual sons and daughters as not one mother in Bethlehem 'loved her helpless innocents.' Historians like Lappenberg may be inconsistent; but writers like Mr. Faber have a melancholy preeminence amongst the large crowd of fanatics who deliberately debase the powers of their mind by a credulity which we are half tempted to ascribe rather to policy than to conviction.

From this cloying romance we turn with a feeling of positive refreshment to the pages in which Mr. Burton has analysed the history of Columba, regretting only that the plan of his work has not suffered him to deal with that of Wilfrid. Although nothing is gained 'by carping at the ecclesiastical 'system of the middle ages,' too great stress can scarcely be laid on his protest, that, if we would fairly give the history of still earlier Christianity, we cannot allow the assumption made by every writer brought up under that school that 'all the com- 'plex articulation of the system of which he found himself a 'part in the thirteenth or fourteenth century had existed from 'the beginning.'

'The untrammelled student,' he adds, 'knows that it is the creation of time and design.'* It follows that 'one cannot trust the ecclesiastical historians as correctly rendering events removed to any distance back from their own age. They write about everything as if the Church were constructed—say, in the sixth century—exactly on the model to which it has grown in the twelfth century. The St. Ninian, whose bare existence is hardly proved to the lay archæologist, is with them the head of a completed hierarchy, with dioceses for bishops and parishes for presbyters. Hence the extreme value of authenticated early records, such as Adamnan's Life of St. Columba.'

In this life Mr. Burton has remarked, there is not a word importing that Columba 'considered himself in any way under the 'orders of the Bishop of Rome. That bishop, indeed, does not 'happen to be mentioned in the book, though it is discursive and 'gossipy, speaking of contemporary ecclesiastics and distant

* History of Scotland, vol. i. p. 260.

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'states. Twice the city of Rome is mentioned—on one occasion 'to lament that pestilence was rife there, and on another to pro- 'claim that the fame of St. Columba had spread over Britain, 'Gaul, and Spain, and had reached Rome, the greatest of 'cities.' Nay more, the whole tenour of Irish mediæval history seems to bring into clear light facts which the ecclesiastical writers had sought to keep in the background or to suppress. M. de Montalembert is content to assert that Columba was not guilty of any open schism or rebellion against Roman authority. Mr. Burton, free from the prejudices by which M. de Montalembert is perhaps unconsciously swayed, perceives that then and for many centuries afterwards 'the Irish 'Church was ever counted at headquarters a troublesome self- 'willed establishment, and every effort was made to bring 'into it fresh elements from sounder sources of Catholicism.' The decisive step for insuring this result was taken by Hadrian IV., when he granted the island to Henry II. of England. The fact, Mr. Burton adds, is not easily realised by us, 'but 'few historical positions are better attested than this, that the 'English Saxon was sent to bring the Irish Celt to a sense of 'his duty to the holy see of Rome.'*

Mr. Burton's conclusions may not be acceptable to M. de Montalembert; but it is impossible to maintain that in his hands the method of historical criticism has yielded merely negative results and led to an indiscriminate scepticism. His researches have enabled him to make many additions to our positive knowledge of facts; and if a complicated Druidical hierarchy is an idea rather than a fact, our stock of historical information is really enlarged by our deliverance from an old and widespread delusion. A knowledge which dreads the strict application of the laws of evidence is no knowledge at all; and the man who seeks simply to learn whether certain alleged events have or have not taken place, will feel a real satisfaction in discarding impressions which he finds to be not founded on fact. To shrink from the scrutiny implies a conscious weakness; and, on the other hand, nothing can be more certain than that 'we shall get accustomed, as we go on, to the 'destruction of larger portions of our belief. It is a useful 'process. When the historical stage is occupied by shadows, 'the mind gets bewildered among them, and we cannot easily 'see and estimate any little morsel of actual truth that may 'come forward with its honest claims upon our notice.'† The

* History of Scotland, vol. i. p. 257.

† Ibid., vol. i. p. 105.

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publication of such a history as that of Mr. Burton is a most cheering sign that the glories of the conjectural school of historians are on the wane, and strengthens the hope that we may shortly see no more of the dismal *capita mortua* which even such writers as Thucydides and Milton set up to be worshipped.

The necessity, imposed on Latin hagiologists, of adapting history to a more modern ecclesiastical constitution precludes us from accepting unreservedly their accounts of the more ancient forms of discipline; and we decline to believe that the monastic system of Columba involved even the obligation of celibacy until we have some clear and positive evidence to outweigh facts which seem to point in another direction. In any case, we are fully justified in regarding the Latin assertion as unproven, when we remember that in Italy itself the question was not settled before the days of Hildebrand. Without going further than M. de Montalembert's pages, we have abundant indications that the accounts of the monastic system of Columba have been modified to suit the needs of altered times. His disciples are reckoned by thousands and tens of thousands, and the asceticism to which they are subjected is more severe than that of Benedict. Exhibiting in themselves a high ideal of saintliness, they strive to leaven the whole mass around them. Yet their work is undone almost as soon as it is finished. Two hundred monks of Derry, so the story runs, fall in battle with the neighbouring monks of Clonmacnoise; and no sooner is a great saint dead than we hear of nothing but fire-raising, assassination, and massacre through all the country round. It is quite possible, as M. de Montalembert thinks, that it would have been tenfold worse if the monks had not been there; but it is also possible that their monachism may have differed greatly from the accounts given of it by later writers. They were confessedly restless vagrants, roaming from land to land, and taking part in the wars of rival clans with more substantial weapons than their prayers.

This roving habit, which brought about the introduction of Irish monachism into Gaul, is the feature which most strikingly distinguishes the monks of Columba from those of Benedict; yet it is but one of many phases exhibited by the Protean monachism whether of the Eastern or the Western world. The history of Columba thus brings us back to the point from which we started, and of which we cannot afford to lose sight if we would really understand the system as a whole. At no time has the system been true to its idea. That idea aimed at crushing all individual feelings: it ought to have

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produced a barren monotony and arrested the development of all personal character. But from the first, in spite of their self-renunciation. the character of the man would reveal itself under the proposed self-annihilation of the monk. While Macarius was courting in a marsh the stings of venomous insects, Antony mused in his more graceful retreat, soothed by the murmurs of a brook under the shade of spreading palm-trees. While the coarser ascetic exhibited his gymnastic feats on the summit of a rock or a pillar, Basil was meditating on the beautiful scenes which he compared to the island of Calypso; and Gregory, his friend, though he renounced all else, refused to give up the one cherished gift of honeyed eloquence. Monachism was never stationary. No idea has ever exhibited a more marvellous power of development and renovation; none has involved so many contradictions; none has more strictly contained the seeds of its own ultimate destruction. Anchoritism, to those who do not accept its philosophical basis, is in some respects repulsive, in others loathsome. The monasticism of Lanfranc or Anselm presents an image of singular majesty and beauty. It has, however, been attained not so much by a modification of the original idea as by a real departure from it. The rapidity with which it passes through the stages of transition seems altogether capricious. Some houses continue for generations to exhibit the lower and more legitimate type; others seem at once to develope into high intellectual activity and greatness. While Benedict at Monte Cassino was crushing the minds and the bodies of his monks, Cassiodorus, in his beautiful Calabrian retreat, was raising a monastery of which the buildings were as vast as they were splendid, and storing up in it an immense library. The dull manual labour of Benedict was replaced at Vivaria by an incessant study of all art and literature, both sacred and profane. With these more striking contradictions there were inconsistencies on almost every other characteristic of the anchorite philosophy. Some encouraged, others repressed, the extravagances of asceticism. While one upheld the superior merit of filth, another enforced the more attractive duty of cleanliness. If Bernard refused to see the lake which lay directly beneath him, Basil and Cassiodorus surveyed the beauties of earth, sky, and water with no scrupulous or reluctant vision. In the songs of Columba, 'the woods in which he had dwelt pleasantly 'rustle their green leaves, and the streams are there with the 'sound of all their waters.'* The narrowest ignorance, the

* Scott, 'Legend of Montrose.'

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most profound learning, rude barbarism and an exquisite taste, an utter nakedness and a lavish magnificence of art and ritual, characterise different orders of the same age, or the same order at different times. But while their history exhibits a constant tendency to pass from the ruder to the more graceful types, the rough Teutonic activity, poured into the effete civilisation of Rome, furnished an endless supply of vehement spirits who chafed at the growing splendour, and revived more or less successfully the ancient simplicity of their order. But to the earliest form it became gradually more and more impossible to adhere. Stephen Harding might plunge into the wilderness of Citeaux in disgust at the degeneracy of Molesme; but his own disciple Bernard, with all of Stephen's monastic spirit and more than Stephen's monastic rigour, becomes the centre and virtual ruler of Christendom in politics, in science, and in theology. Finally, monasticism, which attained its glory by departing from its own idea, was the immediate parent of an intellectual movement which has had its issue in Teutonic Christianity. So far as it succeeded in confining the monk to the routine of vague meditation, of endless offices and rude manual labour, the fabric of Latin Christianity was safe; but the fatal step was already taken when to the warning against too much learning a monk could reply, 'If I had the know-'ledge of God, I should never offend Him: they disobey Him 'who do not know Him.'

The first dawn of real thought in the cloister was the beginning of the vast controversies of scholastic philosophy. Bernard might be victorious in his appeal to faith and authority against the subtleties of Abelard; but the controversy itself was a pledge that the ashes which he left smouldering would burst into flame when faith and authority would no longer avail to quench it. Yet more, the reforms of men like Stephen Harding and Bernard were a protest not merely against the gentler rule of Peter the Venerable, but against every ecclesiastical departure from apostolic simplicity. Every attempt to revive the stern asceticism of Benedict and Columba exhibited a significant contrast not only to the magnificent abbot of a learned and renowned community, but to secular priests and prelates whose sacerdotal character had long been disguised by the garb of feudalism. The contrast called forth the orthodox protests of Arnold of Brescia. That protest was for the time crushed in his death; it was repressed again in the funeral piles which were lit at Constance; but the revolt of Germany and England was the inevitable result when popes and councils had no longer the strength to extinguish it.

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From that time to the present Latin monachism has contented itself with controlling or crushing the natural instincts and affections of individual men and women. In the words of M. de Montalembert, monks have formed in all ages the great army of sacrifice; but since they have ceased to convert the nations, the sacrifice has been bounded to the mere abandonment of family and home, and from this point of view the most complete self-devotion is that of the nun. The eloquence with which M. de Montalembert dwells on the beneficent lives and sweetening influences of the great company of virgins who have loved to think of themselves as brides of Christ, comes from no indifferent spectator. The plough has passed over his back, and made long furrows. He has had to give up his own child to swell the hosts which now conquer only in the cloister, and the iron has gone deep into his soul. The simple pathos of his words will be felt by all:—

'This daily spectacle of self-sacrifice I, who speak of it, have myself seen and experienced. That which I had beheld only across the ages and in books was one day brought before my eyes, which were bathed with the tears of a father's agony. Who will not forgive me, if impelled by this imperishable memory, I have lengthened, perhaps unreasonably, this portion of a work which has too long remained unfinished? How many others have felt the same anguish with myself, and with a feeling of despair have looked their last on a dearly loved child or sister?' *

We can but say that the terms of the surrender differ widely from the conditions which 'the religious' of the earlier ages seem to have imposed on themselves or on others, and that the true sacrifice comes rather from himself than from his child. 'I go to die,' she said, as she bade him farewell,—'to die 'to you, die to all. I shall never be either wife or mother, 'I shall not even be your child. I shall exist for God only.' The language of the cloister is changed since the days of Winfred. 'Since I have been deprived of the solace of 'your presence,' writes Egburga to the apostle of Friesland, 'I cease not to embrace your neck with sisterly affection. 'Since the death of my brother you are the man whom I 'love above all others.' Doubtless the love was pure; but the delight which she receives from the actual society of Boniface cannot be explained away. 'Do you not know,' writes another to her brother, 'that you are dearer to me than any 'other living being? It is impossible for me to put down in 'writing what I really feel.' These are but two of many

* Vol. v. p. 383.

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passages, quoted by M. de Montalembert, which clearly show that the professed nun has had no thought of renouncing the natural affections which bind men to their kinsfolk or their friends. May it be that here too the system has lost something of its pliancy and its vigour, since its sphere of action has become more cramped? Have we here also a change which has been unregistered or discreetly passed over in silence by historians wise in their generation? Assuredly when St. Theresa, referring to her parting from her father, said that her love of God was not strong enough to raise her wholly above the feelings of natural tenderness, she spoke a language little in harmony with the greetings sent by Lioba to Boniface.

M. de Montalembert is a keen admirer of the free constitution of England, and his love for all that is great in the English character has acquired strength with years. It is perhaps strange that he should fail to connect the self-government of Englishmen with the fact that their idea of sacrifice is not that of Latin Christianity. In the monks and nuns of all ages M. de Montalembert sees a host of intercessors whose lives are needed to keep the world sweet, and without whose prayers the salt of humanity would lose its savour. The same faith animates a prominent, though perhaps not large, section in the Church of England; and these also assert, with M. de Montalembert, that the rejection of their claims is the rejection of the belief of any medium between the soul and God. We have not long since had occasion to express our belief that this truly expresses the state of the case.* Believing this we are constrained to maintain further that, although the monastic orders have done much to promote the good of man, the ideal which they have proposed to themselves is no more that of genuine sacrifice than a collection of probable statements is history. The highest forms of self-surrender are those of which the world knows nothing, and whose beauty is derived not from the halo of sacerdotal sentiment, but from the quiet discharge of unromantic and, it may be, irksome duties.

* Edinburgh Review, No. cclvi., April, 1867, p. 455.

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ART. IV.—1. *Schools Inquiry Commission.* Report relative to Technical Education. 1867.

2. *Copy of Letter from B. Samuelson, Esq., M.P., to the Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education in various Countries abroad.*

3. *On Technical Education in Yorkshire.* By HENRY H. SALES. 1868.

4. *Reports of Artisans selected by a Committee appointed by the Council of the Society of Arts to visit the Paris Universal Exhibition.* 1867.

THE education which acquaints a man with the natural principles of the art or calling he professes is, to him, technical education. The general knowledge of the fundamental principles and laws which govern all material things is the result of scientific education. Thus the latter would include the former, and, were it rightly conducted, a general scientific education would form the basis on which a particular technical education might be afterwards raised; and a young man who had first acquired an elementary knowledge of the physical or natural sciences would find it easy to build upon this foundation, and to secure a competent and increasing knowledge of the scientific conditions of his particular art or trade.

In Britain, owing to the lack of a general scientific education in all our universities and great schools, the mental condition of the so-called educated classes has hitherto been, and for some time will continue to be, remarkably one-sided. What young men know is of little practical service, while what they do not learn is too often that which they most urgently require to know. Even their seniors are lamentably deficient in an acquaintance with the common things of science. Everybody is aware of this, and Mr. Grove only stated what is trite and obvious, when, in addressing the British Association as the President of the meeting at Nottingham, he observed:—'It is 'sad to see the number of so-called educated men who, travelling 'by railway, voyaging by steamboat, consulting the almanack 'for the time of sun-rise or full moon, have not the most ele- 'mentary knowledge of a steam-engine, a barometer, or a 'quadrant; and who will listen with a half-confused faith to 'the most idle predictions as to weather or cometic influences, 'while they are in a state of crass ignorance as to the cause of 'the trade-winds, or the form of a comet's path.' Unfortu-

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nately, every man of science can confirm this allegation, and even extend it to much more simple and elementary questions than the cause of trade-winds or the course of comets, for instances are often current in conversation of the almost incredible ignorance of men of high social or professional standing. The narration of such instances is received and passed off with a laugh, because men great in their professions or possessions can afford to be ignorant of many things; but the case is very different when men are ignorant of the principles of those sciences which underlie their own art or calling, and when the deficiencies in their education make their appearance in the application and products of their skill. The effect becomes of the gravest consequence when such deficiencies tell largely upon the trade and the manufactures of our country; and it is with reference to this very momentous consequence that we now propose to treat of the topic of Technical and Scientific Education.

We may commence with the candid though painful admission, that no country in the world approaching to England in manufacturing eminence is so radically deficient in special industrial education. Broadly viewed, the whole system of technical education has, at this late day, to take root and grow in our soil. The more we consider this deficiency, the more marvellous and melancholy does it appear. This country, which has asserted and assumed the manufacturing preeminence over all countries—this country, which at least for many years maintained its asserted industrial supremacy—has done so, in spite of the absence of early education in the very groundwork of its supremacy. It has been the birthplace and cradle of most of those great mechanical inventions which have changed the face of society and given wings to commerce. The steam-engine, the locomotive engine, the application of steam to manifold uses, the steam-hammer, the planing-machine, the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, the self-acting mule, and numerous other machines, besides a multitude of tools and implements for executing particular work—all owe their invention or improvement to our country, and the nearly exclusive use of these machines and implements for many past years has been the principal cause of our manufacturing preeminence. But free trade, great and international exhibitions, and extended international intercourse have made these wonderful machines and appliances known and available to all Europe. During the last century we held our local and our natural advantages without serious rivalry, while we were separated from the rest of Europe by the sea, and exempted from long and desolating

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wars. All our natural possessions of coal and iron and other materials were then almost exclusively in our own hands and under our own command. The case, however, at present is essentially different. Other countries enjoy peace, other countries have displayed energy and enterprise, and have seen and admired and adopted our machines and our tools. Furnished with these, they start as rivals in the same race, and they in effect say, There is nothing which England has made which we cannot make. We also have coal and iron; we also have capital and workmen. From her we can get, by the freedom of trade, all that we require; from her we can obtain models, and we can improve upon her implements and her processes, and will strenuously endeavour to procure cheaper machines and cheaper goods, and to undersell her in some markets and compete with her in all.

We must therefore admit, however reluctantly, that we can no longer hope to forestall other nations, and to fill half the markets of the world with the products of our looms and factories, unless we can advance beyond our former selves. The inquiry now is not what we have been, but what we relatively are; not whether we have gained a high place and reputation, but whether we can retain them? To rest upon our oars is to drift backwards; and not to be the first is soon, in this age of activity, to be the last.

What, then, is our actual relative place in the manufacturing and engineering industry of the world at this time? All who have given attention to this subject have expressed their misgivings or their decided opinion to the effect that we have lost the first place and are fast retrograding. This is no longer a matter of conjecture, for the Paris Exhibition of last year afforded evidences of our decline upon the largest possible scale. Making due allowance for some degree of misrepresentation, and for a considerable amount of unrepresentation on the part of our manufacturers, particularly in the classes of heavy goods and machinery, the verdict of several competent judges is against our present preeminence, and, with various forms of emphasis, a declaration of our gradual decline. Dr. Lyon Playfair affirms that as juror in one of the classes of the Paris Exhibition he had an opportunity of gathering many opinions as to the position which England then occupied in the great industrial competition, and that he is sorry to add that with very few exceptions a singular accordance of opinion prevailed that our country had shown but little inventiveness and made but little progress in the peaceful arts of industry since 1862. Deficient representation in some of the industries

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might have accounted for this judgment against us, but when we find that, out of ninety classes, there were scarcely a dozen in which preeminence was unhesitatingly awarded to us, this plea must be abandoned.

'My own opinion,' says Dr. Lyon Playfair, 'is worthy only of the confidence which might be supposed to attach to my knowledge of the chemical arts; but when I found some of our chief mechanical and civil engineers lamenting the want of progress in their industries, and pointing to the wonderful advances which other nations were making; when I found our chemical and even textile manufacturers uttering similar complaints, I naturally devoted attention to elicit their views as to the causes. So far as I could gather them by conversation, the one cause upon which there was most unanimity of conviction is that France, Prussia, Austria, Belgium, and Switzerland possess good systems of industrial education for the masters and managers of factories and workshops, and that England possesses none.'*

Upon this statement as a text, some of the jurors and other gentlemen of scientific and manufacturing eminence have been induced to comment and to add their own opinions. Professor Tyndall thinks that England is sure to fall behind as regards those industries into which the scientific element enters. In fact, he has long entertained the opinion, that in virtue of the better education provided by continental nations, England must one day—and that no distant one—find herself outstripped by those nations, both in the arts of peace and war. As sure as knowledge is power, this must be the result. The Rev. Canon Norris, one of the Inspectors of Schools, observes—

'I must confess that my examination of the things sent from Austrian, French, and Prussian schools, compared in my own mind, not with what England sent (for we were not at all fairly represented) but with my own knowledge of what England might have sent, led me to believe that while in the matter of primary education, we were (to say the least) well abreast of those three nations, yet in the matter of higher instruction, of all that tends to convert the mere *workman* into the *artisan*, Austria, France, and Prussia were clearly passing us.'

The personal testimonies of very competent judges in various departments of manufacture concur in the same conclusion. Mr. Edward Huth, of Huddersfield, who had closely examined the woollen textile fabrics during our Exhibition in 1851, and who had acted as juror for these fabrics in the Exhibition of 1862, as well as last year at Paris, enjoyed very favourable

* Letter from Dr. Lyon Playfair to Lord Taunton, May 15th, 1867, in Report relative to Technical Education.

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opportunities of comparing the progress made by different countries in that important branch of industry, thus expresses his opinion:—

'I am sorry to say that although we may still be unsurpassed in many of our productions, we no longer hold that preeminence which was accorded to us in the Exhibition of 1851. Although an industry which has obtained a considerable state of perfection does naturally not advance in ten years as rapidly as the one which was at that period less fully developed, I fear that the enormous strides that have of late been made by our continental rivals in France, Belgium, Prussia, and Austria will make it daily more difficult for our woollen manufactures to hold, not only their former prominent position, but even in many cases to maintain their present one. It is high time that not only the Government, but that every individual who loves his country, should make thorough inquiries into the causes of such a state of things. Like Dr. Playfair, I made it a point during my stay in Paris to converse with many English as well as foreign jurors on this point. I found my (for a long time previously entertained) convictions entirely confirmed, that it is the want of industrial education in this country which prevents our manufacturers from making that progress which other nations are making. From all I could see and learn I found both masters and foremen of other countries much more scientifically educated than our own. This, however, is not all. The workmen themselves of other countries have a far superior education to ours, many of whom have none whatever. Their productions show clearly that there is not a machine working a machine, but that brains sit at the loom and intelligence stands at the spinning-wheel.'

Let us hear another witness, thoroughly skilled in his own department. Mr. James E. M'Connell, who was a juror for England at Paris, says:—

'In the class of which I was juror for England, I made a very careful examination and comparison of our locomotive engines, carriages, and railway machinery, apparatus and material as shown by this country, with the same articles exhibited by France, Germany, and Belgium. I am firmly convinced that our former superiority either in material or workmanship no longer exists; in fact, there are engines shown there made in France and Germany equal to those of the best English makers. It requires no skill to predict that, unless we adopt a system of technical education for our workmen in this country, we shall soon not hold our own in cheapness of cost as well as in excellence of quality of our mechanical productions.'

With reference to machinery, another witness, Captain Frederick Beaumont, R.E., thus testifies:—

'There can be no doubt as to the immense strides which foreign mechanical engineering has lately made, notably I think in the case

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of France and Belgium, and by which they are rapidly overtaking the industrial power of Great Britain. My impression is that this advance has been greatly owing to a successful copying of English designs, and to the use of English machine tools. Of course, did the foreigners merely confine themselves to copying, they would never surpass us, but while following that which in our mechanical designs is good, they are also seeking (and that not unsuccessfully) to apply theoretical knowledge in a way which, to my humble judgment, shows that they will soon have little to learn from us.'

In a memorandum which Mr. Scott Russell prepared, at the request of some of the jurors in Paris last year, as a collective expression of opinions on this subject, it is observed—

'We have to specify that those branches, in which other countries have now shown more rapid advancement, are some of our own great manufactures of steel and iron, steam machinery, locomotive engines, and tools and manufacturing machinery in general. We do not say that in all of these other nations have excelled us, in some they have not yet equalled us. But what we do feel and therefore frankly state is, that their progress has in the last sixteen years, since the first Exhibition of 1851, been remarkably greater than ours. . . . Prussia, Switzerland, Belgium, France, and America seem to make progress in proportion to their excellence of educational training. Prussia in steel, iron, and general engineering work; Switzerland in scientific engineering, machinery, and watch and telegraphic work, and in textile manufactures; Belgium in metal working and mechanical trades; France in metal work, and in steam engines, engineering structures, naval architecture, and steam navigation. All these nations seem to exhibit growing skill and progress in proportion to the excellence of the education and training they give to their manufacturing population.'

We have good reason to believe that if the actual number of cases of failure in competitive manufacturing could be placed together, England's decline would be exhibited in a much more striking manner than is commonly conceived; more especially in engineering and iron and steel working. Such instances are current in conversation, but they seldom appear in print, and if they do appear at all, it is only in separated statements. Let one illustrative example be given. It was affirmed by the chairman at the last annual distribution of prizes and certificates to the successful students of the Royal Arsenal Science Classes at Woolwich, that two very large contracts for locomotive engines, &c., amounting to respectively 160,000*l.* and 325,000*l.*, recently tendered for by several European countries, both went from England,—one to France, and the other to Austria—apparently from England's inability to compete in price with these rivals.

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When we turn to some other branches of manufacturing industry, we find similar testimony borne, and notably in the instance of hosiery, by Mr. A. J. Mundella, who is the managing partner of a firm employing five thousand work-people, with establishments in Nottingham, Derby, and Loughborough, and with branches in Saxony. Mr. Mundella is a very competent witness in his own branch, both from his own experience of thirty years past and his acquaintance with manufacturers and their workshops in France and in Germany, and therefore his conclusions deserve special attention.

'As the result of my observation,' says this gentleman, 'I have for four or five years past been increasingly alarmed for our industrial supremacy, and my experience of the Paris Exhibition has only confirmed and strengthened my fears. In my own branch we still maintain the lead in the majority of articles, but the progress made by France and Germany since 1862 is truly astonishing, and it has been much greater than our own. I am of opinion that Englishmen possess more energy, enterprise, and inventiveness than any other European nation. The best machines in my trade now at work in France and Germany are the inventions of Englishmen, and in most cases of uneducated workmen; but these machines of English invention are constructed and improved by men who have had the advantage of a superior industrial education. The largest hosiery machine shop in France is that of Monsieur Tailbours at St. Just; models of all the best English machines have been purchased and imported, and they are there improved and constructed on thoroughly scientific principles under the superintendence of a young man who, I was informed, took high honours at the school of the Government in Paris.

'Precisely the same thing is taking place in Saxony; but the Saxons are, in respect of education, both primary and industrial, much in advance of the French, and in my branch they are our most formidable rivals. . . . The contrast betwixt the work-people of England and Saxony engaged in the same industry, is most humiliating. I have had statistics taken of various workshops and rooms in factories in this district [Nottingham], and the frightful ignorance they reveal is disheartening and appalling. I was born and educated amongst the working-classes, and all my life have been in close association with them, but I never realised the condition of the *lower masses* of our work-people, till I took the pains to examine them personally in the manner I have indicated. In Saxony, our manager, an Englishman of superior intelligence, and greatly interested in education, during a residence of seven years has never yet met with a workman who cannot read or write. And not in the limited and imperfect manner in which the majority of English artisans are said to read and write, but with a freedom and familiarity that enables them to enjoy reading, and to conduct their correspondence in a creditable and often superior style. Some of the

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sons of our poorest workmen in Saxony are receiving a technical education at the polytechnic schools, such as the sons of our manufacturers cannot hope to obtain. Whilst, therefore, I believe that the English workman is possessed of greater natural capacity than any of his foreign competitors, I am of opinion that he is gradually losing the race through the superior intelligence which foreign governments are carefully developing in their artisans.'

One of the British exhibitors at Paris, who was a juror in our own Exhibition of 1862, is amongst those striking examples of great success in manufacturing industry which our country sometimes produces. Originally a working-man, Mr. James Young had the skill and prescience to take advantage of a discovery in practical chemistry, and is now the possessor of perhaps the most lucrative establishment of its kind in the world. He is entitled, therefore, to be listened to with peculiar interest on the question now before us. As one of the observers at the Paris Exhibition in connexion with others before quoted, he remarks:—

'So formidable did the rate of progress of other nations appear to many of us that several meetings of jurors, exhibitors, and others took place at the Louvre Hotel on the subject. The universal impression at these meetings was that the rate of progress of foreign nations in the larger number of our staple industries was much greater than our own. But it must be stated that a large number of our first-class machine and other manufacturers are not exhibitors in Paris, whereas other nations, I believe, have taken care to bring forward their very best; still the great progress of other countries is evident. The reason for this increased rate of progress is the excellent system of technical education given to the masters of workshops, sub-managers, foremen, and even workmen. England for a long time excelled all other countries in the finish of her machines; but now we find that foreign machine-makers are rapidly approaching us in finish, and having skilled and intelligent labour cheaper than ourselves, are progressing in all the elements of manufacturing. Permit me to use my own case as an illustration. Originally I was a working-man, but have succeeded in increasing the range of manufacturing industry. The foundation of my success consisted in my having been fortunately attached to the laboratory of the Andersonian University in Glasgow, where I learned chemistry under Graham, and natural philosophy and other subjects under the respective professors. This knowledge gave me the power of improving the chemical manufactures into which I afterwards passed as a servant, and ultimately led to my being the founder of a new branch of industry and owner of the largest chemical manufacturing works of the kingdom. It would be most ungrateful of me if I did not recognise the importance of scientific and technical education in improving and advancing manufactures. Many men without such education have made inventions and improvements, but they have

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struggled against enormous difficulties, which only a powerful genius could overcome, and they have been sensible of the obstacles to their progress. Stephenson, who so greatly improved locomotives, had to be his own instructor, but he sent his son Robert to Edinburgh University, and the son did works at least as great as the father, and with far less difficulty to himself.'

From these testimonies it will be seen that there is a concurrence of strong opinions on the unfavourable side, while a few lay much stress upon the amount of unrepresentation at the Paris Exhibition. Some foreign nations were in the view of Mr. Robert Mallet 'represented on a scale preposterously 'beyond their merits; for example in *spinning*, England the 'first country as to that in the world, appears almost nowhere, 'while Belgium would to the superficial eye appear the 'greatest spinning country in the world.' There is, however, scarcely any difference of opinion as to the radical cause of our backwardness or decline, to whatever extent that may be admitted. All concur in the conviction that we greatly need the technical education in which as a nation we are so deficient, and other nations are so far beyond us. In addition to the opinions already quoted, numerous others might be cited to the same effect. 'That the rapid progress of many trades 'abroad has been greatly facilitated by the superior technical 'knowledge of the directors everywhere, and by the comparatively advanced elementary instruction of the workers in some 'departments of industry, can admit of but little doubt,' is the verdict of Mr. Samuelson. At the close of his letter on technical education abroad, he adds:—

'At the same time, it cannot justly be said that their superior education has led our neighbours to make any striking industrial improvements. The manufacture of the more important textile fabrics certainly does not owe its present advanced position in any marked degree to continental inventiveness. In the production of iron and steel also, if a step has been taken in advance of us, as regards some peculiar though important products, this is due, except perhaps in the case of the steel castings of Bochum and Firminy, less to the development of new discoveries, than to a careful and intelligent improvement of processes common to all, and to some priority in the utilisation of resources at least as readily within the reach of our manufacturers as of those of any other country. Our Dr. Percy's great work is translated into every continental language, and used as a text-book in the continental schools, whilst the improvements lately made abroad are engaging the serious attention of our own metallurgists.'

In these words we read the opinion of an observer rather

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biassed in favour of our own manufacturers, and he is corroborated by the previously cited opinion of Mr. Mundella, that 'Englishmen possess more energy, enterprise, and inventive-'ness than any other European nation.' We have the talents and the endowments which have placed us first in the race, but our defects lie in our inadequate knowledge of how to use them as well as others enjoying inferior talents and fewer natural gifts.

'Our manufacturing artisans,' continues Mr. Samuelson, 'are imperfectly taught, our agricultural labourers illiterate; neither one nor the other can put forth with effect the splendid qualities with which Providence has endowed our people. Our foremen, chosen from the lower industrial ranks, have no sufficient opportunities of correcting the deficiencies of their early education. Our managers are too apt in every case of novelty to proceed by trial and error, without scientific principles to guide them; and the sons of our great manufacturers too often despise the pursuits of their fathers as mere handicrafts, unworthy of men of wealth and education, or else, overlooking the beautiful examples which they afford of the application of natural laws to the wants of man, follow them solely as a means of heaping up more wealth, or at the best for want of other occupations.'

It is not, however, quite correct to underrate the inventiveness of foreigners, for as Mr. Samuelson himself records in the instance of steel castings,

'In no other factory except those of Bochum and at Sheffield, under Herr Mayer's instructions (who is also the inventor of the process), have these steel castings been produced as yet. The problem of combining the toughness of steel with the fluidity of cast-iron has hitherto been solved by him alone. Some approach has of late been made to its solution by Emile Martin, and Krupp has succeeded in casting solid steel wheels; but even in this less difficult shape, his productions have as yet scarcely attained a commercial position. The steel disc wheels of Bochum, on the other hand, cast in a single piece, are now to be found on nearly every German railway; and whilst the price scarcely exceeds that of iron wheels, their durability is incomparably greater. About 20,000 of them are already running; many thousand sets are being added every year.'

The Herr Mayer here referred to is the chief technical director, and in fact the founder of Bochum, and a mathematician of remarkable ability, though self-educated. Bochum is in the centre of the Westphalian coal pits.

Another notable instance of foreign inventive genius is the new process of Monsieur Emile Martin, for the production of cast, as distinguished from Bessemer steel, in a reverberatory

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furnace, a process so cheap that it is employed like that of Bessemer, as modified at Terre Noire, in the manufacture of steel rails. The ingots run from the furnace are simply rolled and the rails produced are so good in quality that the waste ends are used in the works for tools or chisels, without having been remelted. At the same time the molten steel is so fluid that it can be run into moulds, and the castings produced combine the hardness of iron with the tenacity of steel. Modifications of the same principle produce most excellent homogeneous metal for gun-barrels and other purposes, and the new process has been patented in France and England. So far have inventiveness and careful management advanced that it cannot be denied that the establishments at Terre Noire and Firminy, both near St. Etienne, in the coal basin of the Loire, are beyond all others in the economical production of cheap steel.

But with some allowance for the inventive as well as the economical and managing genius of foreign manufacturers, we may still claim for ourselves the leading place in relation to the first-named faculty, and therefore the principal stress should be laid upon its development and early culture. Probably the most effective mode of showing what should be its character and how its results directly operate, will be to give a short account, from Mr. Samuelson's letter and other sources, of some of the principal continental schools and colleges established for industrial or technical tuition. As foreigners have taken our machinery and fabrics for their models, and have copied and improved upon them, it would be a graceful return that we should take their technical schools as our models and improve upon them. They have learned from us how to manufacture, let us see if we can learn from them how to teach.

The city of Paris spends annually more than 200,000*l.* upon its primary schools for children and adults, all of which are entirely gratuitous, on its schools of design, and its scholarships and other disbursements for education. But our present concern is with its special industrial schools. Before adverting to the technical schools proper of Paris, we may briefly notice two large secondary and successful schools, which are far more extended in their range of studies than our own large schools. These are the two great municipal schools—the École Turgot, a day-school in the Rue Vert Bois, in the midst of the trading population, intended chiefly for the use of the smaller tradespeople; and the Collége Chaptal, in the Rue Blanche, for boarders and day-scholars, frequented by the children of the

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wealthier residents. The École Turgot, founded in 1839, receives children intended for any calling except the learned professions and the higher grades of the public service. It now has 800 pupils, of whom nearly 100 hold exhibitions from the municipality; and although this school is already too full, the number of applications for admittance is always in excess of the vacancies. The school-fees are for each boy 6*l.* 12*s.* per annum, and they are sufficient to defray the expenses of the school, amounting in all to 21,520*l.* per annum. Latin is not taught in any division, but the English and German languages form a part of the ordinary three years' course. Chemistry and natural philosophy are begun in the second year, and a complete course of natural history, with its application to the arts and commerce, a final course of chemistry and natural philosophy, together with practical analysis in the laboratory, distinguish this school.

In the Collége Chaptal the course extends over six years, four being passed in the lower, and two in the higher division. It contains 950 boys, of whom 600 are boarders, the payment of the latter amounting to from 42*l.* to 48*l.* It has disbursed 48,000*l.* out of its own income, since its establishment in 1844, in the purchase of ground and the erection of buildings. With a large staff of well-paid professors and teachers, whose cost amounts to nearly 12,000*l.*, this school now pays a surplus of over 3,200*l.* per annum to the city funds. Among its professors are some of the most eminent in France, and they teach carefully and examine closely. For the six weeks preceding their vacation, the boys of the upper division pay visits to industrial works, and take notes of the dimensions of the machinery, and of the parts of the works, from which they afterwards execute plans and elevations. Some of these drawings are accurately made and beautifully finished. The boys from this school are almost uniformly successful in obtaining admission to the École Centrale des Arts et Manufactures, and a fair proportion of them pass the unusually difficult entrance examination of the École Polytechnique.

The technical schools proper of Paris are, as a rule, entirely subject to the several Ministers who have the direction of that department which the studies pursued in them subserve. Many of these institutions were originally established by individuals or societies, but have been gradually absorbed by the State. Thus the École Centrale was founded by four men of science, and conducted for more than thirty years as a private undertaking. It is now, perhaps, the most celebrated school of applied sciences in the world, and so great have been the

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services it has rendered that M. Michel Chevalier once said:—'If the École Centrale were not in existence, it would be 'necessary to create it as the complement of the treaties of 'commerce.' It has 500 pupils, and the number of applications for admission is always twice as large as the actual vacancies. The period of study occupies three years, and the pupils are obliged to take up all the subjects comprised in the course. It is thoroughly adapted to industrial science, the first year being on theoretical subjects, and the second and third on theory and application to practice. The heads of the subjects of these two years are:—Applied mechanics; the construction and erection of machinery; analytical, industrial, and agricultural chemistry; civil engineering; natural philosophy in its application to the arts; metallurgy; mineralogy; geology; and mining. Amongst 2,000 young men who have left this school, the career of 1,394 has been recently traced, and the issue was this:—247 had died, while of the others 480 were engineers or superior officers of railways; 54 were mechanical engineers; 124 iron masters; 280 manufacturers of considerable eminence; 55 were architects; 35 contractors for public works; and 42 professors of the applied sciences. The rest filled honourable posts in trade or in the service of the French and foreign Governments. The names of some of the engineers and manufacturers are widely known. It would be impossible in any country to account more satisfactorily for any 2,000 pupils of any school or college. The school fees are 32*l.* per annum, and with some minor sources of revenue produce, for 500 pupils, the annual amount of 16,000*l.* It was self-supporting until it was absorbed by the State. No testimony to its value can be greater than that borne to it by M. Dumas, the well-known *savant*, a senator of France, and the President of the Municipal Council, who, in going through the recent Exhibition at Paris, was accustomed, whenever anything very excellent in French manufacture struck his attention, to ask 'Was the manager of this establishment a pupil of the École 'Centrale des Arts et Manufactures?' and in the great majority of instances he received an affirmative reply. Indeed throughout France there is but one opinion of the value of the diploma of the École Centrale. Whether those who hold it become chemists, or metallurgists, or contractors, they are everywhere found to be thoroughly well-prepared men, intelligent as draughtsmen, and ready in the application of their theoretical knowledge.

The École Polytechnique, though more celebrated, claims less attention from us in relation to our present subject, because

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it plays a less important part in industry, though many of its pupils are employed in various public works throughout Europe, and the scientific influence of the school is powerfully felt throughout France. For similar reasons we may pass over the École de St. Cyr, and numerous other schools under the control of the Minister of War; also the great naval school at Brest, and the school of naval engineering under the Minister of Marine. These are, indeed, all technical schools, and very efficient ones; but we limit our attention in this paper principally to trade industries and the peaceful arts.

Besides the superior special instruction named, there are in France a number of provincial and lower technical schools, of which the three schools, 'des Arts et Métiers' of Chalons, Aix, and Angers, may serve as good examples. In these the course occupies three years. The pupils rise at a quarter past five o'clock, and five hours and a half of every day are devoted to theoretical studies in mathematics and mechanics, and seven hours to manual labour in workshops, the time apportioned to it being divided into two equal parts. The labour of the workshops includes carpentry, forging, casting in metals, and fitting up machines. Thus an effective and serviceable course of education is contained within the three years. There are 900 pupils in these three schools, and all are boarders. The lowest age for admission is fifteen years, and the cost of board and instruction only 20*l.* per annum, which clearly is far from defraying the actual expenses; but this low charge brings the schools within reach of the sons of mechanics, tradesmen, and persons holding small Government employments, of whom the pupils mostly consist. About one half of them hold exhibitions obtained in local competitions, instituted by private individuals, or by the communes and departments. Intense eagerness is awakened by these competitions, and the number of candidates is about five times that of youths able to pass the entrance examination, while those who pass are twice as numerous as the vacancies. The occupations of 465 pupils who left the three schools in 1861 and 1862, were traced at the end of their first year in the world, and it was then found that 188 were foremen and workmen earning from 3*s.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* a day; 165 were draughtsmen earning from 3*s.* 3*d.* to 4*s.* a day; 47 were marine engineers in the navy, or the Messageries Impériales; 22 were in unknown occupations, and only two were without employment. What result can be more immediately beneficial? Here we see that young men of nineteen or twenty years of age have so learnt their business theoretically as to have acquired practical skill adequate to

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employment at respectable wages at once, and to ensure in the future progressive advancement. Rarely do the pupils of these schools continue simply as workmen, but they rise rapidly, some to high industrial positions, and nearly all to confidential employments of a secondary character. 'Speaking within my 'own observation,' says Mr. Samuelson, 'and without reference 'to former pupils of these schools, whom I know personally, and 'who would be ornaments to any profession or any society, I 'found those employed at the works which I visited, esteemed as 'excellent draughtsmen, and though not very quick, generally 'very accurate workmen on leaving the school, and the best raw 'material for the formation of intelligent foremen and sub-'managers of works.'

If we visit Lyons as an example of one of the most flourishing manufacturing cities in France, we shall there also find technical schools of a high character, and well worthy of attention and imitation. Though its machines are in part antiquated, its schools are thoroughly modernised, and its children are now instructed and prepared, not merely for the silk factories, for which Lyons is so famous, but also for other trades, so that those periodical failures of the silk crops, which so greatly impede this manufacture, may not throw all the youth out of employment. The École Centrale of Lyons is a technical school similar yet superior to the one of the same name at Paris. It has been recently reorganised, and promises to render great service in the instruction of the sons of the wealthier inhabitants for any industrial or commercial occupation. The École la Martinière professes to impart to boys of twelve and thirteen years of age a wide range of scientific knowledge in a course of two years, by means of mechanical devices. At first sight this appears hopeless, but the patrons of the school believe it possible. At all events the arrangements which Mr. Samuelson saw for teaching drawing from models, the models in wood of machinery produced by the pupils in the workshops, and the laboratories with their appendages, were all excellent; and experience may lead to the extension or modification of the course. Nine hours only in each week are devoted to manual labour, which perhaps is better than the thirty-five hours of the École des Arts et Métiers of Paris, for the boys more quickly and thoroughly learn whatever can be acquired in the school, and they are sent at an earlier and more pliable age to the manufactory itself. As regards support, this is an exceptional institution, for it was founded on a bequest by Major-General Martin, who left Lyons as a poor boy, fought against us under Tippoo

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Sahib, and after Seringapatam had fallen, entered the service of the East India Company. Many years elapsed after his death before the city of Lyons could recover his legacy from the Indian Courts, for his will gave rise to some curious questions of law, which were decided in favour of the legatees by the Privy Council. The instruction is gratuitous, and children are admitted between the ages of 12 and 14½. At present they number 550, all as day-scholars, and there are besides about 250 adults who attend the night-school attached to the institution.

Mulhouse has print-works, the prints from which are unrivalled in the whole world. In these most of the machinery is English, or copied from English models, whilst the technical director was trained at Berlin, and the son of one of the partners at Heidelberg, where he has studied chemistry under Bunsen and Kirchhoff. There is a minute chemical testing in these works of all materials, dyes, soaps and albumen, which would be scouted in England. By this means they are enabled to become the first producers of the more expensive class of prints, while we hold the highest place in manufacturing the commonest prints. Machinery is contrived to produce varieties of colours at a great expenditure of skilled labour. The wages of mechanics are at least one-third less than in England. The engineering works of Messrs. Koechlin and Co. employ 2,000 persons, and on an average they annually produce eighty locomotive engines, besides steam-engines and machinery for spinning and weaving, and for a great variety of other purposes. By the side of these great and prosperous establishments are found, as we should expect, two good science-teaching schools, the École Professionelle and the École Préparatoire pour les Sciences and Lettres. The first resembles the École Turgot of Paris, except that it possesses a workshop, in which boys learn to work in wood and iron, and has affiliation to a weaving school. The second is a higher technical school, resembling the Écoles Centrales of Paris and Lyons. It owns a complete chemical laboratory, where special attention is paid to the chemistry of dyes.

In addition to the French technical schools thus very briefly noticed, we may add that the present Minister of Public Instruction is indefatigable in endeavouring to extend and improve instruction in France. Finding that the teaching of modern languages has hitherto been of the most superficial character, and that no normal school existed for the preparation of sound teachers in this important branch of education, he established in the new technical school of Cluny a particular sec-

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tion for modern languages, in which the course will be as long as that of the sciences, viz. two years; after the expiration of which there will be practice in the normal school of the college, and the pupil-teachers will be sent for a year to the country whose language they profess to teach, and will be required to write every week to their professor in that language. Nor is it of small consequence that the Emperor himself is interested in practical science, and very recently paid a visit with the Empress to the laboratories of the École Normale Supérieure and of the Sorbonne. At the former, experiments are being made by M. St. Claire Deville, at the instance of his Majesty, on the calorific value of mineral oils, with a view to ascertain whether they can be used for heating the boilers of the vessels in the imperial navy. It is said that a fresh impulse is about to be given to the methods of imparting scientific instruction in these and other schools. Their Majesties visited another laboratory while the pupils were engaged in their studies, and allowed the pupils to be presented to them.

All the chief manufacturing towns of France are now thoroughly alive to the importance of scientific instruction; and all ranks are co-operating in it from the Emperor and his ministers down to the manufacturers and their men. It is a great advantage to that country, that, while the English manufacturing system was established long before any attempt was made to bring special education to bear upon it by means of schools of design or art, on the other hand, on the continent the special teaching of knowledge applicable to industry grew up side by side with it. Thus the great silk trade of Lyons grew up *pari passu* with its excellent technical school, and each acted and reacted the one upon the other during a period of about a century and a half. Again, the bronze trade of France, which has spread so greatly since the year 1844, grew out of the art-schools of Paris; so that these schools have not been grafted upon an already-established manufacture with all its rude ignorance and inartistic traditions. This is a notable advantage and it may partly account for the remarkable progress of France, which in the principal departments of industry is thus summarised. The quantity of coal raised in France in 1851 was 4½ millions of tons, and rose in 1865 to 11 millions of tons. In 1851 the production of iron was 450,000 tons, which in 1865 was increased to 1,100,000 tons. During the same period the importation of raw materials for conversion into manufactured goods rose from 25,000,000*l.* to 90,000,000*l.*; and the export of manufactures from 40,000,000*l.* to 92,000,000*l.*; these exports including in

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the year 1865 manufactures of wool valued at 16,000,000*l.*; of cotton at 7,000,000*l.*; of machinery at 1,800,000*l.*; and of various other works in metal valued at 5,400,000*l.* A wonderful and rapid advancement is brought to our notice in these figures.

In many of the great French establishments for mechanical engineering of iron and steel-work the most abundant resources and capacities are apparent. Five or six years ago the progress of the Isthmus of Suez Canal was arrested by the prohibition of forced labour by the Porte. Thus the contractors were at once deprived of about 18,000 workpeople, and were compelled to reconsider their plans. They instituted special steam machinery of an entirely original character for the previous manual labour employed in excavating and embanking the main and freshwater canals and the entrance from the Mediterranean. This machinery was required quickly; and nearly the whole of it, at a cost of several millions sterling, was made in France. Messrs. Gouin and Co. of Paris furnished about 600,000*l.* worth of it; and within twelve months from the receipt of the order this firm prepared the plans of the dredges, barges, and cranes, and delivered and erected at Port Said a sufficient quantity of material to commence the works. Another portion was manufactured by the great Company of the 'Forges 'et Chantiers' at Marseilles and Toulon, which employs about 5,000 workmen. Within three years the whole of this enormous plant was in satisfactory operation; a fact which, considering the distance of the locality and the shortness of the time, reflects great credit upon these firms. Monsieur Gouin is a pupil of the Polytechnic School, and Monsieur Lavallée, the contractor, to whose talent and energy the planning of the machinery and the resumption of the works is due, was a pupil of his late father at the École Centrale.

Under the direction of another firm, France can now show perhaps the largest and completest iron and mechanical engineering works in the world, viz. those at Creuzot, which are the property of Monsieur Henry Schneider, President of the Corps Législatif, his son, and a small number of other partners, with limited liability. The products of Creuzot formed one of the most attractive collections in the late Paris Exhibition, and the works which produced them have greatly impressed all who have inspected them. They are situated in the Blanzy coal basin, about thirty miles west of Châlons sur Saone, and communicate by a branch line twenty-five miles in length with the main system of the Paris and Mediterranean railway, and by the Canal du Centre with the Loire, the Rhone, and the Rhine.

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Surrounded by a landscape resembling that of some of our Devonshire valleys on the skirts of Dartmoor, the works cover three hundred acres of ground; the workshops and forges occupying fifty acres. The iron-works annually produce more than 100,000 tons of iron, in addition to machinery, locomotive and marine, iron bridges and viaducts, iron gun-boats and river steamers, of the average annual value of 600,000*l.* Nearly ten thousand workpeople receive wages which amount to 370,000*l.* per annum, and most of these people dwell in and around the town of Creuzot. Respecting the vast array of machinery here in continual operation, little need be said in this place, beyond the fact that the steam-engines are equal to a duty of nearly ten thousand horse-power, and that the new forge is contained under a single roof of 1,300 feet in length and 310 feet in breadth. No other single forge can be named of equal dimensions. There are valuable coal and iron mines on the estate, which yield annually 250,000 tons of coal, and 300,000 tons of iron ore, besides which about 300,000 tons of coal and 120,000 tons of ore are purchased.

Our present interest is centred in the *personnel* of this immense establishment, a very large proportion of which was born or has been trained on the spot. It is due principally to a system of education dating as far back as 1841, that a highly skilled body of workmen, engineers, and accountants has been formed; and although this system is termed elementary, it will be found to be really in part special or technical. The course, which is open to all pupils of sufficient capacity, extends over no less than nine years, and includes advanced instruction in French literature, history, geography, natural philosophy, the chemistry of metals, algebra, geometry, mechanical and free-hand drawing and modelling. Promising boys are sent to the secondary and higher technical schools elsewhere, and even a labourer's son may be found to have passed through the École des Arts et Métiers at Aix, and to have returned to fill a responsible place in the technical management at Creuzot. Other boys, showing no particular talent, are drafted from the schools into the works, and there placed strictly according to the capacity they have displayed at school. Some become common workmen, others draughtsmen, others accountants. No boy is admitted into the works who cannot read or write, nor anyone who has been dismissed from the school for misbehaviour. There are, likewise, adult classes designed as helps to those who wish to carry their education beyond that afforded by the elementary school; and of late years six of the heads of departments, pupils of the École des Arts et Métiers,

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have been appointed to teach special classes bearing directly on the occupations of the workmen, and including a complete course of machine drawing. The proportion of adult pupils is five per cent. of the whole workmen.

The fruits of this educational system are observable in the activity, extent, and perfect discipline of the work. In walking through the sheds with Mr. Samuelson, where several pairs of marine engines were in course of erection, Monsieur Schneider told his visitor, that there was not a man amongst the mechanics employed in that department who could not make an accurate drawing of the work on which he was engaged. Of the 268 superior engineers, managers, and bookkeepers, and the like, 127, or nearly one half, were educated at Creuzot; 5 were pupils of the École Centrale; 5 of the Imperial Mining School; 20 of the three Écoles des Arts et Métiers; 2 of the École la Martinière at Lyons; and 104 came from various schools. But most of the last named entered Creuzot when its present system was still in process of creation. How steadily this system has grown is manifest from the fact that these schools were opened in 1841, with 91 children, and contained no less than 4,065 children in 1866, of whom 2,219 were boys. At the same date the entire number of children in the town of Creuzot, between the ages of five and fifteen, was 4,638. Eleven schoolmasters, under a chief director, teach in the boys' schools, while the girls are taught by eleven 'sœurs.' The fees for schooling were merely nominal, being 7*d.* per month, for the children of persons employed in the works, but 14*d.* per month for those of strangers.

In point of morals, the condition of the population at Creuzot plainly bears evidence of the benefit of the education just described. During fifteen years the entire number of serious felonies in the town was only twenty-three, while of these, according to English law, only nine would have really been felonies. The annual number of misdemeanours was about forty; and many of these would not have been breaches of the law with us. Three policemen form the entire force for preserving order, and drunkenness is rare. That frugality prevails is clear from the amount of savings in the form of deposits with the firm, and in freehold property held in the town, which altogether amount to 533,500*l.* Yet the rate of wages is low as compared with our own rates, although they have increased at Creuzot about one half during the last twenty years.

Some other large iron or mechanical works in France might be named where special instruction has borne similar fruits. The instance which will most interest us is that of the works

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of the Terre Noire Company, situated in the coal basin of the Loire, where the managers carry on the manufacture of Bessemer steel from the iron as it flows from the blast-furnace, and simplify the process as compared with English practice. This company produces steel with such economy that they are now supplying one of the great French railway companies with 20,000 tons of steel rails at a price below their prime cost in England, in spite of comparatively dear fuel and ores. How can this result be effected? We are informed that one of the conditions of success is the most careful daily chemical analysis of all the raw materials and products in this manufacture. All its managers of various grades are pupils of one or other of the flourishing technical schools of France, while only the foreman has risen from the ranks. Boys are not admitted into these works until they are thirteen years old, and the company are making great efforts to increase the range of instruction. They have already spent 4,000*l.* on their elementary schools. That of the boys is confined to the 'Frères des Écoles Chrétiennes;' that of the girls to 'Sœurs de la Providence.' Attention is paid to music as an amusement, and one of the managers has recently performed, in conjunction with his choir of clerks and workmen, Gounod's 'Messe solennelle' in their own chapel.

While treating of the largest foreign iron and steel works, we may so far notice the celebrated steel works of Krupp, at Essen, as they relate to our immediate topic. All visitors to the Paris Exhibition must have seen with surprise the huge steel gun which came from this establishment, which approaches nearly to that at Creuzot for magnitude and work done. The different parts of it altogether consume from 800 to 1,000 tons of coal every working day; and these are raised from pits within the walls of the works. The machinery is perfect in every department, and the range of crucible-furnaces is unparalleled in the world, except perhaps in the neighbouring works of Bochum. Nearly 8,000 men are employed at these works, which produce 60,000 tons of steel annually; that is more than twice the entire export of steel from the United Kingdom. At the outbreak of last year's war, 1,000 of the men were called under arms, but 250 of them were quickly returned lest the manufacture of cannon should be interrupted. But the point which we here especially wish to notice is, that all the heads of the technical departments are pupils of the various polytechnical schools of Germany.

In thus far explaining the arrangements for secondary instruction in France, we have confined our attention to the secondary special schools, and have not included the colleges

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and lycées, although these also, and not only the former, prepare pupils for the technical institutions proper. We see the extent and value of the training in these latter institutions in the fact that in France, with a population of 38,000,000, these two great technical schools, the École Polytechnique and the Écoles des Arts et Manufactures, furnish from 300 to 400 young men annually for the scientific departments of the army, and for the higher industrial positions. Compared with our own country the result on our side is most unfavourable; for as we learn from the 19th Report of the Science and Art Department, 'The number of students entering the Royal 'School of Mines for one, two, or three years, with a view to 'become associates, has, including the exhibitioners, been 13; 'the total number of entries as occasional students for the different courses was 108. The chemical laboratory was attended during the term by 116, and the metallurgical laboratory by 23 students.' Such is the present result of the Royal School of Mines with all its able professors and Government support.* In connexion with it, we may here sum up nearly the total technical education of this country. At King's College, a few youths attend the technical classes, and we may add to these, the pupils of the School of Naval Architecture, a proportion of those educated at Sandhurst, and a small number of technical students at the Universities of Oxford, Edinburgh, and Glasgow.

In order to awaken the country to a sense of its gross deficiencies in the education we are now treating of, it ought to be enough merely to state these facts. Contrasted with France we have, as already shown, nothing but a few well-supported establishments, with a mere handful of technical students. To whatever manufacturing country we turn, we find the same unfavourable contrast repeated. In Prussia, in Baden, Wurtemberg, Saxony, and Switzerland, which altogether number about 32,000,000 inhabitants, there are the famous chemical laboratories of Heidelberg, Giessen, Berlin, and Bonn, the many

* Professor Huxley observed, in relation to this subject, at the Conference of the Society of Arts, in January last:—'He could not 'say the smallness of the attendance arose from any defect in the 'teaching—and he could the more readily say this, because his 'teaching did not particularly affect these persons—for there were 'not fitter and more able men in the country than his colleagues. 'It was because the great mass of the manufacturing interest did 'not even at the present moment understand that such instruction 'in the groundwork of technical knowledge was what they wanted 'to prevent their manufactures from going to ruin.'

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academies of Berlin and Freiburg, and the various military technical schools; in addition to which there are polytechnic institutions of the first class, with the appended number of pupils at the undermentioned places:—

Zurich	with	550	regular pupils
Carlsruhe	„	800	„
Stuttgardt	„	450	„
Dresden	„	270	„
Berlin	„	370	„
Hanover	„	430	„
		2,870	

There are, besides the regular, also many occasional students. Money is liberally expended in erecting and maintaining these schools. The buildings of the Swiss Polytechnicum have cost about 100,000*l.*, and those of Carlsruhe about the same sum. The comparatively poor inland State of Wurtemberg, with less than 3,000,000 inhabitants, without minerals and without navigable rivers, has expended on its Polytechnic Institute at Carlsruhe the sum of 45,000*l.*

The first two of the six schools above specified are not only the most flourishing in numbers, but in several respects the most remarkable. That at Zurich is the Polytechnic School of the Swiss Federation, and was opened in 1855. It occupies a commanding site, and is visible to all visitors to that busy and beautifully situated town. If tourists would spend an hour or two in inspecting it, they would be much interested in it. Its museum of mineralogy alone merits attention for its completeness and display of Swiss minerals. The whole institution was reorganised in 1866, and is now arranged in seven divisions. Building, engineering, technical mechanical, technical chemical, and forestry schools, form five divisions; the sixth is a school for professions subdivided into mathematical and natural history branches; and the seventh division is allotted to general philosophy and political economy, and also to the completion of previous education in some of the other divisions.

There are in this establishment fifty-nine professors and teachers, and seven assistants. The attendance in the year 1855–56 consisted of 548 regular students (235 of whom were Swiss, and 313 strangers), and 135 auditors, of whom 55 were students in the Zurich high schools. Only two of the foreign students were Englishmen.

If we visit any other of the above polytechnic schools, we find the greatest attention paid to all that promises the desired success, and a course of thoroughly practical education adopted.

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At the school at Stuttgart, for example, there is a mathematical division of the classes, to which a mercantile class is attached, and a technical division, which latter is again subdivided into four schools of architecture, civil engineering, mechanical construction, and chemical technology.

The Royal Polytechnic School at Hanover is conducted on a well-devised and comprehensive scheme. It has two schools —the lower and the higher. In the lower school the subjects taught are mathematics, zoology, and botany (the instruction in the last two being arranged with special reference to the animal and vegetable products used in trade), mineralogy, and free-hand and linear drawing. In the upper school the course embraces higher mathematics, descriptive geometry, theoretical and applied mechanics, architecture—theoretical, constructive, and historical—in relation to private and public buildings, bridges, railways, and waterworks; geology, practical and technical chemistry and analysis, mechanical technology, including works in wood, metal, weaving, modelling ornament and figure, and the construction of architectural and mechanical models. All these studies are divided into courses for chemists, land-surveyors, and land-proprietors, civil and mechanical engineers, and architects.

Besides the regular pupils, in most of these schools there are numerous auditors; so that where 270 is the assigned number of the former alone at Dresden, the total number of regular pupils and auditors in 1863-64 was 399. While in Saxony we may glance also at the Royal Higher Trades' School of Chemnitz, which contains three or four classes with courses of one year, and these qualify the pupils for the two divisions of the Trade Schools at Dresden, and also for the trades they afterwards pursue. In these schools there are 225 pupils and 21 masters. There is also a Royal School for Master Workmen, as millwrights, well-sinkers, and pipe-makers; likewise for such as will enter later as master-workmen into machine, spinning, weaving, and other manufactories. Sixty students attend this school, for which they are qualified by having worked at their trades for at least two years.

Should we extend our inquiries to Austria, there also we discover some good, though not so numerous technical schools in proportion to the extent of country as elsewhere. In Prague the Royal Bohemian Technical Institution, founded in 1806, was reorganised in October 1864. It consists of four divisions; one for bridges and roads, a course of 5 years; a second for architecture, also a course of 5 years; a third for technical chemistry, in 4 years; and a fourth for a variety of miscellaneous

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subjects. In this establishment there are more than 400 students, and for these 44 professors and teachers. Some private teachers employ the Czech language.

In Vienna the Imperial Technical School was opened November 3rd, 1815; and this is a flourishing institution, the existence of which is scarcely known in England. It consists of two divisions. First, the Technical division, which carries out as far as possible theoretical and practical instruction in natural and mathematical sciences so far as applicable to a technical education. Secondly, the Commercial division, which embraces all subjects a knowledge of which is necessary in the different branches of commerce. This second division has professors for the following subjects:—mercantile arithmetic and book-keeping, mercantile geography, correspondence and exchange. For both divisions there are extraordinary professors in several branches, viz. the Turkish and Persian, the Arabic and the Italian languages; the mechanics of construction; the higher mathematics; the materials of commerce; building, bridge-building and metal works; machine and other drawing; short-hand writing. Private teachers give tuition in the English language, in surgery, in insurance of life and property, in chemistry, the physiology of plants, German literature, caligraphy, chemistry and chemical technology, practical geometry, &c. Altogether there are in this institution twenty-one regular and two occasional professors; two supplementary and nine ordinary masters; six private tutors; seven colleagues and sixteen assistants. The attendance is thus reported:—In the Technical division, 879 regular and 58 occasional pupils; Commercial, 20 pupils; Practical Drawing School, 677 pupils. In addition to these there are 400 auditors.

In this and in other similar institutions drawing obtains constant and careful attention, and that which is even now but little cultivated with us has been for some time a principal study abroad. Teaching by models and apparatus likewise is there the common and successful practice. Specimens of these were to be seen in the Paris Exhibition, and the most complete collection of apparatus for teaching the sciences in connexion with the mechanical arts was that exhibited by the Polytechnic Institute of Darmstadt. These models were adapted in the first series for teaching descriptive geometry. In another series a set of mechanical combinations, made chiefly of iron, were suitable for teaching mechanical movements and the various kinds and actions of machinery. All these are actually working models, and would be invaluable in our science classes as practical illustrations of existing diagrams of the elements of

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mechanism. We might also enumerate several other series of models in the recent exhibition, some consisting of cardboard planes showing the developments of various solids, and others of convenient construction. In the Belgian department an extensive set of models was shown for architectural and constructive science. They comprised 186 models in white wood of the scarfs and joints used in carpentry, and 13 models of arches, staircases, niches, &c. Nearly all of these can be taken to pieces to show the mutual connexion of the various parts.

Those visitors who gave particular attention to objects of this kind in the Paris Exhibition must have been struck with their considerable number, and their applicableness to the urgent wants of our own country. In the department organised under the auspices of the Minister of Public Instruction there was shown an admirable system of scientific drawing designed by Frère Victoris, professor in the Institut des Frères des Écoles Chrétiennes in Paris, and honoured with the gold medal of the Exhibition. The entire scheme is carried out in a course of two years, for each of which there are text-books respectively for the pupils and the teachers. For schools where the classes are so numerous that the master has no time to work out his lessons on the black-board, there are large diagrams. There are models of many kinds, some of which form good studies for artistic as well as scientific drawing. Other architectural models consist of several arches and staircases, with moveable parts, three large planes with objects, such as the capitals of orders, cornices, &c., to be used as studies for the projection of shadows. There are likewise numerous roof-timbers, not merely as trusses, but as portions of roofs, showing the whole assemblage of timbers, which, if produced on a larger scale, would be of great advantage to our science teachers. These are but types and specimens of the series of models and of the whole system, which is complete and thoroughly practical. The institution itself is well worth a visit. It consists, first, of a normal school for training teachers, and has in connexion with it in various parts of France schools representing twelve thousand pupils. Secondly, it possesses a hospital for decayed members. In England this institution is almost unknown.

Such are some of the helps to geometrical, mechanical, and architectural instruction; but there were also in the late Exhibition collections of models and aids for teaching animal and vegetable physiology; foremost among which ranked the anatomical models by Dr. Auzoux, which he terms 'clastic,' from a Greek word signifying to break; because each of his models is composed of several separable pieces, which, as in an actual

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dissection, can be moved and replaced. A very useful set of models for teaching botany was also exhibited at Paris by Robert Brendel, of Breslau, consisting of buds, flowers, fruit, &c., all made of thin metal, coloured after nature, mounted on stands, and arranged both according to the Linnæan and the natural classification.

Returning to England after an inspection of the fully organised institutions to which we have briefly adverted, and of the admirable collection of models in the Paris Exposition, we address ourselves to a re-examination of what we actually have, really want, and must accomplish; and we find that we have little or nothing, need the very instruments to begin our great work of industrial education, and must necessarily commence at once, if by good fortune we may recover some of our lost ground, and take our proper position in the keen international rivalries of trade and manufacture.

We are in want of teachers, of pupils, of books. A sufficient number of competent energetic science teachers has yet to be prepared; scholars there are in the rough by thousands, but they have yet to be attracted to the schools, when teachers are there to instruct them. As to suitable books, those who have examined the capital little manuals of Germany are well aware that we have nothing equal to them. Let every visitor to the South Kensington Museum examine the drawings and plans which M. Schneider, the head of the great manufactory at Creuzot, above noticed, has liberally presented to us, that we may study and copy his excellent system of industrial education. So far as we know, there is not a manufactory in the entire kingdom which can exhibit anything resembling this systematic series.

It seems to us that one of the first things to adopt, or to improve and enforce, in our schools is a good system of scientific drawing, in which, as much as in any one element of technical teaching, we are grievously defective as compared with foreign schools. This, indeed, lies at the root of the entire system of trade and art tuition. Ornamental drawing for decoration is beside our purpose. We lack that which schools abroad abundantly possess, namely, completely organised sets of examples combining the study of drawing with that of construction, and adapted to the various branches of our industries. Our pupils should be taught not only to make a drawing of a machine set up, but also to prepare the working-drawings from which a machine may be constructed, and to affix dimensions. In the Exposition at Paris there was a German work in eight parts, imperial quarto, with folding plates, entitled 'Pattern Drawing

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'for Artisans, adapted for the various Trades.' Each part contained numerous plates of working drawings to scale, of the work of the engineer, builder, tin-plate worker, bricklayer and mason, cabinet-maker, upholsterer, slater, and staircase builder in stone, wood, and iron. We have no such book, and on cabinet-making, for instance, we possess only two works worth mention, and both of these are expensive. Another very useful set of diagrams was exhibited at Paris by the Royal Commissioners for parish workmen's schools in Wurtemberg. These consisted of large lithographs of the most practical kind, and all drawn on the scientific principles adapted for almost every branch of constructive and ornamental work, with details to a larger scale, and broadly coloured.

All who are aware of the existence and operations of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education, will naturally inquire what has been achieved by their influence and aid towards securing the objects for which their department was created, and particularly for the improvement of artisans in technical education? In reply let us look at the result of the efforts first made and now making. The Exhibition of 1851 showed us that in ornamental art as applied to manufactures we were then considerably behind other nations. In truth, however, we were not without taste and skill, but without definite art education. When teachers were trained under the new Department of Practical Art, and spread themselves far and wide through the land, art was made popular and latent taste was evoked. Notwithstanding some failures, it must be admitted that on the whole a considerable improvement has been made in the comparatively short period which has since elapsed. When, however, we turn from the ornamental to the scientific and mechanical branches of industry, we do not find that a corresponding progress has been made. We have science classes, it is true, but they have not as yet wrought out adequate results. If we may rely on Mr. Henry H. Sales, the Visiting Officer to the Society of Arts in Yorkshire, and on the statistics he quotes for Yorkshire and Lancashire, although there was a yearly increase in the total number of pupils, yet this increase was mainly due to the establishment of new classes, and not to a healthy increase of pupils in classes already established.

'By a glance,' says Mr. Sales, 'at the report of the department it will be seen, that in the majority of classes established in 1866, there was a decrease of pupils in 1867. As regards the result of instruction, a pleasing delusion is given by the total number of pupils under instruction, the number of papers worked at the ex-

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amination, amount paid to teachers, and sums awarded in prizes. But let the totals be analysed, the subjects of instruction specified, and the centres of industry noted in which the results are gained, and the delusion will give place to the conviction that notwithstanding all departmental advocacy, the present science classes are exerting but the smallest influence upon the technical education of the country.'

In a detailed statement,* Mr. Sales proceeds to confirm this opinion by an examination of results in Lancashire. By reference to the last 'Science Directory,' it will be seen that out of 47 schools enumerated in the 'comparative statement,' only 33 are returned in the Report of the department for 1866. Of these 33 schools, 18 had a less number under instruction in 1867 than in 1866. The result of one year's indefatigable exertions by the local administrators, in classes existing in the previous year, is unhappily a diminution of pupils in 18 of the total 33 schools, and an increase in 11 only. From the last annual report of the Lancashire and Cheshire Union, the issue of the science examinations in thirteen institutions is, that from science teaching commenced in 1864, and continued to 1867, there appeared 518 successful students in 1864 against 377 successful students in 1867.

In looking at the subjects taught in the Lancashire classes, it is manifest that from even the small benefits secured, there must be a further deduction in respect of the kind of knowledge imparted. One principal subject of tuition is animal physiology, consisting of instruction in human anatomy and physiology, and another is physical geography. These belong rather to general than to technical education, and their excellent adjuncts do not fit the scholar for the industries of Lancashire. Of 52 successful Manchester candidates in animal physiology, 37 were boys in the institution not over 14 years of age.

Yorkshire has considerable advantage over Lancashire in some respects, but a close examination displays great deficiencies. Mr. Sales selects the subjects of instruction, which are common to the two counties, and then institutes a comparison between them. Taking the following subjects as essential—viz., drawing, including design; mathematics and mechanics; light and heat; chemistry and geology; mining and metallurgy, we find that in mathematics and mechanics the results

* Journal of the Society of Arts, No. 789, vol. xvi. pp. 112–115. Mr. Sales's Report on Technical Education in Yorkshire comprises in a few pages many important local details.

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of the examinations are too small for comparison; that the higher mathematics science classes—including algebra, plane and spherical trigonometry, mensuration—have only five successful candidates in England, one in London and four at Plymouth; and the science classes in applied mechanics, requiring a knowledge of the general principles of mechanism, could only produce in England thirty-eight successful candidates; and the same remarks apply to geology, mining, mineralogy, metallurgy, and steam. Not only, therefore, are Lancashire and Yorkshire backward in these important subjects, but also the whole of England. It is lamentable that steam is unknown as a science class subject in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Yet the government syllabus is most comprehensive, treating of the general properties of steam; two different kinds of steam engines; descriptions of boilers; methods of measuring efficiency of steam, and its practical working. It is so natural to conclude that a syllabus indicates what is taught, as well as what ought to be taught, that the majority of those who have seen the syllabus will be quite unprepared for this statement. If we apprehend Mr. Sales correctly, only seven towns in the whole of Great Britain and Ireland are represented in relation to steam as a subject of tuition, and most of the candidates for examination were sent from Plymouth and Hull. Looking at the vigorous efforts made, and to the pretensions which have sometimes been raised on behalf of the Government, we confess that we were quite unprepared for their painful failure:—

'I am not opposed,' concludes Mr. Sales, 'except as regards the tentative nature of the scheme, and the minor arrangements of its details, to the system of the department. On the other hand, I think it requires but very slight alterations to cause it to produce all that is desired for the technical education of the mass of our skilled workmen. The causes of its failure are beyond its control. But I do most strongly object to totals being paraded, which delude those who cannot spare time for an examination of details, and foster the belief that a great work is being done in our science classes, whereas we who are constantly in the midst of educational work, know that the fruit of science classes will be very small until the nation is permeated with primary education of a higher standard than at present exists.'

In December last, the Science and Art Department issued a new proposal, offering to make grants of 5*l.* towards the maintenance of deserving students, from year to year, and other grants of 10*l.* for scholarships, with a view to the further encouragement and diffusion of scientific instruction. They further offer 25*l.* per annum to those who will raise a like sum

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for the maintenance of a student in science at a suitable college or school. The Council of the Yorkshire Board of Education were the first to take advantage of this liberal offer.

No doubt, as we said at the commencement, the basis for any good technical education is thorough elementary teaching; and, as is manifest from the continental schools, the latter must be previously given and required as a foundation. In this article, however, we cannot discuss and illustrate both, and we must therefore regard primary education as a postulate. Still, in our urgent national need, we cannot wait for an improved system of elementary instruction; and we must proceed to the technical without delay, and adapt ourselves, as we best may, to existing circumstances and pressing exigencies.

Although individual inquirers have for many years been directing their efforts to advocate and obtain technical education in England, yet it is only recently that the subject has received wide attention and arrived at the result of combined deliberations. The Society of Arts convened a conference to consider and discuss it in January last, which was attended by many competent and influential persons. It is much to be desired that the committee now appointed to confer with the Government on the steps to be taken, may obtain due attention, and persevere through all discouragements. One of the most hopeful signs of the times is, that artisans themselves are deeply interested in the subject, and assemble for its discussion. The instructive volume of Reports by Artisans sent to Paris, cited at the head of this article, shows that they are observant and reflecting. We should have been glad, had our limits allowed us, to quote several passages from this volume corroborating our own views, and affording useful details of French industry and artisans.

In the present merely deliberative state of the whole question, it is difficult to form sound opinions as to the initiatory measures which should be adopted, especially while the views of practical and eminent men are so diverse and sometimes so conflicting as to details as they now are. We cannot, however, close this article without offering some suggestions which naturally arise out of what has preceded them.

First, as the great universities make or represent the mind of the nation—at least in theory—all possible influences should be brought to bear on them to induce them to foster natural science. There is a growing wish that they would admit science to the same distinctions as classics and mathematics. What they have already done in this direction is as nothing to what they should do. At Oxford the scientific classes are at present

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attended by more than 150 pupils; but although this is encouraging, were fellowships for natural science established at Oxford and Cambridge, students would have a choice of careers, and many would follow the scientific in preference to the classical or mathematical. But as things now are, the great middle schools in our leading towns do not contribute largely to either University. From the collegiate schools, for example, at Liverpool, which number altogether 800 students, not more than five young men are sent to the two universities annually. Unless the latter foster and honour science, provincial schools will rise up and flourish, and throw them into the cold shade in all that relates to the common business of life.

As soon as the new ordinances come into full operation, Oxford will have 300 fellowships, and will annually expend upon them about 90,000*l.* Besides these 300 fellowships, Oxford has 500 scholarships. Some—but far from enough—of these are apportioned to science. Were Oxford deeply conscious of the crying need of technical and scientific education, she alone might lead and benefit the nation. Our universities practically influence and give the tone to our private as well as many of our public schools, and until they take science by the right hand, it is in vain for individuals to attempt to make it prominent and profitable. The great public schools, like Rugby and Harrow (where natural philosophy is now a part of the curriculum), may effect something; but while science is regarded as a mere subsidiary, it will hardly compete with cricket, or perhaps with dancing and fencing. Let but the universities have their science-fellowships and scholarships, and all the public schools would boldly teach it. Notwithstanding the recent considerable improvements at Oxford, it has even now only twelve professors of science as compared with forty-two professors of science at Berlin.

'I contend,' says Dr. Lyon Playfair, 'that experience shows that our great universities are not adapted to the wants of the time, because one-third (I speak from the Oxford reports themselves) of all the 1,700 students attending the Oxford University have to be paid in money for their attendance; that is to say, have to receive scholarships of the average of 80*l.* a year, to induce them to go to the education which they do not find fitted to the ordinary pursuits of life.'

Now, if one third attend only by payment for what is not afterwards profitable, how many may we not suppose would attend if they received similar science scholarships, knowing that the science taught would be afterwards profitable? And as soon as practical science is fully taught and fairly honoured

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at our chief universities, it will receive its proper encouragement in educated society at large.

We have less occasion to urge upon the large public and proprietary schools which educate so many of our boys for commerce and the professions, to adopt scientific education as a part of their curriculum, because they find themselves more and more compelled to take this step. Thus the Cheltenham school offers a basis of general education, and after this branches out into two divisions, one giving higher classical and the other higher scientific culture. That all the leading schools should pursue a similar course is the more necessary, because it appears from the Report of the Public Schools' Commission, that only one-third of all the boys in the great public schools go from them to the universities. These schools, therefore, are the only educators of the two-thirds who pass at once from them into the active pursuits of life. It has been sufficiently shown that a careful scientific training is as effective in developing the faculties of the young mind as any other; and every student of science well knows that an acquaintance with the methods of scientific inquiry and the modes of reasoning to the conclusions of natural science, are most conducive to right and clear thinking on all subjects. Let, therefore, the large schools offer all encouragement to such studies, and the great proportion of youths who at once pass from them into the routine of their future lives will not be wanting in the faculty of judgment and in the powers of perception and application which are essential to success.

Were there at present in existence such a general regard for science as would flow from the course indicated, the establishment of special technical schools for the great mass of our artisans would not be the work of doubt and deliberation which it now is. The great difficulty is that we have to originate and support these schools before the nation at large demands or desires them, and only because the most enlightened artisans do desire and demand them. The nation at large does not know its own defects and necessities; it is scarcely aware of its own decline in some manufactures; it knows not that it is losing in the race, and the deficiencies made apparent by the Paris Exhibition are as yet only familiar to a few, and will now be heard of by many for the first time. In the face, therefore, of ignorance and apathy, of open and secret indifference, we have to awaken a spirit of intelligence, and to create a demand for that kind of education which the best artisans and the most observant inquirers in many directions have agreed with hearty unanimity to be urgently necessary.

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It is frequently said that the Government should initiate this great work by a large and systematic measure, and that such a measure should be founded upon one for more extended and improved primary education. It would not be impracticable to secure plain buildings in most of our manufacturing towns, and to commence industrial schools there on a small scale, enlisting from the first the co-operation of all residents interested in the movement and in the local manufactures. In the first place, we have in London a great establishment in Jermyn Street, which, as concerns its original purpose—viz., a School of Mines—is a lamentable and an acknowledged failure. Locally it lies so far from the mining districts that it would be better at the Land's End; and, educationally considered, it is far above the reach and capacities of the multitudinous class for whom it was designed. There are young men in Cornwall and Newcastle who would gladly attend its lectures, but whose means and circumstances forbid the attempt. Here, then, is a magnificent building, a full museum, and all appliances, and here are professors of eminence and ability unquestioned, supported at the public expense, but doing very little public service. Twice a week the beautiful hall has been lit up at night for the use of the working classes, who may here inspect the geological and other collections, yet sadly empty was the hall on these occasions. We would at once utilise this costly and well-furnished establishment, by making it the heart of technical schools, and the seat of education for a large body of teachers. Promising young men might be selected, and here educated in natural philosophy, chemistry, and geology, together with the elements of certain manufacturing processes. A laboratory, a museum, a library, and spacious rooms are all included under one roof in Jermyn Street, and the other museums in London might be occasionally visited. There is no building in England that could be so readily adapted to this purpose, and there is no public establishment which more imperatively calls for immediate rescue from semi-solitude and neglect. Had it been properly used for the last ten or twelve years, there would have been little more expense, but a considerable and appreciable benefit to the manufacturing and mining classes.

In our greatest towns, especially those which are the seats of manufactures, or border upon them, there are already some schools or colleges which might be adapted at once to systematic technical teaching. At Manchester, for instance, there is Owens College, which is fairly successful, and for the enlargement of which the citizens of Manchester are now endeavouring to raise

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the sum of 100,000*l.* A Professorship of Civil Engineering is about to be founded at this institution, and, either with or without extraneous aid, it will probably become a flourishing establishment, though not wholly technical. In Liverpool there are flourishing schools, including a good mechanics' institution, of which advantage might be taken. At Chester there exists a training college, with a scientific technical school, which is provided with a large laboratory supplied with every requirement in chemicals and apparatus. There is also a department of mechanism in which are many of the component parts of machinery, so arranged that the shafts and wheels fit the respective pieces, besides workshops with lathes, forge, &c. This is a private establishment which might be at once converted into a good central technical school. Though it may have languished as a private enterprise, it would succeed as a public undertaking. We might further point out the present openings and probable facilities offered by several other towns and cities, but it will be sufficient to instance a few. In Glasgow and Dublin technical schools might at once be added to their respective universities. In Leeds, Bradford, and Liverpool there are several minor institutions which might serve as centres of activity, and the same may be said of Birmingham, Bristol, Norwich, and other chief cities. In Bristol, for instance, there is a very satisfactory trade and also a mining school, established at the suggestion of local educationists, and which, although unknown to the world at large, has accomplished pleasing results on a small scale, and has sufficiently proved the value of industrial teaching. There can be little doubt that, if Government would commence the enterprise, the chief manufacturing towns would display a hearty concurrence in that great work, of which the primary benefits would be enjoyed by themselves.

A Commission of Inquiry has been recommended, and it would certainly produce desirable information on many points of detail; but it would be a positive disadvantage if it should lead to delay of action. Already we know too certainly what we lack, and we cannot afford to lose a year in simply making our deficiencies more conspicuous.

An influential committee on education met at Manchester in October last, and prepared an Abstract of a Bill, on which they hope legislative action will be taken in the present Session of Parliament. Should such a Bill pass, either with this or some other measure for improved primary education, it would assuredly be desirable to graft technical education on any general trunk scheme. There might be high schools to

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receive such scholars from the primary schools as would wish to extend their education in place of going immediately to work, and the existing endowed grammar schools would answer this purpose, if additional arrangements were made in them for teaching science and modern languages. Another step in the desired direction would be the establishment of a series of advanced science or trade schools, which would receive all such pupils from the high schools and the science classes as desired to devote themselves to industrial progress. Employers might send to these schools those workmen whom they should find to be particularly fitted for this high class instruction. There are good reasons for endeavouring to unite all educational efforts in the passing of a single bill, and if it were made comprehensive enough to include the kinds of schools just suggested, it is not improbable that it would be carried. Certainly, however, if such a combination of benefits cannot be secured, a measure for technical education only should be proposed.

What this great country has achieved, in spite of the deficiencies which have been noted in the foregoing pages, is wonderful and everywhere acknowledged to be wonderful. If we look on the vast and admirable engineering works as we travel from end to end of the land, and across it in all directions, and if we reflect upon the formidable difficulties which have been overcome in their construction, the scientific knowledge demanded, the accuracy secured, and the mental energy which must have been displayed at every step in the progress of these admirable works, we may well be astonished on the one hand at the powers and prowess of the engineers who have done these things, and on the other hand at the fact that throughout this whole country there has not existed and does not exist a single great college of civil engineering; that there is no large and suitable training school to represent a profession which has changed the aspect and improved the fortunes of this flourishing kingdom. This, however, should not inspire us with confidence for the future. There are those who penetrate with inquiring glance through all our self-delusions, and who prognosticate a certain, if not a rapid decline in our manufacturing and constructive preeminence if we continue to neglect that systematic education, that scientific and industrial training, which has brought and is bringing other nations to our level. Without it we must fail, but with it we shall as certainly recover lost ground, and still continue foremost amongst the first formative and productive nations of the world.

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ART. V.—1. *Memoirs of Baron Bunsen.* By FRANCES Baroness VON BUNSEN. Drawn chiefly from Family Papers. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1868.

2. *God in History; or, the Progress of Man's Faith in a Moral Order of the World.* By the late Baron BUNSEN, LL.D. Translated from the German by SUSANNA WINKWORTH; with an Introductory Letter by the Dean of Westminster. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. London: 1868.

No biography is so attractive and entertaining as that which revives our own recollections of earlier life in relating the life of another, and reflects, as in a mirror, the scattered images of the persons we have known, the events we have witnessed, and the feelings we have shared. It is in this shape that we are first enabled to approach the unwritten history of our own times, and to throw a bridge across the chasm which divides the present from the past. The generations which follow us will, no doubt, be as curious as we are ourselves, to retrace the habits and opinions of their predecessors, and to reconstruct by the aid of memoirs the phase of society in which our lot has been cast. The reader of the present day is better acquainted with the contemporaries of Saint-Simon or Horace Walpole, than he can be with the personages who figured in the reign of George IV. or in the earlier years of Queen Victoria; because on them the sun of history has scarcely risen, and we grope our way to a knowledge of events almost contemporary by the uncertain light of personal recollections. Long before the secret course of those events can be fully disclosed, all those who took a part in them must be removed from the scenes of active life.

It is therefore a piece of rare good fortune when the correspondence of a man, who was familiarly acquainted with all the eminent persons of his time, and who shared with the keenest relish in all its emotions, can be published within ten years of the period in which he lived. Baron Bunsen was preeminently such a man. He was endowed by nature with the warmest and broadest sympathies. His knowledge was vast and varied; to no field of intellectual research was he a stranger; all languages, both dead and living, were as familiar to him as his own; all history, from the mystic annals of the Shepherd Kings of Egypt to the diplomatic transactions of his own day, lay spread, like a map, before him. His sense of art was cultivated and refined. His favourite studies led

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him to explore the recesses of theological and metaphysical lore. He was, so to speak, the child and intellectual heir of Niebuhr — the bosom friend of Arnold, Hare, Maurice, Schnorr, Mendelssohn, the late King of Prussia, Prince Albert, and a host of other remarkable men. He filled, for nearly a quarter of a century, the high post of Prussian Minister, first at the Court of Rome, afterwards at the Court of England, where he conducted the affairs of his government with signal zeal, and took no inconsiderable share in the affairs of Europe. He was in one sense cosmopolitan, for all the active years of his life were spent in foreign countries: no diplomatist ever identified himself more closely with the interests and the society of the states to which he was accredited; and none was ever more cordially adopted by England, to which he in a manner belonged by his marriage, by his strong Protestant convictions, and by his love of freedom. But, on the other hand, he remained throughout preeminently and intensely German; his prodigious literary attainments, his powers of study amidst all the distractions of political life, his modes of thought, his boldness in speculation, and his style, would have made him one of the first of German Professors, if he had not been a considerable German Statesman. His faith in Germany was unshaken by many abortive schemes and many severe disappointments. Frequently in Germany his name was traduced and his purposes misrepresented by a host of enemies, jealous of his extraordinary success in life. But he knew that his passion for the greatness and glory of his country would outlive their hostility; and he swerved never from the great design he had marked out for himself to promote the union of the German nation, to consolidate by free institutions the future power of the German State, and to infuse into his countrymen a spirit of action, commensurate to their achievements in literature, science, and art. To many, no doubt, even in Germany, these volumes will first demonstrate how true a German in heart and life was Christian Karl Bunsen. The political efforts which he made were often not successful; and he died with the melancholy conviction that their failure was chiefly attributable to the unstable character of a Sovereign who had been his benefactor and his friend. Other days, other men, other results have since changed the aspect of Germany for better or for worse; but in this, the hour of Prussia's triumph, let it not be forgotten that no one ever laboured more zealously for her ascendancy than Bunsen—an ascendancy not based on military preponderance alone, but on the consent of a united people.

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These volumes, however, by no means furnish complete materials for the life of Bunsen, either as a thinker or as a politician. The record of his literary labours and opinions must be sought in his voluminous works. The record of his political life is to be found in his private correspondence with Frederic William IV., and in his official communications with the Prussian Government, of which no use could here be made. The work before us is of a more private and personal character. It purports to be a Memoir drawn from family papers. It has been compiled by Baroness Bunsen, his widow—the constant helpmate of all his labours and successes—whose simple-hearted affection gave him a start in life, whose character and judgment considerably influenced his conduct and opinions, and who survives to relate what he was to herself and her family. Such a biography lays no claim to literary elegance. It is written in a homely style, which bears frequent marks of German habits of thought and of the German idiom. But it is all the more genuine and true. It is the picture of the honourable and useful life of a man enthusiastically attached to all that is good and great. And Bunsen's own letters, which form the most important and considerable portion of the whole work, are undoubtedly of the highest interest.

Bunsen was a man of a sanguine and excitable temperament. He had nothing of the torpor which is sometimes ascribed to the Teutonic race. His studies and his learning never fettered his imagination; and his experience as a diplomatist and a man of the world never taught him that caution and reserve which belong to worldly wisdom. He threw himself with passionate ardour into every subject which interested his mind. His sympathy was excited by men of the most varied characters and by researches in the most opposite directions. His confidence was easily won, either by an appeal to his generous nature, or by an idea which captivated his intelligence; the consequence was that he was frequently deceived in his judgment of men and frequently deluded in his judgment of events. Like all optimists, he was surrounded by flattering shadows, which he sometimes mistook for realities; and life to him was embellished with all the colours of youthful imagination. One of his oldest friends at Rome, M. Jankoffsky, said of him, 'I never knew such another child of fifty!' and this childlike disposition formed one of the charms of his character, though it often led him into mistakes and weakened the force of his conclusions. These peculiarities rendered him the most genial of men in domestic life, and they gave a singular animation to his conversation and his correspondence. Had

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he been more addicted to severe habits of reasoning, had he been more capable of discriminating the real and the certain from the creations of the mind, he would doubtless have occupied a higher place in science and literature, he might have rendered more practical services to the government of his country. He felt his own unfitness for administrative work, and he was wont to compare himself to one who should watch before the mast to point out the course of the vessel and mark the signs of the times, though he acknowledged that he was unfit to grasp the helm. But the defects which in some measure disqualified him from the sterner duties of life, and which led him to consume a vast amount of intellectual power in fanciful speculation, only rendered him the more agreeable as a companion. It is in this capacity we have here to deal with him. We shall not attempt to review his writings, or pass a judgment on his theological opinions or his archæological labours. We shall not dissect his political career, which was crossed by many disappointments. But in all the social relations he was a man whom it was impossible to know without affection or to watch without admiration.

'For me,' said Bunsen, writing to one of his sons in 1847, 'God ordained from earliest childhood a rigorous training, 'through poverty and distress; I was compelled to fight my 'way through the world, bearing nothing with me but my 'own inward consciousness, and the firm determination to 'live for my ideal aim, disregarding all else as insignificant.' This description of his earlier condition and his later achievements is not exaggerated. Born in 1791 at Corbach in an obscure Westphalian Principality—bred in poverty, by parents who appear to have had neither the means nor the ability to contribute in the slightest degree to his education or progress in life—left from the earliest age to make his own way by the astonishing vigour of his intellect and the attractive qualities of his nature, Bunsen's success in the world was his own work. He was, no doubt, fortunate in his friendships, in his marriage, and in the affectionate patronage of his future Sovereign. But these connexions were formed by his own merits. And when in after life he rose by speedy steps to positions of extraordinary brilliancy, it must be said to his honour, that he retained the same unshaken reliance on that beneficent Providence which he daily acknowledged as the author of all these blessings, and he preserved in his relations to the great and powerful of this world the same independence of character which marked his entrance upon life.

His father, Henry Charles Bunsen, had served in a regiment

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of natives of Waldeck under the Dutch flag. He retired to his birthplace with a small military pension. He had no other means of subsistence than the produce of a few acres of land and the hard earnings derived from copying legal documents. These were so small that it appears that his whole emoluments from this source in twenty-one years amounted to no more than 3,000 dollars. Christian Charles Josias Bunsen, his illustrious son, was the child of a second marriage, which he contracted in 1790 with a young woman, who appears to have served in the family of the Countess of Waldeck, on the small stipend of 19 florins. From such parents Bunsen had no patrimony to expect, and in fact he passed through life, it would seem, without property, except what he derived from his marriage to Miss Waddington, and from his official emoluments. He was at all times singularly indifferent to money, and though he suffered acutely at times from the absence of that independence which property secures to a man, he never allowed himself to doubt that the wherewithal would some how or other be provided. Contrary to the ordinary experience of mankind, his confidence in this respect was not disappointed, although there is something melancholy in the contrast between his position as a Prussian Minister, the favourite associate of princes and nobles, keeping open one of the best houses in London, and the narrow condition of his private circumstances. With a family of ten children to be provided for, and an office dependent on the will of a capricious Court, we find the amiable authoress of this work grudging herself a new gown or a ticket to the play, whilst she lived surrounded by all the splendour of the highest society.

In 1798 Bunsen was admitted to the grammar-school of Corbach, where he remained eight years, and already began to display extraordinary abilities. Before he was sixteen he had acquired the English and French languages, and when he removed to the University of Marburg, with a purse of 50 dollars in his pocket, and afterwards to Göttingen, his proficiency in the classics was such that it at once procured for him the paternal interest of Heyne. At Marburg he had intended to study for the Church, and indeed once preached a sermon in the church dedicated to St. Elizabeth of Hungary in that city. This was the germ of the theological studies which were the ruling passion of his life. But Göttingen undoubtedly offered superior advantages, and by the use he made of them he was soon enabled to earn a livelihood as an extra teacher in the gymnasium there. Hebrew had been added to his Greek, and he taught both tongues with credit in the schools

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before he was twenty-one. In the same year he published his first work in Latin, an 'Essay on the Athenian Law of 'Inheritance,' for which he received a prize of 25 ducats, and the University of Jena conferred upon him the diploma of a Doctor of Philosophy. The following reflections, addressed to a friend, at this early period of his life, are remarkable from so young a man:—

'It has become clear to me how much a man has need to possess of ethical foundation in himself to be able to assimilate the results of study, so as to preserve them in active life; and I am glad of the warning suggestion as being aware of increasing agitation within, although circumstances demand steadiness of opinion and quick decision. Often does it seem to me as if my endeavours were absurd and must prove vain, as though I had done wrong in attempting to sail through the storms of life in the leaky barque of learned research, or in having armed myself with knowledge as a heavy staff, good perhaps for the purpose of removing some stone of offence, or of striking down some mad dog infesting the rough path, but not of force to secure arriving at the mark, for the sake of which all the labour had been undertaken. In this temper of mind labouring and striving become hateful, and I would rather flee away into the quietest corner of the most insignificant village in order to seek that which is wanting to me. Wherefore all this learning and teaching, listening and searching out what serves not to that end? and why in this place of all others, where men are so quietly merging their whole being into learning, as though it were their means of regeneration? In cheerful moments, on the contrary, I resolve manfully to fight my way through, looking forwards and keeping the aim in view, which is to understand myself and the age, and to apprehend what may be the prime need of each; to minister according to my ability to that need; to separate what ought to be passed over or annihilated; to begin *ab Jove;* to climb in the blossoming time of life the heights of human intelligence, and search out the landmarks of its first achievements:—then to start into active life. With this view, I prefer remaining here, to be enabled to direct my course whithersoever the right opportunity may point out, but not lose myself in mere erudition.' (Vol. i. pp. 30, 31.)

Amongst the group of remarkable men who formed, at the University of Göttingen, friendships with Bunsen, destined to end only with their lives, and who early recognised his intellectual preeminence, two had a marked influence on his subsequent career. The first was Mr. Astor, a son of the well-known American merchant, who had been sent to Germany for his education. Bunsen had at that time conceived a vast plan of study, in the prosecution of which he proposed to establish himself for some years in British India, where he might, if fate had so willed it, have trodden in the footsteps of Jones

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and Colebrooke, or anticipated the labours of Rosen and Max Müller. Mr. Astor encouraged this scheme, on condition that he should go to India by the way of the United States! He also took Bunsen to Paris, where he plunged with ardour into the study of Arabic and Persian under M. Sylvestre de Sacy. The two friends were afterwards to visit Italy together. This plan, however, was interrupted by the sudden recall of Astor to America, and Bunsen found himself alone at Florence, with no very distinct course of life before him. He often reverted in after life, when he revisited Florence in very different circumstances, to this painful crisis of his youth. But help was at hand. He formed an advantageous connexion with a Mr. Cathcart, an English gentleman who read with him at Florence. And soon afterwards he joined his other college friend Brandis at Rome, where Brandis had just been appointed Secretary to the Legation, of which Niebuhr was the head.

In one of his letters he speaks with satisfaction of the 'connexion with Mr. Cathcart, which I look upon as one of the 'most fortunate occurrences of my life;' and he exults in the enjoyment of 'Rome, with all its treasures, still the capital of 'the world;' and of the society of Niebuhr, 'equally sole of 'his kind with Rome; him alone I can acknowledge as my 'lord and master, because his instructions, and his personal 'excellence in every respect, as well as in that of learning, 'stand highest in estimation among all the men I know; he is 'essentially the person to form me into a thorough man and 'citizen of my country: moreover, as regards the realisation 'of my plans to become a Prussian, he is equally the man.'

These occurrences, apparently fortuitous, had a decisive effect on Bunsen's life. Once planted on the soil of Rome and under the eye of Niebuhr, the purposes of his future existence became fixed and definite. There is, he exclaims to his sister, 'but one Rome and one Niebuhr'—the hour and the man were alike propitious to his intellectual culture and to his advancement in life. Niebuhr, on his side, was not slow to discover the powers of his young friend: he shortly afterwards caused him to be attached to the Prussian Mission, in which Bunsen eventually succeeded Brandis as Secretary, and Niebuhr himself as Minister: and thus relieved from the pressure of anxieties of every kind, just as he reached the age of five-and-twenty, Bunsen completed his achievements in that memorable year by falling in love with Miss Waddington, a young English lady of good family and fortune, who returned his affection, and shortly, under the auspices of Niebuhr, became his wife. Never was there a more romantic, or, we hasten to add, a

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happier marriage. We are not surprised at Miss Waddington's choice. Bunsen was at that time in all the splendour of manly beauty—his heart and imagination warm—his intelligence kindled with a flame of knowledge and of noble desires—with the promise of a glorious and useful life before him. A few days after his marriage, he poured forth the full sense of his gratitude and his hopes to Almighty God in the following private prayer, which embodies in a remarkable manner the whole scope and purpose pursued by him in after life.

'Frascati: 19th July, 1817.

'Eternal, omnipresent God! enlighten me with Thy Holy Spirit, and fill me with Thy heavenly light! What in childhood I felt and yearned after, what throughout the years of youth grew clearer and clearer before my soul,—I will now venture to hold fast, to examine, to represent.

'The revelation of Thee in man's energies and efforts, Thy firm path through the stream of ages, I long to trace and recognise, as far as may be permitted to me, even in this body of earth. The song of praise to Thee from the whole of humanity, in times far and near,—the pains and lamentations of earth, and their consolation in Thee,—I wish to take in, clear and unhindered. Do Thou send me Thy Spirit of Truth! that I may behold things earthly as they are, without veil and without mask, without human trappings and empty adornment; and that in the silent peace of Truth I may feel and recognise Thee.

'Let me not falter, nor slide away from the great end of knowing Thee. Let not the joys, or honours, or vanities of the world enfeeble and darken my spirit; let me ever feel that I can only perceive and know Thee, in so far as mine is a living soul, and in proportion as that soul "lives and moves and has its being" in Thee.

'Preserve me in strength and truth of spirit to the end of my earthly existence, if Thou seest good; and should I not finish what I shall have begun, if I attain not that after which I endeavour, let me find peace in the conviction that nothing shall perish which is done in Thee and with Thee; and that what I have imperfectly known, imperfectly conceived, and indistinctly expressed, I shall yet hereafter behold in completeness, in perfection, and in power:—while here some other man shall perfect, by Thy help and blessing, what I in will and deed shall have endeavoured to do. Amen.' (Vol. i. p. 120.)

Bunsen was essentially a man of what the late Mr. John Sterling was wont to call the *theopathic* temperament. His earnest devotion, his entire trust in the Providence of God, which had blessed him with extraordinary gifts and loaded him with benefits, his constant sense of living under 'the great 'Taskmaster's eye,' were rooted in his very nature. Without these feelings he would have been the most miserable of men

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—with them he was one of the happiest. Nor is it here superfluous to remark, that although he lived in an age of sceptical inquiry, and shared largely in the pursuits of his age; although he became a fearless opponent of traditional dogmatism, and rejected as of no account what he regarded as the husks and rinds of religion; his profound sense of religion itself, his faith in the Bible as the revealed Will and Word of God, his love of Christ, transcending all earthly affection, knew neither chill nor change. The boundless stores of his knowledge were not tainted by the spirit of doubt and denial. The varied activity of his life was governed by the central force of his faith. Both as a thinker and a man of the world, his experience demonstrates that the powers of thought and the powers of action are never more intense than when they are animated by the spirit of Christianity.

These sentiments were undoubtedly strengthened by Bunsen's marriage to an Englishwoman. He became attached to the order and beauty of the Liturgical services of the Church of England. He read the Scriptures more methodically. He became more punctual in the outward observances of religion, and the influence of his wife gave more regularity and stability to the natural piety of his character. These habits lasted with him through life, and were conspicuous at its close. They were not shaken by the pride of knowledge or by the pride of life. They caused him, indeed, to be sometimes regarded as a Pietist, a fanatic, and even a hypocrite. But the fervour of religious conviction was, in him, free from the slightest intolerance; his heart and house were open to every man who sought for truth on these great subjects with honesty of purpose; and to his own conscientious sincerity every page of these volumes bears abundant testimony.

The young household was soon established at Rome in the Palazzo Caffarelli, hard by the Tarpeian Rock.

'15th November, 1817.

'From the second story of this Palazzo (where, according to tradition, the Emperor Charles V. was lodged) there is a view all round Rome; on the N. one quarter of the town, with gardens and hills behind; on the W. another quarter with the Tiber; on the S. the ruins of ancient Rome and the Latin mountains, on the side of which lies Frascati; on the E., close to us, the Capitol. The prospect has not its equal, in beauty and interest combined, in Rome, nor, as far as I know, in the world, yet is it little known, the Romans being too lazy to climb the hill. I at once resolved to make every effort in order to have this for a dwelling-place.' (Vol. i. p. 126.)

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Here it was that for one and twenty years Bunsen led a happy and active life. His children were born there. 'The 'home on the Capitol' became the centre of the choicest society of Rome and of Europe. His political relations with the ministers of successive Popes, and with the Popes themselves, were agreeable and even cordial for many years. He followed in the track of Niebuhr across the wide field of historic research and Roman archæology; though, we observe, with a smile, that the works on which he appears at this period to have laboured with the greatest zeal and satisfaction were the compilation of a hymn-book and the arrangement of a liturgy. Amongst the distinguished strangers who visited Rome at this time, his own sovereign, Frederic William III., was the most illustrious; and his future sovereign, then the Crown Prince of Prussia, the most attractive. He thus became personally known to the rulers in whose service he had engaged, and between Bunsen and the Crown Prince a friendship was kindled with all the warmth of personal sympathy. It might literally be said of them, as Saint-Simon sarcastically observed of Fénélon and Madame Guyon, '*Leur sublime s'amalgama.*' They delighted to revel in a world of ideas of boundless extent. The Prince might have derived benefit from a more worldly minister, the minister might have been guided by a more prudent master; and no doubt the time came when the delightful rhapsody of early life shrivelled under the touch of political differences. But in these years the pleasure they felt in their mutual society was unbroken by such anticipations. 'I hun-'ger and thirst after Bunsen,' was one of the expressions which fell from the royal lips; and accordingly when Bunsen first repaired from his post to Berlin in 1827, he met with such a reception as would have conferred honour upon the noblest and the greatest in the land. Such favours had never before been granted to one so humbly born, in the stately chambers of Sans-Souci and Potsdam. 'What more can the 'King do for Bunsen?' said one of the astonished courtiers to a friend. 'Nothing that I know of,' was the reply, 'unless 'His Majesty means to *adopt* him.' It is due to Bunsen to add that these marks of distinction, lavished on him at thirty-four, did not turn his head; that he had the sense to perceive how uncongenial to his nature was the atmosphere of the Prussian Court; that he felt his own unfitness to become a wheel in the mechanism of Prussian administration; and that after a few months' leave of absence, he returned with increased gladness to his 'home on the Capitol.'

The following extract from one of the numerous letters

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written at this time to his wife, who had remained in Rome, is exceedingly graphic and characteristic:—

'7th January, 1828.

'The King has treated me in these latter days with a degree of kindness which I can only term paternal. When I was invited at Christmas-time all believed it was because of my approaching departure, it being the King's custom to invite his diplomatic servants on their coming and going. But, on the contrary, I was again invited on the 30th,—the birthday of Prince Henry—on which occasion the King spoke affectingly of his brother and of his desire to see him. For the 2nd January he invited me himself to dinner at Potsdam and to hear the singing of the Greek Church music, only the Royal Family and Bishop Eylert being present. On that day the King conversed with that peculiar power and just choice of words which is natural to him, whenever not overcast by native shyness. . . .

'On the 6th of January I was again invited, and the King addressed me often at table, speaking of plants and flowers in his garden, and other matters of observation in which he takes pleasure; then after dinner he came towards me and Humboldt, as we stood together, and with a smile said, "The Privy Councillor of Legation Bunsen has ordered the Opera of Alcestis for us this evening." (I had made a request to be allowed to hear that fine work of Glück, and Spontini having made difficulties, the Crown Prince had the kindness personally to order its performance.) The King continued, with occasional pauses, as is his wont—as though he were uncertain how to express himself—"I was determined to be the first to greet you by your new title; it was proposed to me this day by Count Bernstorff, and I have with pleasure granted his request. I am convinced that your zeal and activity in my service will not thereby be lessened." I answered, as you may suppose, in as few words as possible, and the King rejoined in the same tone of commendation as before. . . .

'I did not find Bernstorff alone when I came from the King's table, so I could only express my thanks to him when I called again after the Alcestis. He replied, "I proposed this to the King because you ought to have been thus promoted before, and because I knew that the King would be pleased with the proposal: it is but a little thing for you, but you are aware that steps in advance must be small." I thought in my heart—God forbid that I should look upon any step as a trifle and only be bent upon what is called *rising higher!* I pray to be preserved from longing after more than I have obtained—so much beyond my deserts. My way in life has not been made thus easy that I should dwell upon delights as if they were flowers that spring up beside me, but rather gaze intently upon the serious calling of which I was conscious when, poor and unprovided, unknown and disregarded by the world, I strode forth with the wanderer's staff joyfully into the regions under the blue sky, as my blessed, never-forgotten father, with upraised eyes, pointed it out to me on our parting in 1809, saying, "Behold the

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heavens are blue everywhere!" Should I now forget that calling, or the vow I made in prospect of death during my severe illness? No; I have to call upon God for strength not to belong to those in whom "the cares of this world have choked the good seed." It has been granted to me in the height of ripened manhood, during a very important period, to overlook from a prominent point of vantage my own beloved fatherland, and to discern the nothingness of the individual as such, but the importance of the weakest, if a blessing be given to his smallest endeavours. It has become clear to me that my calling lies in a course of intense labour in the animated solitude of the Eternal City; not in changes and removals, not in "looking back from the plough," but in humility and singleness of heart, proceeding straightforward on the path marked out for me. Help me to pray for the help and strength which the Lord can give.

'The two several Ministerial offices had demurred to the defraying of my expenses for living here as well as those of my journey. I having been too proud to solicit any aid, inquiry was made for me of Prince Wittgenstein. After a day's delay the answer was, "It is "the will of the King that Bunsen should not be a penny out of "pocket. . . .' (Vol. i. pp. 302–304.)

Amongst the questions which had caused Bunsen to be summoned to Berlin in 1827, the most important was that of the relations of the Court of Prussia to the Court of Rome, especially with reference to the great dispute on 'mixed mar-'riages' (between Catholics and Protestants), on which the Romish clergy showed a spirit of intolerance before unknown in Germany. On his return to Rome a Convention was negotiated with the Cardinal Secretary of State, but the Prussian Government hesitated to give effect to this arrangement at the proper time, and the quarrel became more embittered.* Frederic William III. insisted on the rigorous execution of the law, and Baron Droste von Vischering, an intemperate prelate, having been appointed to the See of Cologne, hostilities broke out between the State and the Romish Church.

* To this period, or rather to the years immediately preceding it, belongs the celebrated Conference of the Five Powers on the civil administration of the Pontifical dominions, which took place at Rome in May 1832. Bunsen was the author of the Memorandum adopted by the Conference, in which the Papal government was recommended to adopt a system of civil administration based on the principle of communal freedom. An interesting account of this transaction was written by himself for M. de Parieu in 1859, and will be found in the work before us (vol. ii. p. 544). It is a most creditable specimen of Bunsen's practical sagacity in politics, and it shows how well he foresaw, thirty-five years ago, the difficulties which subsequent experience has not even now removed at Rome.

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'Ten years earlier, everything might have been easy which now proved impossible; but the favourable season had been allowed to pass, and from this time forth the strife of contending elements was unceasing, until Bunsen was in a manner crushed by them, and the blame, chiefly incurred by others, was heaped upon him; but the moment his back was turned upon Berlin, adverse influences hindered all action, and caused the right moment to be lost.

'All efforts of the Government failing to effect a peaceable solution of difficulties, Bunsen was again summoned by the King to Berlin, in the summer of 1837, to give his counsel and assistance in concerting definitive measures. He found the King fully resolved to carry matters with a high hand towards the Archbishop, who was proved to be engaged in violent opposition to the Government, and was accused, on strong evidence, of having entered into the ultramontane combination of the Belgian bishops. Negotiations and conferences proved unavailing. Proposals to the Archbishop to resign his post, or abstain from all exercise of the authority belonging to it, were met with a decided negative. At last, the King caused him to be arrested (on November 20, 1837) and conveyed out of his diocese, never to return. It has been one of Bunsen's misfortunes to be regarded as the instigator of this strong measure; but it is very certain that he found the King and his Ministers resolved upon the point; all he could do was to expend all his powers of persuasion in endeavours to induce the Archbishop to take a more *Prussian* view of his duty: and he afterwards defended the proceeding in a public State paper, characteristic of himself and of the time at which it was written, as it rests upon the assumption of a close alliance between the two Churches in Germany, and of a certain hereditary connexion between "the Church and the State." It may be said to mark a crisis in these views. The Catholic Hierarchy was already labouring to effect the dissolution of this connexion, and it was inevitable that the State should on its own part seek a separation, as soon as its transformation from an absolute into a constitutional form should be complete. The Prussian Government did not indeed give way after this crisis, but the whole affair was felt to be a defeat. No support was found in public opinion. No Parliament existed to take the matter out of the range of international transactions, and settle it by internal legislation. In general, the excitement in Germany at this period was not so much the result of enthusiasm for the Church as of indignation against despotic power. It might well be deemed a tragical fate which thrust Bunsen into a position incongruous to his own nature: often had he exerted himself, incurred reproach, and risked the loss of high favour, by advocating greater freedom for members of the Catholic Church; and just before this very period, the soldiers were relieved from the obligation to attend the Protestant service after parade, at his special and personal request to the King.' (Vol. i. pp. 433–435.)

There can be no doubt that Bunsen was placed in a false position throughout these transactions. His own opinions were

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strongly Protestant, but he had no intolerant feelings towards his Catholic fellow-subjects, and he had been on good terms with the Papal Government. At Berlin his moderate counsels had not been followed: at Rome his moderate assurances were not believed. The result was that he paid the penalty of the mistakes of others. He speaks, however, somewhat boastfully, in a letter written to Dr. Arnold at the time of his own share in the transaction:—

'Ranke, Raumer, and the whole public, as well as the Prince Royal, are *with me*. There is a general feeling of joy that the Prussian Eagle has at length made the stroke of his pinions audible; his enemies believed he had lost the energy for doing so! I hope he will not fall into slumber again.'

His triumph, if it were his, was of short duration. He was sacrificed to the violent reaction which took place in public opinion; and in 1838, after nearly twenty-two years' service in Rome, he received an intimation that he was relieved from his post, and ordered to take leave of absence for a journey to England. Thus ended his Roman mission and his family life in Rome. In justice to Bunsen, the following passage from a letter written by Lord Clifford, an eminent English Catholic, at that time, deserves to be quoted:—

'I must continue to contend that it is not just to charge you with the ill success of the affairs with which you were entrusted by your Sovereign in 1827. You have, in my opinion (humble and worthless as it is) conducted them so as to have opened the eyes of Europe to her real interests on a most essential point of social order; and if it be true, that your retirement at present may be of service in allaying animosities, excited by the exposure of defects in the present system of ecclesiastical affairs in Germany, of which the remedy was hopeless till the evil had been exposed to view; it is certainly no less true, that you may retire with the gratifying conviction, that you have rather facilitated than impeded, to those who have the power of applying a healing balm and an efficient remedy to those evils, their bounden duty.

'In these sentiments I beg to be permitted to subscribe myself once more, my dear Sir, your faithful friend and servant,

'CLIFFORD.'

Bunsen arrived in England, for the first time, on his birthday, the 25th of August, 1838. But he was already no stranger to this country. His wife and her family belonged to it. At Rome he had long since contracted intimate friendships with Dr. Arnold, the Hares, Mr. Pusey, Mr. William Hamilton, and many other eminent Englishmen. The controversy with the Court of Rome, in which he had been engaged, caused him to be regarded as the champion and the martyr of the

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Protestant cause. Exeter Hall rejoiced at his coming. Lord Ashley was his herald; and the strong religious principles which he avowed endeared him to the Low Church party of that day and the Quakers. With characteristic enthusiasm he threw himself at once into the discussions of the time, especially on religious subjects. His first care was to vindicate the policy of the Prussian Government in the Cologne affair against the attacks of O'Connell, and for this purpose he put himself in communication with the leading English Reviews, and supplied them with abundant materials for the elucidation of the question. Mr. Newman and Mr. Faber were beginning to write, and Bunsen instantly discovered and denounced the tendencies of their party in Oxford to pervert the spirit of the Reformation and of the Church of England. Mr. Gladstone had then just published his volume on 'Church and State,' which called forth the following observations from our newly-arrived Prussian visitor:—

'I read in London Gladstone's book in the night and following morning of the day it was published. It appears to me the most important and dignified work which has been written on that side of the question since Burke's "Considerations." Gladstone is by far the first living intellectual power on that side. He has left his schoolmasters far behind him, but we must not wonder if he still walks in their trammels—his genius will soon free itself entirely—and fly towards heaven with its own wings. I have sent my copy with some hundred marginal notes and effusions of heart to the Crown Prince of Prussia. You will see, my thoughts run in the same channel with Gladstone's; his Church is my Church, that is, the Divine consciousness of the State—a Church not profaned and defiled either by Popery or the unholy police regulations of the secular power. I have no doubt that the Church of England as she is and may be, according to her nature and history, is this consciousness for England. What then is to be done in England for promoting the Kingdom of Christ within and through the national life, must be done within that Church and by her—or you destroy either Christ's Kingdom or the national life, or both. So far I go with Gladstone. But I add: precisely then because such is the position of the Church and the condition of Christ's Kingdom in this realm of England, let us see who represents her most fairly?—your friends? or who? What is her ideal and what her real state? What are you to look for, in order to bring the first nearer to the second, as far as the times allow, and not less than they command? Do the clergy form the Church? Are "the Fathers" fetters or wings? Is tradition and Church-government to be understood in a Judaic sense or not? Is the Church of Scotland only to be supported as a necessary evil? Is she really no Church? These and similar questions I have a mind to ask him, in one way or other. I know him personally from the time of his visit to Rome.'

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'Llanover, 26th December, 1838.

'I have sent Gladstone's work with my *postilla* to the Crown Prince. It is—in its principal bearings—second only to Burke's "Considerations" in my opinion; still he walks sadly in the trammels of his Oxford friends in some points, e.g., the Apostolical Succession as identical with the continued series of Bishops, although there be a duly ordered presbyteral order, of which (as it is so easy to prove) the episcopate is merely a *branch*, apostolical but not scriptural; primitive, but introduced into Church government *paulatim* (as St. Jerome says), in the progress of time, not at once. I wonder Gladstone should not have the feeling of moving on an *inclined plane*, or that of sitting down among ruins, as if he were settled in a well-stored house. The reason of these defects in his book I ascribe to the want of a deeper philosophy. It is the deficiency of the method of *handling ideas* in this blessed island which makes it so difficult for your writers, political and ecclesiastical, to find the seeds of regeneration in your own old blessed institutions, which to *preserve* you must *reconstruct*. This operation requires that the eternal *spirit* should be drawn out of the decaying or decayed *letter*, and Sir Humphry Davy did not teach you that. How wonderful that separation is between *real life* and *ideal thought!* One ought to be the image and *Abglanz* of the other; and yet we, Germans, find it so difficult to construct reality with our ideal thoughts, and you English to see our great reality in the light of that thought and to sublimate it (*verklären*) into that spirit which it embodies and which to incarnate is the only good reason for its existence.

'I wish I could give you an adequate idea, what a power the intuition of English life exercises over me. Never have I felt it so easy and delightful to fly on my native *German wings* as in the elevating and buoyant atmosphere of English domestic and public life. At Munich I found, for the first time after many years, leisure and inspiration again for the highest speculative activity; but it is now only when the other *pole* of my existence has been electricised by England that I feel the new action which Schelling has given to my intellectual life. I wish I could now do something to embody this *vita nuova* in a worthy form.' (Vol. i. pp. 492–494.)

The following passage expresses with great vivacity the intense excitement with which he threw himself into the public life of England, and the hearty acceptance he found in English society:—

'Lord Melbourne complained of me at Lord Holland's, saying, "Bunsen is setting up the country against us—his article in the 'Quarterly' is in everybody's hands, and makes people mad." Bülow endeavoured to soothe, saying, "that *I* had not *written* it, that the article was good and true, and he, Melbourne, would ruin himself and colleagues by opposing its cause." Melbourne thereupon softened, but added, "All the young people are growing mad upon religion—W. C., too, who preaches that article."

'*Wednesday.*—My first Parliamentary night is past. Pusey ar-

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rived by 7—after we had dined he thought it was too late for the Lords—so we went together to the Commons, when the usher gave me a place on the benches opposite to the Speaker, behind the Members. O'Connell had just finished his speech, and Peel rose. You will read his speech, and how unmercifully he plucked the Member for Kendal. Then I heard Lord John: the others were nothing. It was skirmishing: the two protagonists did the business well. Lord John is no orator, but speaks and answers well. I wish you could form an idea of what I felt. I saw for the first time *man*, the member of a true Germanic State, in his highest, his proper place, defending the highest interests of humanity with the wonderful power of speech—wrestling (as the entire vigorous man instinctively wishes), but with the arm of the Spirit, boldly grasping at, or tenaciously holding fast power, in the presence of his fellow-citizens, submitting to the public conscience the judgment of his cause, and of his own uprightness. I saw before me the Empire of the world governed, and the rest of the world controlled and judged, by this assembly: I had the feeling that had I been born in England, I would rather be dead than not sit among them and speak among them. I thought of my own country, and was thankful that I *could* thank God for being a German, and being myself. But I felt also that we are all children on this field in comparison with the English: how much they, with their discipline of mind, body, and heart, can effect even with but moderate genius, and even with talent alone! I drank in every word from the lips of the speakers, even those I disliked. Not long did I remain unobserved: Sir Thomas Acland came up to me, Milnes, and Tom Acland, and when we were turned out by the division, others came to propose to me to wait and walk home with them. It was then eleven; at half-past the stream flowed out. I lost Pusey, and took my stand by Acland's *cloak*, where Sir Thomas discovered me, and brought me to Sandon and Sir Robert Inglis—Sandon, with the old good face again. Sir Robert went home, the rest brought me to the Athenæum, where I found Lord Adare, and we began to discuss on Church and State. My turn came, too, and I had a good hearing. We sat together till past two, and, as Sandon said, had a *little* House after the *great* one. We roamed about, first bringing Sir Thomas home, who finding the house dark, began to sing "Gaudeamus igitur," as a serenade for Tom, when Sandon stopped the singing, saying they must behave better the first day, so as not to be taken into custody.' (Vol. i. pp. 499, 500.)

The journals and correspondence in which Bunsen recorded his first impressions of England are the most delightful portions of this book. It was the first time that he found himself launched in the broad society of a free people. Hitherto he had lived in the cell of a student, the closet of Potsdam, or the retreat on the Capitol. England awakened all his sympathies and all his powers. His biographer remarks:—

'This period of residence in London was in many respects a

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climax in life to him. Never could a more decisive opportunity have been granted to a man for experiencing and actually measuring, what his own personal place was in society, reckoned according to moral weight and intellectual ascendancy. He may be said to have been the object in England of the homage of a nation, eagerly and affectionately granted to himself alone, in the face of circumstances which might have proved adverse. He had arrived, to all appearance, a man of ruined prospects and broken fortunes: supposed to have no chance for the future but through the favour of his own Government which he seemed to have forfeited: yet hailed and cherished as he was in the first instance, by the friends who had learned to love and value him in Rome, their animated interest in him, and their persevering kindness, by degrees brought from all sides, characters, the most various as well as distinguished, within the sphere of his influence.' (Vol. i. p. 527.)

Every day was marked by some delightful incident. He spent a month with Arnold at Foxhow; he accompanied Mrs. Fry to Newgate; he dined with Rogers, with Lord Stanhope, with Lord Palmerston, and at every agreeable house in London; and when he left us, after a sojourn of thirteen months, he exclaimed that the poetry of life was departed.

The Prussian Government, doubtless somewhat ashamed of its conduct to Bunsen, and somewhat influenced by the Crown Prince, offered him the mission to Switzerland, as a temporary provision; and he repaired in the autumn of 1839 to the Hübel, near Berne, reluctantly, but with confidence in the future. Nor had he long to wait. In June, 1840, his friend the Crown Prince succeeded to the throne. Bunsen exulted in the promise of the new reign, from which he anticipated the realisation of all that was good and great for Germany, in Church and State; and it was only the slow and sad experience of years which convinced him that these hopes were built on sand, and that the Prince whom he loved and admired as a man, had none of the qualities of a great sovereign. But, as we have already hinted, discrimination of character was not one of Bunsen's gifts, and his imagination frequently deluded him by throwing a halo of light over those whom he regarded with affection.

It was not till April, 1841, that he was summoned to the new Court of Berlin, to receive from his sovereign the most agreeable temporary mission that could be entrusted to him, for it sent him back to England, and this time in an official character. But the object of the mission was so strange, and we might almost say so grotesque, that on looking back to the details of that period, we are amazed that Bunsen should have entered into the views of the King, and still more amazed that the plan should have been seriously entertained by English

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statesmen, and finally sanctioned by an English Act of Parliament. The following letter from Bunsen to Perthes states the object of his journey:—

'London, 12th October, 1841.

'The King has from early youth cherished the idea of amending the condition of Christians in the Holy Land; where, as throughout the Turkish Empire, the position of all Christians is altogether ignominious, and that of Protestants doubly so.

'The Treaty of July 15, 1841, appeared to him to indicate that the Princes of Christendom considered it to be their duty to remove this disgrace. He would have much preferred that this object should have been effected by all the Christian Powers acting together, and to have seen it so effected that the Holy Places should have been given over into Christian hands, without interfering with Turkish supremacy; but that proved impossible. Then I was called; the chief points were as follows:—

'A negotiation jointly with the English Government, in Constantinople, to obtain the acknowledgment of a Protestant body, as such, in the Turkish Empire; and a confidential negotiation with the heads of the Church of England, desiring of them the establishment of a Bishopric in Jerusalem, with which other Protestant Christians might connect themselves.

'You must feel that the first condition of that recognition (by the Turkish Government) is that we appear as an unity. This seemed only to be possible by forming a connexion with the establishment already made and possessed there by an English society (that for a mission to the Jews) on Mount Zion—it was here that in 1839 a piece of ground not far from the sepulchre of David was purchased, upon which immediately a dwelling for the mission, a hospital, and school were erected, and the foundation laid for a church. The matter to be accomplished was the converting this private establishment into a national and universal Christian foundation; and that could only be effected by the founding of a Bishopric by the Church of England.' (Vol. i. pp. 599, 600.)

We shall spare the eminent men who were induced to lend themselves to this strange proposal, the ridicule which attaches itself to an abortive scheme. It was a diplomatic romance; but even Lord Palmerston observed, 'that every Englishman 'must rejoice at the idea of such an arrangement,' and hoped there would be no serious difficulties at Lambeth.

'*Monday, 19th July*, 1841.—This is a great day. I am just returned from Lord Palmerston; the principle is admitted, and orders to be transmitted accordingly to Lord Ponsonby at Constantinople, to demand the acknowledgment required. The successor of St. James will embark in October; he is by race an Israelite—born a Prussian in Breslau—in confession belonging to the Church of England—ripened (by hard work) in Ireland—twenty years Professor of Hebrew and Arabic in England (in what is now King's College).

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So the beginning is made, please God, for the restoration of Israel. When I read with the warm-hearted, clear-headed Lord Ashley the translation of the Minute of which I send you a transcript, he exclaimed, "Since the days of David, no King has ever spoken such words!" It was his fortunate idea that directed the choice of the future Bishop.' (Vol. i. pp. 608, 609.)

The King's reply was in the following terms:—

'*Sans Souci, 12th August.*—In thanking you, my dear Bunsen, for letters so unspeakably remarkable, and to be rejoiced in, I embrace you as one whose work and task God has blessed.

'May God grant to your measures and to your words the blessing of success for the present and the future. Amen! FR. WILHELM.' (Vol. i. p. 612.)

The appointment of the 'successor of St. James' was celebrated by a dinner at the Star and Garter, where Mr. Gladstone made an exquisite speech, and patriotic songs were sung. Sir Robert Peel granted a steamer to convey the new bishop to Joppa, with a suite of from sixteen to twenty souls. It does not seem to have occurred to any of these distinguished individuals that a bishop of the Church of England derives his legal powers from the law of England, and that the law of England is of no effect except within the realm of England. To pass an Act of the British Parliament to give episcopal powers to a German clergyman in Palestine, was therefore simply *extra vires*, and a nullity. The same defect which has since been found to vitiate Letters Patent granted to Anglican bishops in British colonies, having independent legislatures, existed *à fortiori* in the case of bishops sent to foreign countries. The Church of England has no prelates *in partibus infidelium*.

The success of Bunsen in this strange negotiation had, however, important results to himself. It proved that he was not disinclined to promote the King's personal views, which indeed he shared, and it proved also that he had acquired a position and influence in English society, which had never before been possessed by a German diplomatist. Frederic William IV. hesitated between the desire to attach Bunsen to his government, by giving him a ministerial office in Berlin, and the evident expediency of having so competent a representative in London. The King was no doubt sincerely anxious to promote a cordial understanding with this country. The recent events of 1840 had shown that he might need our support against French pretensions on the left bank of the Rhine. He admired the Queen, he respected Prince Albert, and he clung fondly to the idea of a connexion between the great Protestant Powers. To promote these objects, who was so fit as Bunsen,

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the man after his own heart? At Berlin people grumbled at the idea of sending so plebeian an ambassador to the most aristocratic country in Europe, and at the strange preference which conferred the greatest prize in the service on a man who had just suffered a serious check in his negotiations. Under these circumstances the King adopted the unusual expedient of submitting to the Queen of England three names, of which Bunsen's was one, and Her Majesty was requested to choose the Prussian Minister in England from this trio. Lord Aberdeen was instructed to reply that 'We had rather keep what we have 'got;' and thus Bunsen became the Prussian Minister at the Court of St. James, and was shortly afterwards installed in one of the splendid mansions of Carlton Gardens. In January 1842 the King of Prussia came himself to Windsor, to be present at the baptism of his godson, the Prince of Wales, and thus his new and chosen representative was launched at this Court under the immediate auspices of his own sovereign.

On casting a retrospective glance at what the society of London was five and twenty years ago, we are sometimes tempted to exclaim with Edmund in King Lear, that 'we have 'lived out the best part of our lives!' and if we were asked to name the most brilliant period in the present century, for this country, we should place it between the accession of the Queen and the outbreak of the Crimean War. A youthful and engaging sovereign had just ascended the throne, to the unbounded joy of her people; she had contracted an alliance with a Prince whose talents and virtues were on a par with his fortunes. During one half of this period Sir Robert Peel was at the head of a great Administration, which, though Conservative in name, was steadily engaged in promoting the work of commercial and financial reform and of internal improvement; during the other half the conduct of affairs devolved, with equal credit and with greater consistency, on Lord John Russell and his colleagues. The foreign policy of Lord Palmerston in 1840 had given to England great influence in Europe; the foreign policy of Lord Aberdeen cemented our alliances with the continental States. An immense intellectual movement pervaded the country. Parliament rang with the eloquence of great orators. Society was animated and refined, for when shall we hear again at the same dinner tables the wit of Sydney Smith, the inexhaustible conversation of Macaulay, and the wisdom of Hallam? The fine arts were cultivated with success. The triumphs of peace and civilisation culminated in the Great Exhibition of 1851; and it was even believed that an era of perpetual amity had dawned on the world.

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Such was the period and such the country in which Bunsen was sent to play no inconspicuous part. He was equal to the occasion. His house became the resort not only of the official world and of the best company in England, but of all that were most distinguished in letters, in knowledge, and in taste. It was a neutral ground, where politicians forgot their differences, and where national prejudices were effaced. His hand was ever ready to welcome and to encourage every rising reputation. His aid was never withheld from any object which tended to the diffusion of knowledge and the advancement of society. Above all he laboured with success to bring into a closer union the mind of Germany and the life of England. He was the representative not only of his sovereign but of his nation; and in those years our intercourse with the cognate nations of Central Europe was not restricted to diplomatic courtesies or official intercourse.

The second volume of these Memoirs is in great part a record of these interesting and eventful scenes. We are embarrassed by the multitude of topics which suggest themselves —far too numerous for quotation—and we doubt not that our readers will prefer to follow them in Madame Bunsen's own pages. We shall content ourselves with a single incident, which is very characteristic of the relations Bunsen had established with our gracious Sovereign, the Prince Consort, and her Ministers. It occurred in 1847.

'The following transaction referred to a private letter of the King, addressed to Queen Victoria, which it was his desire that Bunsen should deliver in a private audience to Her Majesty: at the same time Bunsen was informed by a letter from the King to himself, that the subject of the communication was political, relating to Neufchâtel. Bunsen having requested instructions from Prince Albert, received in reply an invitation in the name of the Queen to come immediately to Osborne House, in company with Lord Palmerstone (to whom Her Majesty's invitation was simultaneously despatched), that the letter might be read without infringement of constitutional rules. This statement will account for the emotion with which Bunsen announces having safely steered between conflicting difficulties.

'*Bunsen to his Wife.*

'Osborne House: Sunday, 5th December, 1847.

'My Beloved.—God be thanked! All right! Better than could be hoped! I delivered my letter last night, in private audience, to Her Majesty—not speechless, but without a speech—after eight, before dinner.

'I had desired Lord Palmerston to tell me what he wished me to

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do. As an abstract Whig, he said, "It was unheard-of, quite unusual, that a foreign Sovereign should write to the Sovereign of England on *politics*." "But," said I, "you praised the Queen and Prince Albert for their excellent letter on politics to the Queen of Portugal." "Yes, but that was between relations." "And this between friends. But you are informed of the arrival, and of the contents of the letter, and will learn all that is in it. I shall, in handing over the letter to the Queen, say nothing but a few complimentary phrases, and plead the King's cause in the way the Queen will direct, in your presence the next day. Will that do?" "Perfectly," he replied. And so I did. The Queen read the letter before dinner, and came down ten minutes before nine. After dinner, Prince Albert told me that the Queen and he had had Lord Palmerston with them before dinner (from six to eight), and that we should to-morrow settle the answer. In the morning, the Prince translated the political part of the letter into English, and then discussed with Lord Palmerston the heads of an answer. Then I was called in to see the letter, and plead the King's cause, for which I was quite prepared. We all agreed:—

'1. That conferences on Swiss affairs, on the basis of mediation between contending parties, were out of the question now. But the Queen wished to say (and Lord Palmerston saw no harm in it) that she *would* have accepted Neufchâtel in preference to London, as a place of conference, if it could still be thought of.

'2. That (as I had proposed) the Neufchâtel affair was now the object with respect to which her Majesty would try to be of use to her friend and brother. (I had demanded mediation with arbitration, between Neufchâtel and the Federation; but Palmerston observed, "That could only be done upon the ground of general treaties, and then the three other Powers would come in too, and spoil the whole.") So I was to be satisfied with "*bons offices*," in consequence of the instructions already given to C., "based upon the detailed Memoir written by your Majesty's faithful *Bunsen*, as your Majesty allows me to call him." Circumstances would show what further could be done.

'This the Queen will write *in English*, beginning and end in German. I ought to add, that she answers, besides, to the point, on the coming forward of the German Confederacy in a worthy manner on this occasion. She says, "She and her Government wish nothing better; but as the only point now in discussion resulted from general treaties not regarded by the Confederacy, this was perhaps not the right opportunity. (Of course there are weighty reasons against it besides.) But that she was sure the English public would with great sympathy see the German Confederation take a prominent part in European affairs—only that it would make a very material difference in their eyes, if the councils of Germany were directed by the enlightened Cabinet of Berlin, and not by Prince Metternich."

'All this is now already written out fair, by Prince Albert, under Lord P.'s revision, for the Queen, who will write it herself to-morrow, when the letter will be despatched by express messenger. As soon

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as we hear what the Diet of Berne has decreed against Neufchâtel, Lord P. and I shall confer further.' . . .

'If the "ground swell" was strong in the mind of Bunsen during this occasion, of experiencing the accustomed gracious kindness of the Queen and Prince Albert at Osborne, his return from thence in company with Lord Palmerston was attended by serious commotion of the elements without. In the boat which brought them to the shore, Lord Palmerston was requested to take the helm, as it would seem, to enable all hands to help in rowing through the unusually rough sea. Bunsen observed, that he had not been before aware of the necessary connexion he now observed between *steering the vessel of the State*, and steering a common boat—to which Lord Palmerston answered, "Oh! one learns boating at Cambridge, even though one "may have learnt nothing better." They landed in safety, but the train was gone. Lord Palmerston declared that he *must* return to London on pressing business, and *must* have a special train. The railway officials protested that the risk of collision was too great for them to undertake. Lord Palmerston insisted, "On *my* responsi- "bility, then!" and thus enforced compliance, although everyone trembled but himself. The special train shot past station after station, and arrived in London without causing or receiving damage, the Directors refusing all payment from Lord Palmerston, as having transgressed all rules in order to comply with his desire, and considering themselves overpaid by the happy result, and their own escape from serious blame.' (Vol. ii. pp. 150–152.)

The relations which gradually established themselves between Bunsen and the most illustrious persons of the Court were peculiar and unprecedented. He thus describes to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Waddington, one of his visits to Windsor, in 1846:—

'I was invited to Windsor Castle to spend the birthday of the Prince of Wales, for the first time, as it is not usual with the Queen to have foreign guests on that occasion. In the morning I accompanied the royal party to the terrace, to see the troops, who fired a *feu de joie* in honour of the Prince of Wales, who enjoyed it much, in extreme seriousness, and returned duly, by a military salute, the salutation he received as the colours passed. I inquired of Prince Albert whether he had formed any idea as yet of his position, at this early age (five years). He told me that last month in travelling through Cornwall, he had asked for an explanation of the cheers accompanying the cry of "The Duke of Cornwall for ever!"—when Prince Albert informed him that there had been, long ago, a great and good Prince of Wales, called the Black Prince, who was also Duke of Cornwall, and he had been so beloved and admired, that people had not forgotten him, and the title being given to the eldest son of the Sovereign, together with that of Prince of Wales, it ought to teach him to emulate the merits of that great Prince, in order to be equally beloved and remembered.

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'I had brought with me German books for the children, and received permission to present them. The Queen brought the Royal Family into the corridor after luncheon, on purpose to give me that opportunity. The Prince wanted to have the pictures explained, and I *sat on the floor* in the midst of the group; we all spoke German, and the Princess Royal, by desire of the Queen, read a fable out of one of the books perfectly well. The Queen often spoke with me about education, and in particular of religious instruction. Her views are very serious, but at the same time liberal and comprehensive. She (as well as Prince Albert) hates all formalism. The Queen reads a great deal, and has done my book on the "Church of "the Future" the honour to read it, so attentively, that the other day when at Cashiobury seeing the book on the table, she looked out passages which she had approved, in order to read them aloud to the Queen Dowager.' (Vol. ii. pp. 120, 121.)

The ties, both personal and political, which united Bunsen to Prince Albert were of a still closer nature. He supplied, in the purest form, that German element in society which was most congenial to the Prince. Bunsen's intimacy with Baron Stockmar had opened to him the doors of the Palace. He was cordially received there at all hours, and on the footing of a private friend.

'I may read,' he says, 'at the Foreign Office whatever I wish to see. With Aberdeen I have *les petites entrées;* also to Prince Albert when in London, regularly towards eleven o'clock in the morning, towards six in the afternoon, privately, and between times by means of writing. I am informed of everything.'

The Prince had taken his own secretary and librarian from Bunsen's household. To Prince Albert no subject was indifferent, and he delighted to follow Bunsen in the vast range of his literary researches. But the most powerful common interest that united them was their sympathy in the cause of German Unity and in the progress of constitutional liberty in Germany. The following letters to Baron Stockmar, written as late as the year 1852, express Bunsen's sentiments of regard to England, to the English Court, and to his own country:—

'London: New Year, 1852.

'Joy and well-being in the great and threatening year 1852, be to my dear friend Stockmar! shall be my first greeting in the "sacred hour of prime." I believe in God and in Germany, and then also in the vital powers of the principles of the English Constitution; and nobody rejoices more than I do in the grand and high reality (single in its kind, however, since King William of Orange) of the royal pair on the throne of Great Britain. If England and Germany remain united, what can the power of evil effect? You and I feel alike in protesting against the principle of death, in

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prætorian imperialism, and in democratic police centralisation. And, lastly, we are agreed in the resolve to exert all the strength that is in us, to the end that neither superstition nor infidelity, neither priestcraft nor atheism, shall rule over the people.

'That for this purpose light from above may be granted, by guidance of which the iron rule of the dark despot, Self, may be broken through, and the reality of freedom evolved,—and, besides, that we and all who are dear and precious to us may be preserved in health,—is the wish uttered in fulness of heart, to a dear friend, by

'BUNSEN.'

'Sunday morning: 18th January, 1852.

'As I was on the way to your door in the Palace yesterday morning, I saw the Prince hastening in the same direction, and therefore I withdrew without having told you how much the living with you in these latter days has refreshed me. You will feel that, when you consider that I am under no illusion as to the condition of things at Berlin, and in the whole of Europe: of which you will be yet more aware when you read what the Spirit has moved me to say as to the confusion and destitution of the spiritual condition in the whole of Europe. It was with a solemn consciousness that I paced up and down, before breakfast (at Windsor Castle), in the fine corridor, and beheld the sunshine with the clearest blue sky above the towers and turrets: meditating upon the happiness that dwells within those walls, founded in reason and integrity and love,—a pattern of the well-ordered and inwardly vigorous and flourishing life that spreads all around, even to the extremities of the great island. And further off did I hear the roaring of the storm that sweeps now over the Continent, and threatens our ever-beloved fatherland. And in that fatherland dwells also a noble people, a great people, full of grand recollections and of the germs of future life—and a King, whose energies are so high and noble:—and yet all causes are dragging us within the compass of the whirlwind of confusion and destruction! A blessing upon those walls, and the life within and around them. It is a consolation that such a spot should exist on earth; and I am thankful to have seen it, and for all the goodness and kindness I have there experienced.' (Vol. ii. pp. 275, 276.)

Already in 1846, the combined influence of the Prince and Bunsen, backed by the mature wisdom of Sir Robert Peel, who more than once remarked 'that kings were apt to postpone 'concessions till it was too late to make them,' had been exerted to urge Frederic William IV. to proclaim the long-promised Constitution. It came at last, soon to be followed by the tremendous events of 1848, which shook the Prussian throne and drove the Heir Presumptive to seek a refuge in Bunsen's house in this country. The agitation of Germany increased, and Bunsen thought he discerned in the signs of the times the realisation of his long-cherished hopes, when the

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Imperial Crown was tendered to the King by the Jacobin Assembly at Frankfort. One of the finest letters Bunsen ever wrote is that in which he attempts to vindicate to a sceptical English friend, the sacred origin of the movement in Germany; and though he admits that no man in England could be brought to believe in its success, his own faith was long unshaken. At one time we think that he was himself elected to the Frankfort Parliament as member for Schleswig, and he had undoubtedly espoused with all the vehemence of German popular feeling that most unrighteous design for the seizure and incorporation of the Duchies, though this subject is, we observe, not adverted to in the work before us. Bunsen had been designated as German Minister of Foreign Affairs, though when pressed he resolved, very wisely, to adhere to the Prussian service. But he visited both Frankfort and Berlin during these transactions, and the following page tells the result:—

'I departed from Frankfort, February 10th, in joyful thankfulness for the success of my negotiations, for all the kindness I had found, and for the consolation and confirmation of belief, which I had obtained as a provision against the awful future, in the heart of the German nation. Never had I been possessed with a clearer intuition of the fact that Germany is *one* country, and that Germans have the destination, the means, the strength, and the courage, to become the first nation of Europe.

'On Sunday morning, February 11th, at half-past seven, I was again at Berlin. I wrote *directly* a report to the King, that I might not later have to write one in greater detail. With respect to the Schleswig affair, I said that the King's peaceable intentions and proposals had met with a willing and cheerful acceptance. As to Germany, I stated five propositions as decided: the hereditary principle; the revision of the Constitution, yet without adjournment; the necessity that Prussia should declare herself, in the spirit of the Circular Note of January 23rd, ready to take the lead (without Austria) in the Federal movement, at the same time leaving it to every other member to enter into it or not; lastly, urging that the lever of Frankfort should not be broken. When I now read through the four pages of this letter, and contemplate the course of the last two months, my heavy heart is yet more weighed down.

'The King answered me instantaneously and in haste, the same day, that of all that he would do nothing; the course entered upon was a *wrong* done to Austria; he would have nothing to do with such an abominable line of politics, but would leave that to the Ministry (at Frankfort): whenever the *personal* question should be addressed to *him*, then would he reply as one of the Hohenzollerns, and thus live and die as an honest man.

'Very soon after I received from the Ministers the commentary to this utterance. As soon as I had left Berlin for Frankfort the King had veered round at once; a secret correspondence was carried

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on by himself with Olmütz; the necessity of the existence of the Chambers, and of an understanding with them, was no longer taken into account; the King would not give up politics; on the contrary, he would begin now really to direct them, and that alone. I struggled as I could against grief and indignation, and was glad to have already announced to the King my departure for Wednesday. I was received with kindness. The King read to me his letter to Prince Albert, of which I was to be the bearer, in which he said, "He had never repented in such a degree of any step as of that which *I* had advised him to take, desiring that he, the Prince, should hear from myself what I had to say on the subject."'

This explanation dashed to the ground Bunsen's political hopes for the regeneration of Germany in his lifetime. It was perhaps not less painful to those German friends with whom he had acted both in England and abroad. The result was a bitterness of disappointment which threw a shade over the remainder of his existence. In 1849 he wrote to Usedom:—

'Windsor Castle: November 17th, 1849.

'My Dear Friend,—Since 1848 I have become of full age. The last scales have fallen from my eyes, and the last tears will soon dry away in them!'

And soon afterwards to Archdeacon Hare:—

'London: February 20th, 1850.

'You suppose I am going away from this country! I never dreamt of going—never was I more bound to London and England than at the present moment. Prussia is in the haven, as to herself; but the German Union, or "United States of Germany," are yet to be born, and at this eleventh hour all the powers of evil double their efforts to prevent this great European birth, or rather this beginning of regeneration. But, "Portæ inferi non prævalebunt contra eam!" All the Powers of the Continent are against us, and traitors are in the camp. The Princes are wavering, more or less, now that the hour of danger is past. Still they are bound, by their popular parliaments, finances, and necessities, and cannot shake these off as many do their words and engagements.'

Nevertheless he was in truth on the point of throwing up his appointment, and he formed in 1850 the resolution to retire from the public service.

It is not our intention to dwell on these painful occurrences; but one of the indirect consequences of the German convulsions of 1848, and of the German aggression on Denmark, is too important to be passed over in silence. The judgment passed by English statesmen of all parties on the conduct of the Prussian Government and of the German people was severe. The wild inaptitude of the Frankfort Parliament, the bad faith of the Cabinet of Berlin, and the iniquitous spirit of

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aggression by which the rights of Denmark were assailed in the Duchies, left an impression on the English mind so deep and so unfavourable, that it will take a generation to efface it. Bunsen had laboured honestly and heartily to promote the union and good understanding of Germany and England. But the conduct of his Government and his countrymen on these questions, which had his own sympathy, obliterated the work of years, and from that day to the present, although no British interest can be said to have suffered from the changes which have been brought about, we have been reluctantly compelled to entertain very different opinions of the character and policy of German statesmen. To Bunsen himself a hard expiation was assigned. He remained in England, by the express orders of the King, to affix his signature to the Protocol of 1852, which established the Danish succession in the Duchies. But one step remained to complete the transaction, and this was the repudiation of that engagement by the successors of those who signed it.

The events of the Crimean War which followed three years later were a fresh source of anxiety and grief to Bunsen. He perceived with tact and spirit, that by cordially joining the Western Powers, Prussia might again have played a great part in Europe. She would probably have prevented the war, saved Russia from defeat, and placed Germany in intimate relations with England and France. To this end his labours were zealously directed, but in vain. The Russian party prevailed in Berlin; the King as usual hesitated; he even sent a sort of double Minister to act in London; and Bunsen at last, exhausted by conflicting emotions, craved leave in April 1854 to retire from His Majesty's diplomatic service.

The political element in Bunsen's life to which we have now adverted, was not the brightest part of it. He failed in his negotiations at Rome; he was disappointed by the events of Frankfort in 1849; the affair of the Duchies turned out against his wishes; the neutrality of Prussia in the Crimean War was against his counsels. Perhaps he would have been a happier and a greater man if he had never been a political agent at all; and he himself expressed at all periods of his life his strong conviction that he was born for nobler pursuits and higher studies than those of diplomacy. Although, therefore, his recall from the Prussian Mission in London was accompanied with many painful circumstances, and he tore himself away with regret from the friends of so many years, it was not his official rank or power that he regretted, and he hailed with joy a change which gave him a home in Germany, for the first

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time since he had left college, and left him free to devote all the energy of his remaining years to literary pursuits. Bunsen had been at all times an indefatigable student. Nothing is more extraordinary than the power of application with which he found means to explore the whole range of human knowledge amidst the complicated affairs which demanded his attention in Rome, and the still more engrossing engagements of official and social life in England. He rose early, he worked incessantly, and thus he was enabled to carry on simultaneously two distinct courses of life, either of which would have sufficed to occupy an ordinary man. But Bunsen was not a hasty or immature author. During his long residence in Rome, the only important work which bore his name was the well-known 'Description' of that City. It was not till he had completed his fiftieth year that he began to publish his most important works. His 'Church of the Future,' his 'Hippolytus,' his 'Signs of the Times,' and four volumes of his great work on Egypt, were composed in England. After the removal of the family to Heidelberg, where they found a congenial retreat on the beautiful banks of the Neckar, Bunsen devoted himself almost exclusively to theology. The book, of which an admirable translation into English has just been published by Miss Winkworth, under the title 'God in History,' and his vast commentary and revision of the Scriptures, belong to this, the latest period of his life.

Our limits forbid us to attempt a critical survey of this wide field of literary labour. Indeed, each of these works and subjects would require a separate article to do justice to the learning and industry Bunsen bestowed on them. We can only offer at this moment a faint outline of his characteristics as a man of letters. The faculties of Bunsen were of the constructive, rather than the critical, order. He wrote with enthusiasm and with abundance. But the merits which gave an extraordinary charm to his conversation and his correspondence have perhaps detracted from the permanent value of his works. He was borne away by the flow of his own thoughts: a tide of sentiment and imagination insensibly mingled itself with his opinions; he was apt to accept conclusions which a more severe analysis would have rendered questionable; and his style would have had more weight and authority if it had been less copious. To the English reader there are pages in 'God in History' which must appear rhapsodical, and we are unable to follow a speculative chronology which carries back the historical evidence of the human race to some 20,000 years from the present age. But in all that Bunsen wrote there was an

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elevating and exalted sense of that supernatural Power, which is the source and the guide of all our being. To him, the history of man, traced by the affinities of language, the mysteries of religion, and the lights of prophecy, was a perpetual revelation: and he sought to discern in the prodigious spectacle of humanity, the law of truth and love which directs it to higher ends.

No doubt, it would be curious to trace in the works of Bunsen and in the records of his private opinions, the changes and development of his mind. In early life he leaned to the Conservative and orthodox side, and this tendency was, for some time, strengthened by his veneration for Niebuhr, who died a fanatical alarmist. When Bunsen first visited England, his sympathies were decidedly with the Conservative and clerical party, and he drew back from the scepticism and liberalism of Whig society. But these views underwent a gradual alteration. His experience of England convinced him that it was not in a blind adherence to the traditions of the past, either in Church or State, that her future greatness lies. His ardent schemes for the regeneration of Germany and of Italy were kindled at times to revolutionary heat, and he says, in speaking of the differences which arose between himself and the King, 'The 'fact is, that he has gone as much to the right, as I have to 'the left.' He gradually grew more attached to such politicians as Mr. Cobden. The liberation of Italy in 1859, and the commercial treaty between France and England, won him over to look with favour and gratitude on the Emperor of the French, and to condone the acts of violence and illegality committed in 1852. He died invoking a blessing on Garibaldi and the Italian cause. His theological studies had led him so far from the track of orthodoxy, that he was sometimes confounded—very unjustly—with the rationalists and antagonists of revealed religion. A mind like his was not willingly bound by the authority either of law or of dogma; and he took his own course without always knowing where it was leading him. As a guide no man could be less safe; but as a conscientious and insatiable inquirer Bunsen deserves to retain a considerable place in the intellectual history of his time, and we think that his influence may be traced in an especial manner in the present state of religious thought in this country.

The years he spent at Charlottenberg, on the banks of the Neckar, were uneventful, or rather they were filled by incessant literary labour, and by the care of his own declining health. But in the autumn of 1857 he received from the King an invitation, couched in the most pressing terms, to attend the

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Assembly of the Evangelical Alliance at Berlin. The King's letter and Bunsen's acknowledgment of it are alike characteristic:—

'Sans Souci: September 5th, 1857.

'MY DEAREST BUNSEN,—I express to you my heartiest thanks for all the great trouble you have undertaken and carried through with such splendid results (to my honour) for the Schlagintweits. For all this, and for so many letters, most interesting to me, I am in heavy debt towards you: but time is wanting in a frightful manner to me for answering you as I ought and desire to do! I write to you only on account of a matter *which I have at heart beyond all expression*, and that is your appearing at Berlin during the Assembly of the Evangelical Alliance. I wish *that*, urgently and longingly, first for the sake of the thing itself, secondly for the sake of your fame, thirdly for my own sake:—you must once again show yourself outside the limits of the narrow circle (ever more and more suspicious) in which you now exclusively live!

'You must inhale fresh air of life—the breath of that life, which alone is life, because it is the *essential life* proceeding from the *one essential source* of life. You must inhale this breath of life, *there*, where a yet unheard-of mass of *joyful confessors* assemble; *there*, where it seems almost certain that a new future will be prepared for the whole Church and entire evangelical confession. You must, by your appearance alone, stifle the malicious calumny which in genuine German (especially North-German) contractedness of vision, is beginning to raise itself against you, and to injure the *holy cause of the Church*. Thousands are watching for your nonappearance, to cast stones at you. *That* is what I cannot bear, if you by an *error in conduct give occasion thereto*. I conjure you, for the sake of the Lord's cause, accept my offer, and accept from me, as an old and faithful friend, that I defray your journey, and provide you with lodging and sustenance in the Palace at Berlin, as my own peculiar guest! My commands have already been issued to that effect. You have but to lift your foot, from Charlottenberg to the railway of Heidelberg. That I at the same time hope, by this opportunity, to confer with you on much important matter, you will not take ill of me: and now, in the name of Christ to the work!—*Vale!* (Signed) F. W. R.'

'[Received Monday, September 7th, at three o'clock A.M.]'

Bunsen to a Son.

'Charlottenberg: Tuesday morning, five o'clock, September 8th, 1857.

'That is providential! After such a letter no friend's invitation could be declined, and how should I decline that of the King, made in the name of Christ and of the Fatherland, resolved upon, clearly, in affection and faithfulness, and with such unheard-of demonstration? I had never before been invited to lodge in the Palace *at*

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Berlin, but the King does this to gratify the old, heavily-laden man, and also as an unequivocal declaration towards the Court, the Town, the Country, and the World. Wherefore *I go*.'

Bunsen was received in Berlin with all but royal honours. His old friend and master fell upon his neck, and he had the happiness of presenting to his sovereign a vast array of pious well-meaning persons from all parts of the world. But this meeting had a still more solemn interest. It was on the 1st October that Bunsen had his final audience of Frederic William IV., on the affairs of the Church, and received a most affectionate dismissal. 'I part from the King and from Berlin,' said he, 'as I wish and pray to depart from this earth—as on 'the calm, still evening of a long, beautiful summer's day.' On the 3rd October the King intimated his intention to raise Bunsen to the Peerage by the title of Freiherr von Bunsen, and within a few hours, on that same day, His Majesty was struck down by the attack which destroyed his mental faculties and terminated his reign. The Prince Regent shortly afterwards realised his brother's wishes and called Bunsen to the Prussian House of Peers. He re-appeared at Berlin on one occasion to take his seat in that Assembly.

The closing scenes of an active life are melancholy, for each succeeding month takes away something of the power of living, and adds something to the burden of years. To Bunsen these darkened days were cheered by winter journies to the shores of the Mediterranean, by a cordial reception in Paris, by uninterrupted intercourse with those he loved and with the choicest minds of the age, and above all by the serenity of his own disposition. He removed at last to Bonn, which he had long regarded as the fittest abode for a German man of letters, for it had been the abode of Niebuhr on his return from Rome. But by this time disease had made formidable inroads on his once vigorous frame and his strong constitution, and he survived this last removal but a few months. Still he worked on to the last, for if his strength had declined, the brightness of the intellectual light within seemed only to shine with increasing lustre. Still he was surrounded by all that the affection of his family could suggest or bestow. Still he remained to his last hour the same hopeful, happy, trusting man, conscious that he had endeavoured to play his part in life with courage and with honour, and convinced, beyond the reach of doubt or misgiving, that the end of life is but the passage to a state of being, where speculation will be lost in knowledge and faith perfected by sight.

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ART. VI.—1. *The Irish in America.* By JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, M.P. London: 1867.

2. *A Letter to the Right Hon. Chichester Fortescue, M.P., on the State of Ireland.* By JOHN EARL RUSSELL. London: 1868.

3. *England and Ireland.* By JOHN STUART MILL, Esq., M.P. London: 1868.

4. *Mr. Mill's Plan for the Pacification of Ireland.* By LORD DUFFERIN. London: 1868.

IRELAND has always played a part in history out of all proportion to its size and population. Isolated by the sea almost as effectually as by a chain of mountains from the civilisation of the Continent; inhabited by a people who for ages were strangers to all the arts of life, subsisting by the most rude and homely agriculture; and rescued but slowly from the depths of social anarchy and political barbarism; it has, nevertheless, produced within a period of little more than a hundred years, over the widest arena of human enterprise, and in all the highest branches of human knowledge, a noble band of scholars and divines, philosophers and poets, statesmen and warriors, who challenge the admiration of the whole world. It is a singular circumstance, however, that nearly all the most distinguished triumphs of Irishmen have been won out of Ireland. In the early ages, and especially from the middle of the sixth to the middle of the ninth century, when the lights of Roman civilisation had been all but extinguished, and the oscillations of the human understanding had reached their lowest point, the Irish missionaries swarmed from their conventual schools over England, Scotland, France, and Germany, for the conversion of the heathen. It was from this class that Charlemagne gathered round the brightest spot of Western Christendom those learned strangers eager for metaphysic combat, and foremost in all literary tournaments, who became the supple and powerful instruments of the civilisation he sought to promote. Ireland was studded with these conventual schools which preserved the learning of the West, but these institutions, including even the great Armagh and Lismore colleges to which thousands of youth flocked from the Continent, were evidently only large seminaries for priests, a body possessing even in those days no great learning even in larger communities. In another portion of the present Number of this Journal, we have sought to do justice to those pious 'Monks of the West,'

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who may be regarded as the Irish emigrants and adventurers of the Middle Ages. For even then this impulsive race of men undoubtedly exercised a powerful influence in almost every country in Europe by their learning, sanctity, and zeal.

The martial glory of the Irish has also been chiefly won upon foreign battle-fields. It was the remark of Voltaire that the Irish, who showed themselves the bravest soldiers in France and Spain, had always behaved shamefully at home. The taunt is hardly justifiable, for their valour at Clontarf, Aughrim, Blackwater, and Limerick was incontestable, though their most brilliant achievements were reserved for the bloody plains of Spain and Flanders. Napoleon might have said of the Irish what he is reported to have said of the Poles, that they formed soldiers more rapidly than any other people. Whether they fought for France under Turenne or St. Ruth, or for Spain under her Catholic standards—whether against Italians or Netherlanders, or French, or Spanish—no swords cut deeper than theirs, and the plain of Raucoux, the rampart of Lafelt, the slopes of Fontenoy, and the fierce battles of Luzara, Embrun, and Cremona, witnessed their fiery onset and displayed their matchless discipline. The more recent history of war tells how from Assaye to Vittoria, from Vimiera to Waterloo, from the Crimea to India, they have maintained the glory of the British army and the Irish name. Nor can it be denied that no part of the United Kingdom has sent forth men of greater mark in our common history. It was Ireland that gave the Duke of Wellington, Marquis Wellesley, Lord Castlereagh, and Lord Palmerston to the State; it was Ireland that gave Goldsmith, Moore, and Edgeworth to literature, Mulready and Maclise to art, and has now given Tyndall to science; it was Ireland that sent Burke and Sheridan, Grattan and Plunket, Sheil and O'Connell to the House of Commons; and at this very moment it is an Irishman who holds the Great Seal of England, while another Irishman fills the Vice-regal throne of India. We know not by what perversion of fact and reason, Ireland is to be supposed to repudiate any of these glorious names, because they are not the names of Celtic Irishmen. As well might Scotland repudiate Burns, Adam Smith, and Watt because they were not Highlanders! The magnitude of their genius raised these men from an Irish origin to imperial services and imperial fame.

It cannot, then, be an uninteresting inquiry, how far a nation possessed of such high qualities, and so influential in its past history, though also unhappily distinguished by a capricious instability of national temper, which time has but little modified,

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has affected other nations, and what elements of good and evil it has poured into the spreading civilisation of foreign lands. We shall also inquire how far the Irish themselves have been modified in their national peculiarities by their contact with other races.

The emigration movement, which is the great social phenomenon of our age, has affected the Celts of Ireland more deeply and extensively than any other people, not even excepting the Germans. Emigration is the natural method by which old countries are relieved and new countries peopled, so as on the one hand to mitigate the evils of civilisation, and on the other to eradicate the evils of barbarism. It has been the means of spreading over the world the arts, the sciences, the religion, the scientific and literary achievements that belong to some specially favoured centres of human existence. Happily, the tide now flows not from the deserts of Asia, as of old, but from the heart of civilisation, and the moving races are the most energetic and indomitable of the Old World, 'reduced to nibble at their narrow 'cage,' and bursting impatiently beyond the boundaries which their expanding capacities render yearly more and more restricted. Hunger usually starts the emigration impulse, as natural to men as swarming is to bees, and forced upon the needy classes by almost the same necessity. Now, the Irish being the most miserable and the most prolific of modern nations, were the first to feel this impulse; the chief part of the people were in a state of chronic distress; they had but few manufactures, and were but little addicted to fishing; and agriculture—especially such agriculture as theirs—could not possibly support such a teeming population. 'They multiplied 'like rabbits, and tilled the soil like savages, and knew no 'more of the rotation of crops than they knew of the rotation 'of the planetary system.' Nothing is more natural than that such a peasantry should flock by thousands to those more favoured countries where a cordial welcome awaited them, and where they might feel secure of an ample subsistence and an improving future. They did not go from the ranks of the refined and educated classes, who might shrink from leaving behind them all the amenities of cultivated society and all the elegancies of polished life, but from the ignorant, the unpolished, and the improvident, who for generations had had their heads under water. They emigrated for their country's good as well as for their own; for the reduction of the population had the effect of raising the wages of the labouring poor who remained at home, and undid some portion of the wrong we had done them by our legislative follies, which stimulated population and

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increased unnaturally the supply of labour. We utterly reject the sentimental nonsense which classes emigration amongst the misfortunes of Ireland. It is a benefit to that country; it is a blessing to the emigrants themselves and to their families; it is an advantage to the rest of the world. The mere interruption of local ties is nothing in comparison with these great results. Nothing is more to be desired for the welfare of Ireland than that this emigration should be large and continuous.

The great stream of Irish emigration has turned from the very first to the United States of America, which owed their prosperous colonisation in the seventeenth century, in a very considerable degree, to the peaceful, religious, and industrious inhabitants of these islands. The basis of the American population is English, for, of the thirteen colonies that revolted in the last century, twelve were settled by Anglo-Saxons. England was the *magna virum mater:* she formed and bred the men who established this mighty empire in the wilderness, and it was by her example and her teaching that the colonists rose to eminence, not only by their enterprise and wealth, but by their profound attachment to the cause of rational and substantial freedom. The primary colonisation of America being Anglo-Saxon, both in the Northern and Southern states, there was a secondary colonisation in the eighteenth century, consisting of Scotch, Irish and Welsh, who settled in the middle states, and penetrated even to the south; but this secondary stratum was a colonisation of families and individuals, and not of organised communities under special charters or patents from the home government. The Irish portion of this emigration, which poured into the middle and southern states at the rate of nearly 12,000 per annum for twenty years in the early part of the last century, belonged almost exclusively to Ulster, and consisted of those enterprising, orderly, and intelligent farmers and peasants whom the Americans still distinguish by the name of Scotch-Irish. The value of this foreign element has been fully recognised by American historians as the source of a high moral and religious tone in the middle and southern states, as well as in the corresponding parts of the Valley of the Mississippi, which have been colonised from them. But the Celtic Irish had no part whatever in fixing the early character of American institutions. It is to the Scotch-Irish immigration that the Republic owes some of its most distinguished celebrities in Church and State. Francis Mackemie, the founder of American Presbyterianism, was a native of the wild and romantic county of Donegal. Four Presidents and one vice-President are of Ulster

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extraction. General Andrew Jackson was the son of a poor Ulster emigrant, who settled in North Carolina, and was 'born 'somewhere between Carrickfergus and the shores of the 'United States.' James Monroe, James Knox Polk, John C. Calhoun, and James Buchanan (whose father was a native of county Donegal), were all of Ulster Protestant extraction.

The immigration of the Celtic Irish is comparatively modern, and may be regarded as contributing to the tertiary stratum of American society. It was of a different stamp from the earlier colonisations, consisting mostly of hungry and ignorant peasants, driven by the scourge of famine from their own shores—flying desolation rather than seeking a home—without resources, without character, and without any wholesome influence to restrain and regulate them. They were naturally attracted to the Republic by the demand for labour over the prodigious extent of its fertile and unoccupied lands, but still more by powerful sympathies with its history as a nation that had shaken off the British rule, and that now gathered under its beneficent and catholic sway the outcasts of European civilisation, offering a refuge to the political exile and a sanctuary to the persecuted of every nation. A small stream of emigration had been flowing into the States for half a century before the Irish famine; but that unparalleled and appalling disaster, which annihilated the produce of two million acres of land and four-fifths of the food of the peasantry, in an instant changed the stream into a flood, which has been pouring ever since into the States of America at the rate of from fifty to a hundred thousand a year. This new population has found its way to all parts of the Union, but is chiefly concentrated in the manufacturing cities of New England and the States of New York and Pennsylvania, while a small proportion follow the star of empire which glitters in the great West—that land without tradition, history, or inheritance—whose frontier is ever advancing, and whose future promises to be more wonderful than its past.*

This change of country has been in every way beneficial to the Irish. There can be no doubt that they have been successful in securing a comfortable subsistence and in elevating themselves to a high degree of social respectability and independence in the New World. But their growth in temporal

* According to the census of 1861, there were in the States, 1,611,304 Irish born in Ireland. Of these, 498,072 were in New York State, 201,939 in Pennsylvania, 185,434 in Massachusetts, and 13,480 in Vermont.

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prosperity and moral dignity has always been in exact proportion to the degree of their diffusion among, and their assimilation with, the native population. They are, in many respects, a peculiar nation. They are usually most successful where the framework of society is Anglo-Saxon. Unlike the Americans, the English, or the Scotch, they do not guide their own destinies, but stay in towns, where a stronger race furnishes them with labour and food, and builds up a more complete civilisation out of the substantial fruits of their industry. They possess, no doubt, qualities of a very serviceable kind, but these qualities require the example and the power of another race, more highly endowed, to bring them to perfection and turn them to full account. They have strength, courage, and impulsiveness, but they are not steady and pertinacious, and labour only for a time and a limited object; unlike the Anglo-Saxon, who possesses far more of the power of continuous and solitary labour, with a self-containedness and an impassibility to external and distracting excitements which you will look for in vain in the mercurial Celt. The Irish are deficient in that unquiet energy, that talent for accumulation, those indefinite desires, which are the mainsprings of successful colonisation, and they are deficient, too, in that faculty of self-government without which free institutions can neither flourish nor be permanently maintained. Thus, in a new country, let them settle singly among a mass of the native population—where they take the tone of society instead of giving it, and are disciplined and guided by others—they are very successful colonists; but let them herd together in masses—as they are to be found in New York city—subject to home influences, traditions, and caprices, a prey to their old improvident and disorderly tendencies—they are prone to degenerate, they become an element of danger to the commonwealth, and they continue—at least for a generation—to be the traditional hewers of wood and drawers of water. The Americans are in the habit of saying that the Irish make a bad nation, but that a generation makes them excellent ingredients in a nation.

It is of no small advantage that these wanderers should find their way into the heart of a great community like that of America, which has entrenched itself amid noble institutions, with temples enshrined in religious toleration, with national and unshackled schools, and with all the resources which science and literature and industry confer upon the citizen and the State. And it would be a signal blessing to the Irish themselves, as well as a decided advantage to the Republic, if they could be induced to diffuse themselves more extensively through

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the population, and break up those 'Irish communities' which make their moral and social progress almost impossible. But they cling with a strange instinct or fascination to the great cities, and decline to pursue their proper calling in the vast and unoccupied lands of the West. It is a remarkable circumstance that, although the intense competition for land is one of the principal causes of emigration from Ireland, it is not to the occupation or tillage of land that the Irish peasant first applies himself in America, although land can be obtained there on very easy terms. Mr. Maguire, the author of the volume before us, urges his countrymen 'to stick to the land—what they know most 'about,' and encourages them to forsake the cities by recounting the agricultural success of colonists who had become proprietors of the soil they tilled, instead of continuing to drudge in the towns and cities. Though we are disposed to regard his information respecting the success of the Irish generally as rather indefinite and overcoloured—for a few individual examples of success, of which the most has been made, cannot entitle us to believe that the whole body is on a par with the selected specimens—there is sufficient evidence that the true policy of the Celtic emigrant is to settle on the land. In Upper Canada, a labourer on a canal bought a piece of land which he cleared from time to time, taking an occasional job of work to make provision for the winter, and he ended his days in comparative affluence. Two Irishmen, working as helpers in a blacksmith's shop at Niagara Docks in 1844, purchased each 100 acres of land at a dollar an acre, and are now in possession of 200 acres each of cleared land, with horses, cattle, and good houses. Another labourer is now the owner of 200 acres, and had brought up his sons to the learned professions. We are informed that there are as many as a hundred Irish families in the surrounding district who had not brought to it 300*l.* in all, and who were now successful and independent farmers. An Irishman in Chicago reports that 'there is not a county 'of the one hundred counties of which Illinois is composed 'that has not representatives from Ireland among its farming 'population; and I am proud to say that where the Irish 'farmer once gets settled down on his farm, in this his western 'home, he shows as much energy and go-ahead-ativeness as 'emigrants from any other part of the world. We have in 'almost every county what are known as Irish settlements 'founded by some early adventurous Irishman. Several are 'of great extent; that, for instance, founded by Mr. Neill 'Donelly, of M'Henry's County, is one of the finest in the 'State. There are three good-sized Catholic churches and

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'several district schools in this settlement, in which there is 'much comfort and prosperity.' We have also the testimony of an Ulsterman that the Irish succeed well in the Southern States:—'A colony of thirty families from Co. Tipperary, who 'settled in the year 1850 in Talliafero County, Georgia, had 'become a prosperous, temperate, well-conducted community.' It is, therefore, perfectly natural that Mr. Maguire should say to the Irish emigrant:—'If you are a farmer, a farm-labourer, 'or a peasant—that is, a man born in the country—go any-'where so that you go out of the city.' But the American census shows how the Irish still, in spite of all these inducements, cling to organised communities, and avoid the forest and the prairie. The Anglo-Saxon is everywhere the more successful pioneer and backwoodsman. The Irish are certainly not to be found among the hunters and squatters who prepare the forest for the husbandman of more settled civilised habits; but they readily drop into agricultural settlements already formed, and have a strong desire to settle beside their own countrymen. It would be a real misfortune, however, to the Americans as well as the Irish, if several hundred thousands were annually taken from the towns, uneducated and untrained in the management of their own affairs, and thrown together in large communities by themselves, like the Germans in Pennsylvania, so that a miniature Ireland would be planted in the wilderness. The assimilation of this foreign element into the body politic would be slow and difficult, and generations might pass before it could be essentially modified or improved. But the mingling of the Irish among the heterogeneous populations of the West, of which we see the unquestionable advantages in the instances recorded by Mr. Maguire, would wean the race from their national errors and peculiarities, and exalt them morally and socially by drawing them away from the degrading lures of the cities.

We are, however, at present mainly concerned with the Irish of the cities, who are about three-fourths of the whole number in the country, with the view of estimating their influence upon American society, and the extent to which they have themselves in turn been modified in their national peculiarities. The newly arrived emigrant usually stops at the port of arrival, or at some neighbouring inland city, where he falls into immediate and remunerative employment in the society of his own countrymen. He comes to supply one of the greatest wants of a state—labour—to develope its riches, drive its spindles, dig its mines, build its warehouses, and open its ways of transportation. He is found everywhere doing a large portion of the hardest

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and most disagreeable work in docks, wharves, collieries, factories, iron-works, gas-works, and railways; and thus, by the abundant supply of cheap labour, he has promoted the prosperity of America, and supplied what was most needed to work the virgin soil of a new country. The labour which the Irish supply is of a class which demands more strength than skill; for very few of the emigrants are handicraftsmen, and even if they were, they would find themselves anticipated or supplanted by the Germans, whose skilled industry and frugal habits make them the best of emigrants. The Irish, as we have already said, are almost universally the hewers of wood and drawers of water; and if a few succeed in attaining positions of pecuniary importance and responsibility, it is through the influence of their fellow-countrymen, who are able, by their great numbers and their national spirit, to afford the necessary introductions. There are, no doubt, many Irishmen in America in possession of great establishments, or occupying posts of respectability and influence; but they are generally the intelligent Scotch Irish of Ulster, and not the ill-educated Celts of the other provinces. For example, the owner of the Marble Palace—said to be the largest emporium of trade in the world—is A. T. Stewart, a native of Lisburn, county Down. The other Stuarts, of New York and Philadelphia, are natives of the same county. The Brownes of the same cities belonged to Ballymena, in county Antrim. These are all Ulster Presbyterians. But there are no recorded instances of Celtic Irishmen of the first generation—at least Mr. Maguire, who is always very anxious to exalt his coreligionists, records none—attaining a high place in the commercial annals of America.

The position of the Celts in cities is morally as well as socially a low one—in New York even lower than it is in Ireland. Take, for example, the masses concentrated in certain well-known districts of that flourishing city, dwelling in low cellars or in large overcrowded tenements, of which there are no less than 16,000, affording accommodation for more than half a million of people, and owned for the most part by the proprietors of low liquor-shops, who have no interest in the promotion of sanitary or moral reform. These miserable abodes of the Irish in New York, often situated in criminal localities, are like moral cesspools, overflowing upon the surrounding neighbourhood, and making such spots practically as isolated as if they were in the heart of Hindostan. The only thing that can flourish, amidst all this poverty, disease, and dirt, is the inevitable grog-shop, which stands at every street-corner, and is usually kept by an Irishman or a German.

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Imagine the newly arrived emigrant fresh from the rural districts of Ireland finding his way into these haunts of misery and vice, where the social maladies of American society, combined with all the stimulating influences of city life, ferment with intense malignity. It is not wonderful that a poor and ignorant people, brought up under a low moral training at home, never remarkable for habits of sobriety and self-control, and suddenly surrounded by the worst social conditions, should yield by degrees to temptation, and swell the annals of pauperism and crime to the injury of American society and of their own national character. But the worst tempters of the Irish in these places are their own countrymen—from the 'runners' who once boarded the emigrant ships, and still hunt near the Castle Gardens for unwary rustics, enticing them into the low lodging-houses of Greenwich Street, kept by Irishmen, who fleece them without mercy or compunction, to the keepers of bar-saloons and grog-shops, who are the lowest scoundrels of America, the political pests of the community, and the organisers of street-rowdyism, whose sole ambition is to complete the demoralisation of their countrymen. It is in such neighbourhoods as these you will find lounging about in the wildness of savage freedom, usually without coats, generally smoking, often drunk, always rough and insolent, those gangs of Irish 'rowdies,' the banditti of New York, who have a taste for violence and murder as well as robbery; and those hosts of neglected Irish children, who are growing up without moral culture or domestic training, to prey upon a society that seems not to heed them, and recruit the ranks of the full-grown 'rowdies.' The Irish-American, who has become so unpleasantly familiar of late to the English people, flourishes in these 'Irish communities,' and is recognisable on the instant by the curious mixture in his talk of the Munster brogue with the nasal twang of the lowest class of Americans. His first lesson, after arriving in the country, is to hate a negro; his first act to purchase a revolver; and his first errand to the nearest grog-shop kept by a countryman. His habits are very simple. His pleasures are prize-fights, cock-fights, or horse-racing. You will see him in his glory at Coney Island, sitting behind a trotting horse with a rein in each hand and his coat off, in a vehicle that seems to be all wheels. If he is ambitious, he will become a politician, and perhaps sit as an alderman of the New York Corporation to pocket immense bribes, or even rise to a seat in Congress to harangue in windy jargon against the English Government.

There can be no doubt whatever, in spite of Mr. Maguire's

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repeated asseveration, that the Irish are the most unpopular of all the immigrants with the native Americans. But the dislike is entirely confined to the Irish of the first generation. They are, indeed, usually disowned themselves by those of the second generation, who become thoroughly Americanised in thought and feeling, and often make no scruple to deny their origin.* We believe that this dislike is rather increasing than diminishing of late years, chiefly on account of the part they have played in American politics, though their political influence is happily confined to the first generation, and is only powerful in a few large cities. The Irish were always opposed to the anti-slavery movement, being consistent and strenuous supporters of that democratic party which included the Southern slaveowners and their abettors at the North, and they were opposed to the civil war through their hatred of the negro. Mr. Maguire attempts to extol the services of the Irish soldiers in the war, but he forgets that they fought with equal determination and vigour on both sides; and that, after the fall of General M'Clellan, the Irish enlistments in the North almost entirely ceased, and their old hatred of the negro broke out in the bloody scenes of the New York insurrection. They are also politically obnoxious to the more moral class of Americans, by their persistent opposition to all the measures of moral reformers to restrict the consumption of spirituous liquors. But no part of their political conduct has excited such a deep and even personal rancour as their opposition to the Common Schools, which are unquestionably among the very noblest institutions of American society. Understanding the difficulties of universal suffrage, and the rock on which it is almost always wrecked—namely, the ignorance and the indifference of the great mass of the electors—the early Americans saw that if it was the duty of the State to educate at all, it was bound to impart that sound instruction which, by teaching the duties of good citizenship, inculcating obedience to law, strengthening the intellect and stimulating the moral affections, is necessary to secure the ends of good government. But the Roman Catholic clergy were no friends of Common-school education, or of any education whatever that was not in the hands of the priesthood; and gathering up the Irish popu-

* The children of the Irish often change their names to conceal their nationality. The Irish sometimes call themselves Scotch-Irish to obtain employment. In one case, where the claim was questioned, the test was a short examination in the Shorter Catechism, which was perfectly decisive.

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lation of the cities into their hands, they formed them into a political party, which politicians were ready enough to flatter and conciliate for their votes, the priests behind the scenes all the while wielding the balance of power in the struggle of parties. The result was that the native Americans were, in some places, completely defeated and found themselves unable, as they said, to keep the system of public instruction out of the hands of Papists and infidels. They were still further incensed to find that all historical allusions obnoxious to Popish sensibilities contained in the Common-school books of New York city had been mysteriously and surreptitiously expunged from the stereotyped plates, so that pages appeared in some instances quite blank, or in others quite black. This Irish victory, however, was confined to a few leading centres, and did not achieve all the practical results that were anticipated. The clergy have been compelled to establish Christian Brothers' Schools in several large cities, but they are quite unable to compete with the more liberal and better-managed Common Schools, to which the Irish still flock. It is an undoubted fact that these schools have done much to modify the character, eliminate the deficiencies, and develope the excellences of the Irish, who, in spite of all the efforts of their clergy to withdraw them from such liberal scholastic influences, so as to retain their national features unchanged or only slightly modified, pass, in the second generation, into the great mass of the American community, and may be ranked amongst its most energetic and intelligent citizens.

The Americans boast that if the stream of Irish immigration were entirely stopped for a quarter of a century, they could in that time assimilate the whole existing population without a trace of the old nationality or religion being preserved. This would be a consummation devoutly to be desired on this side of the Atlantic, for it would, in all probability, put an end to that insane and ceaseless hatred of England which exists chiefly, if not exclusively, among the Irish of the first generation. But there are very powerful influences at work to arrest or resist this process of assimilation, and among others may be mentioned the newspaper press, which is established in every leading city of the Union to represent Irish interests and defend the religion of the Irish. No notice of the Irish abroad can be complete without some idea of the intellectual and moral influences they try to exercise, at least over their own community. Is the Irish-American press more liberal in policy, more tolerant in tone, or more dignified in style than that of Ireland? One might suppose that, in a land of free

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political institutions, social equality, and noble educational systems, we should find a free, high-toned newspaper literature, proclaiming the sympathy of the Irish with the cause of universal freedom, and using its power for the aggrandisement of American institutions. But we are greatly disappointed. The press in question is the most ultramontane in the world, and might vie with the 'Civiltà Cattolica' of Rome, or the defunct 'Univers' of France, in its extreme ecclesiastical opinions. There are Irish journals in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, and New Orleans—all published avowedly under the authority of the bishops of the respective dioceses, and all utterly contemptible in a literary point of view. Their policy is illiberal, narrow, and degrading to a proverb, every question being discussed from the single stand-point of creed, race, and country. It is a singular fact that all the Catholic journals with any pretensions to ability are conducted by converts from Protestantism, by men whose sinews acquired their strength in a heretical atmosphere. 'Brownson's Review' is the only really able and powerful representative of American Romanism, and is endorsed by the whole Episcopate, though it is intensely disliked by the liberal Catholics, who possess, however, no ecclesiastical influence in America any more than in Ireland. Orestes Brownson—a convert from Protestantism—takes the strongest and most unpopular ground as the very foundation of his ecclesiastical and political theories. He holds that the suppression of religious liberty is right, and that for Catholic powers to kill heretics is not persecution but punishment; and he pours his burning sarcasms upon that 'stingy, narrow-minded, 'frozen-hearted Gallicanism, which is always studying to split 'the difference between Peter and Cæsar, God and the Devil.' All the Irish-American journals, though deeply in love with liberty and Republican institutions, defend the assaults of Romanism upon human freedom, though none cry more lustily when American legislation threatens to touch the authority of the Church or resist clerical pretensions. It is still more remarkable that even those intensely national journals—too national and patriotic for the taste of the clergy—never diverge from the clerical creed upon questions of foreign policy. That policy is republican in America, revolutionary in Ireland, reactionary and ultramontane on the continent of Europe. The Boston 'Pilot,' which is called the *vade mecum* of the Irish Catholics, forgot its programme in 1848 in its love of liberty so far as to express a liberal view of the European revolutions, but it was fiercely chastised for its error, and had

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to make ample atonement to its ecclesiastical superiors. These journals, which are never silent in the narration of Irish wrongs, had the audacity to defend the deposed sovereigns of Italy; they sympathised with the Poles because their oppressor, the Czar, was a heretic; they had no sympathy for Hungarians or Italians, for Kossuth or Garibaldi, because their oppressors were Catholics; they defended the Mortara case, and the persecution of the Spanish Protestants, though if an Irish priest had been prosecuted for burning a bible, the world would never have heard the last of Protestant persecution and tyranny. They are strong in historical grudges, and display on all occasions a violent and unreasoning hatred of England—a hatred as much theological as political—while their pen is exercised with the perpetual panegyric of all our enemies and the restless solicitation of all the means of Imperial disturbance. The strong anti-English tone of many of the leading American newspapers is owing to the large numbers of Irishmen who are engaged in writing for them. Mr. Maguire says 'they are edited, or 'part-edited, or sub-edited, or reported for, by men of Irish 'birth or blood, and with the birth and blood come sym-'pathies for the old country and an unfriendly feeling towards 'her hereditary oppressor.'*

Now, what may be expected to be the natural influence of such journalism on the Irish masses in the great cities? Though highly ecclesiastical in its tone, it must be admitted that it has not succeeded in making them more moral. It has had no appreciable effect in diminishing their crimes, their brawls, or their pauperism. We are not inclined to forget for a moment in using such language the unhappy condition of serfdom in which they were kept for ages in their native land, and we can heartily accept the apology of one of her most gifted sons:—'We were idle, for we had nothing to do; reckless, 'for we had no hope; ignorant, for learning was denied us; and 'drunken, for we sought to forget our misery;' but their improved circumstances and opportunities in America will admit of no apology for their continued and perpetual degradation. The traveller in America often asks in astonishment, what measures do the spiritual guides of these people take to reclaim them from their evil habits; but he is surprised to find that such journalism as we have described forms their sole mental

* This is the entire amount of the Irish connexion with American literature. To those who know anything of the literary power or respectability of American journalism, it will not appear that Irish talent has done much to raise it.

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pabulum, and that the clergy have never sought to establish or disseminate a literature among their flocks, wholesome, inspiring or elevating, that would be at once a sedative to political disquiet and a palliative or corrective of social evils. He finds rather that they use this press for the very purpose of rousing the worst passions of an ignorant and excitable race against such institutions of America as are opposed to their ecclesiastical policy, and against such legislation as is intended to secure the moral and intellectual elevation of the Republic.

Here, then, is a country in which the voluntary system prevails in its integrity—in which no dominant or established Church rests upon legal privileges or endowments, or breaks the level of religious equality. Yet the Irish Roman Catholic Church retains precisely the same amount of bigoted animosity to the other branches of the Christian Church: it recognises no law and no allegiance but that of Rome; and it retains all the characteristics which are the curse of Ireland. Mr. Maguire glories in these results. We deplore them; for they prove that the social evils of Ireland are deeply rooted in the tenets of the people and the dominion of the priesthood, and that they are not eradicated even by removal to another hemisphere.

It is not difficult to understand how, under such intellectual training, Fenianism should be one of the most popular and powerful manifestations of the old Celtic spirit. The existence of this conspiracy in America is at first sight a puzzling phenomenon; for if the Irish are prosperous and happy in their new relations, why should they occupy their thoughts for an hour with the idea of an extravagant crusade against England? It is easy to see how the difficulty of obtaining a subsistence at home—actual privation in the present and no more hopeful prospects for the future—should darken the lot and sour the temper of thousands in Ireland, and that under the influence of traditional recollections and present hardships, they should cherish a vindictive hatred of England and a constant wish for her humiliation as the *fons et origo* of their national sufferings. But the difficulty is, why the same people, prosperous, comfortable, independent, the citizens of a country which holds out every inducement to the foreigner to forget his past wrongs, should, unlike other immigrants who have escaped from the most intolerable despotisms of Europe, carry on a vindictive conspiracy to hurt and annoy their former rulers. The explanation of this phenomenon is to be sought, we believe, in the following facts. In the first place, the Fenians and their abettors are, almost without exception, Irishmen of the first generation, who are always less prosperous and comfortable

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than other immigrants, or than the Irish of the second generation. The newly arrived Irishman has not had time to shake off the recollection of his old sufferings and wrongs, and as he stands—and must stand for many years—on the lowest round of the social ladder, he partakes of the uneasiness and restlessness of that class in all countries. Another reason is to be found in the dislike with which the Irish are regarded by the native American population. A Fenian writer makes the honest admission:—'The Irish have never been popular 'with the Americans, and are not likely to become so. The 'anti-English feeling of Americans is by no means a pro-'Irish feeling. Irish immigrants are welcome to the United 'States, because the country needs their labour, and they are 'cajoled on election-days, because politicians need their votes; 'but otherwise they are estranged from the great body of the 'American people, partly by their religion, and partly by their 'national characteristics.' It is not hard to see how a foreign people, despised as well as disliked by a superior and more enlightened race, who have no sympathy with their faith, their nationality, their traditions, or their habits, should turn retrospectively homeward and cherish thoughts of anger against the Power which—as they imagine—made them homeless in the world. Popular and prosperous races are seldom retrospective and can soon forget both sentimental and real injuries. Perhaps, also, the continuance of the anti-English feeling may be further accounted for by the kindly connexion that is still maintained by the immigrants with their destitute relatives in Ireland—who are, as a class, deeply disaffected to the English rule. We cannot forget that they live in a country where the abuse of England has always been popular, and it is very natural that a dependent race should try to conciliate a superior, by denunciations of foreign tyranny, which are a species of implied compliment to the greatness and freedom of America. These considerations may, probably, account for the continuance of the anti-English feeling of the Irish in America, and for the organisation of a society to give practical effect to this feeling, a society of somewhat recent formation, which would never have assumed any importance whatever but for the American war.

If we can believe certain private documents detailing the history of Fenianism, which have become recently accessible to the public journals, it is just ten years since James Stephens commenced the work of organisation in America, and not in Ireland, taking advantage of the militia organisation of the States to have Irishmen armed, uniformed, and drilled at the

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public expense. They were drilled in the same companies as other militiamen, and before the civil war broke out, they formed a secret army of thirty thousand fighting men. It was not, however, till the second year of the war that Fenianism reached anything like strength and consistency, the members fighting bravely in their regiments, and exposed to great mortality in battle. In the end of the year 1863, the Fenians, who had hitherto maintained a purely military character, assumed a civil constitution, and established an Irish republic in America after the model of the United States, for the purpose of bringing about 'the resurrection of Ireland to independent 'nationhood.' The originator of this grand idea was John O'Mahony, the first President, who declared that this anomalous proceeding was not intended as any infringement of the American laws. It was not till January 1865, that, reckoning on immediate war between England and America, the members of the Fenian Society resolved to include Ireland, England, and its dependencies in the sphere of their operations. Accordingly, James Stephens and his band of organisers transferred their activity to Ireland, which had, up till January 1865, been perfectly free from Fenianism, though the nationalist journals were, before this period, working up the popular mind to a revolutionary frenzy. It will be remembered that it was in the autumn of the same year--the 15th September 1865—that the first Fenian conspirators were arrested by the Government. Thus, Fenianism, though a plant of seven years' growth in America, had only as many months' growth in Ireland, when the Government of Lord Kimberley pounced upon the conspirators.

It has been generally supposed that the leaders of Fenianism have something in common with the democratic patriots of the Continent—if they are not in alliance with them—and that Fenianism is but one wing of the great army of democracy that is wielding the idea of nationality as the means of rearranging the States of Europe according to their nationalities. The fact is, however, that, with the exception of the mere idea of nationality, they have very little in common with Continental reformers. Fenianism is a purely selfish movement, not springing from any broad principles of liberalism, but for the advancement of the Irish. They are no Voltairians, though they *appear* to be under the ban of the Church—they would not touch the hand of a Genevese patriot—they have never spoken a kind word of Garibaldi—they demand nationality for Ireland and Poland, and they deny it to Italy—they oppose all revolutionary movements under Catholic sovereigns, but encourage

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all of them under heretical monarchs. The Continental patriots are animated by wider sympathies and antipathies; and however wild their enthusiasm and deplorable their blunders, they set before them a loftier purpose and worship a higher ideal — willing to sacrifice their lives at barricades or on battle-fields for the cause of liberty. Many of them were young students and men of letters, fresh from the scenes and heroes of classic times, and glowing with that wild enthusiasm, those visions of an earthly Eden and a golden age, which are natural to their youth and culture. But the Fenian leaders are men of another stamp—of a mean education and a narrow mind, whose ambition is restrained by no principle, whose measures are guided by no reflection—adventurers lavish of everything but their own lives—*émeutiers*, to whom the Irish Republic is not a passion or a dream, but the opening to a vista of pillage, spoliation, and revenge. We can hardly give them the credit of sincerity, for they have not up to this time put forth a single exposition of their principles, or of the maxims of government they intend to adopt in the event of success. It might be supposed that policy alone might teach them the wisdom of conciliating their countrymen, at least by promising undisturbed possession of their property to such as will submit to their rule. But in the absence of such a manifesto, they leave us to interpret their designs by the baffled rage with which, from their hiding places, their minions attempt to alarm English society by conspiracy, incendiarism, and murder.

This is the character of the leaders who are sustained by the Irish abroad in their attempts to wrest Ireland from the English rule and make it a republic. But who, let us ask, are the subscribers to the Fenian treasury? We are informed on Fenian authority that 'the poor Irish themselves—the 'labourers and the servant-girls—raised all the millions of 'dollars expended.' We can very well believe this statement. They are the very lowest class of the Irish. There never surely was a people with hearts so generous and open, so ready to yield to paroxysms of momentary impulse or the seductions of pernicious example, with such a fatal susceptibility to wrong impressions, with such an implicit confidence in the advice of a false friend or the influence of an artful superior, leading them to enormities of vice, which they imagine to be the finest exploits of virtue. No amount of treachery seems to warn them of their folly. The men to whom they entrust their hard-won dollars may be false to the dupes who confide in them, to the accomplices who share

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their guilt, and to the instruments whom they will betray with meek implacability in the coming day of perjury and proscription. But the lesson is altogether lost upon the labourers and the servant-girls, who still pour their contributions into the Fenian treasury, even in spite of all the altar-denunciations of the clergy. It so happens, however, that the position of the priesthood in reference to Fenianism is just as much a problem in America as in Ireland; else, we should never find the servant-girls, who cherish such an old-world deference for the clergy, in the ranks of its most zealous supporters. There is a general feeling, especially in the Irish mind, that it is only in form and theory, but not in spirit and heart, that the clergy condemn the society, for they undoubtedly sympathise with many of the ultimate ends that Fenianism has in view. They condemn it, as a secret society, because they distrust its power to achieve its extreme objects, and apprehend the ruin of Ireland from an unsuccessful attempt at revolution; but they have sometimes seemed to hint that even the worst of Fenian crimes are not calculated to alienate the favour of the Church. Certainly, their language in Ireland, ever since the Manchester executions in November last, seems to look on its crimes with indulgence; and though they hate the idea of revolution, they may possibly acquiesce in Fenianism if they can make themselves its leaders and give it a form congenial to themselves. There is nothing, therefore, surprising in the fact that thousands of the piously disposed servant-girls and labourers of America sustain the Fenian organisation by their regular contributions; for, through all the changes and quarrels and schisms of the society—leader after leader having been cashiered to be replaced by others of a deeper colour and a lower stamp—through all its blunders and its crimes, Fenianism still exists through their sympathy and support, with an organisation said to be wider and more powerful than ever, pushing its revolutionary activity into every dependency of the British dominions, and watching hopefully for the time when the two most powerful nations of the earth shall go to war, to effect the establishment of an Irish republic.

Thus we have seen the various intellectual and political causes that are at work to keep the Irishman unchanged in his national characteristics; but we have now to watch the action—or rather the effect—of other influences far more powerful and constant in their operation, which wholly change his character, his position, and even his religion. The seemingly solid Irish mass is always undergoing a process of disintegration, which is one of the most remarkable phenomena as well as the

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proudest triumph of American civilisation. Fortunately, we are left in no doubt as to the facts of the case, for the widespread apostasy of the Irish from their ancient faith, concurrently with their social elevation, is both admitted and lamented in the most passionate terms by the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church. The whole Catholic population of the United States is about four millions, including Irish, French, Germans, Spaniards, and Italians, and is divided into 43 dioceses, with 3,795 churches, under the care of 45 bishops and 2,317 clergymen. Their ranks are continually recruited by immigration from Europe and the natural increase of the population; but the continuous losses from apostasy, especially among the Irish, who form the largest Catholic element in the States, retard the progress of Catholicism. Passing over the evidence of Father Mullens, who reported, sixteen years ago, 'a falling away of two million Irish Catholics;' and the admission of the Bishop of Toronto in 1862, who estimated the loss at between three and four millions; and the statement of Bishop England that there was a loss of 50,000 in his own diocese alone; we have a Roman Catholic journal in Philadelphia, in January, 1864, disclosing the fact that the priesthood were aghast at their losses, and asking—'Who fill the Irish 'churches of America? The new emigrants.' He adds that had the Irish who had come to Philadelphia for eighty years continued Roman Catholics, that city would then have had twenty-five more churches than it now has, and 100,000 more Catholics to fill them; and he concludes with the remark—'well might the illustrious Archbishop Kenrick scornfully 'exclaim that the Church in America had lost more than it 'gained.' It is calculated that she has lost between four and five millions of the general Catholic immigration; but if we accept Mr. Maguire's preposterously high enumeration of Irish immigrants and their immediate descendants—nine millions—the loss must be regarded as still more extensive. The fact is acknowledged on all sides that large numbers of young men, in the Eastern cities and rural districts, mostly the sons of Irishmen, are quitting the Church of their fathers, sometimes to embrace Protestantism, and still oftener, at least for a time, to fall into infidelity. What, now, are the causes at work to bring about this remarkable result—a result which brings about the complete regeneration of the Irish character and tells most powerfully upon American prosperity and progress? The 'Catholic Herald' attributes all the apostasy to the Common Schools; but we believe it is owing as well to the freedom and boldness of the American press, the liberty of discussion, political

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equality, the paucity of priests, contact with Protestants, and their manifest superiority in intelligence, wealth, and enterprise. M. de Tocqueville imagined that the love of the Americans for unity would naturally and powerfully commend to them a Church which claims to embrace mankind and the world; but that eminent philosopher did not take into account the passion for independence so rife in America, and the free and early development of individual character which her institutions directly foster, as powerful elements at work in a contrary direction, even against the organised unity of Romanism.

The apostasy of the Celtic Irish—the most Catholic of nations—gives a rude blow to those superficial theorists who imagine that the Irishman is a Catholic because he is a Celt. There is, in truth, no necessary connexion between Celtism and Romanism, for the Cymri of Wales—the most Celtic people in Europe, retaining their ancient language, usages, and bardic institutions—as well as the Gaels of Scotland and the Isle of Man, are Protestants. What Ireland would have become had the Reformation reached her in a different guise—not as the religion of her conquerors, and without the appliances of force, fraud, and cruelty—it is needless for us now to speculate. But a great opportunity was then lost to prevent that unceasing war of races and religions which has left deep and melancholy furrows that the healing powers of nature have failed even in three centuries to obliterate.

On the whole, there can be little doubt, from the previous survey, that the Irish immigration has been a greater gain to the Irish than to the Americans, at least for the first generation. The hungry Celts find in the States that sustenance which their mother-country appears to them to deny, and they gave in return that labour which is one of the greatest wants of America, to develope its riches and stimulate its productiveness. While their emigration eased the over-peopled land at home, where it was as difficult for them to shake off their dependent relation as for a Hindoo to leave his caste — kept down by inbred ignorance and improvidence, and, above all, by their multitude, which is one of the worst consequences of this improvidence—it also opened up to them, or to their immediate descendants, possessed of more energy, a better education, and a more aspiring temper, the finest prospects of moral and social advancement. We have seen how, morally, the immigrants have injured the society of the great cities by their crimes and violence and destitution, and how their political influence has been even still more injurious. They have, more than any other race or party, infected the morality of

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American public life—never very sound at the best—and given strength to that impudent, voluble, and mercenary patriotism, which, shrinking from no artifice and blushing at no meanness, has systematised the arts of popularity into a new science of selfishness and corruption, and sometimes threatens to destroy the amity of two great nations. But, happily for the destinies of America, they are not exclusively in Irish hands, and the Celtic influence is restricted to a few leading centres. We have no doubt whatever that the stern and resistless energies of the Anglo-Saxon race will enable it to retain its supremacy. Though they may not break down Celtic individuality, they will control and modify its tendencies; and drawing as they are now doing from all the nations of the Old World, their best and most enduring qualities, they will derive from the Irishman his unspent vigour, buoyancy, and wit, and perhaps, in generations to come, be able to solve another problem of ethnic amalgamation.

Our space will not allow us to consider at any length the position of the Irish in the British colonies. They form a considerable and influential element in the population of the new Dominion of Canada. As in the United States, they manifest a disposition to group themselves into 'Irish commu-' nities,' in the towns, and they are more averse to the forest than the English or the Scotch, though the lumbermen—a most improvident and careless class of men—are, many of them, Irish. They are usually very prosperous in the country districts, where hundreds of them who had originally gone into the woods with little beyond their axe and a few months' provisions are now the possessors of ample incomes, owners of a few hundred acres of land, the finest land in the world, and one or two thousand pounds in money. Their town life is not so prosperous. The vice of intemperance, or where it does not reach that point, the custom of indulgence in spirituous liquors, so unhappily characteristic of the Irishman at home and abroad, accounts for much that is disreputable and afflicting in his condition, and is the main reason why, in spite of the best opportunities, he has not risen to the same height of comfort, ease, and opulence in Canada as the English and the Scotch or the Scotch-Irish. The Hon. Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, who knows his countrymen well, has been for a long time holding out every kind of inducement to draw them away from the great cities of the States and of Canada, into the rich and cheap lands of the new Dominion, where they are sure of an ample subsistence and a prosperous future. In Nova Scotia the Irish are found in large numbers only in

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Halifax, the capital city, where they form the majority of the working classes. Many of them have risen to wealth and influence, but the old curse of drink still follows them, and the Poor Asylum testifies but too surely to their degradation. In Prince Edward's Island, where the French, English, and Scotch compose the framework of the population, the Irish are a large element scattered through the towns and occasionally grouped into small rural settlements. Mr. Cunard, the well-known Transatlantic steamship proprietor, and a large owner of property in the island, says that the English settlers are the best, the Irish from the rural districts are next, but the descendants of the Irish make excellent settlers. The most remarkable fact in the modern history of the island is an agitation—started, if we may believe Mr. Maguire, by the English and Scotch, but maintained most energetically by the Irish—to abolish all rent for land and convert all the tenancies into fee-simple proprietorships. The lands of the island were chiefly held, it should be stated, under large original grants from the Crown to English or Scotch absentee proprietors. An association was formed for the avowed purpose of resisting the payment of rent unless the landlords consented to sell their lands at an extremely low figure. The law was systematically set at defiance, and the presence of troops was needed to maintain its authority. But the public men of the island having expressed themselves strongly in favour of the anti-rent policy, the Legislature has interfered, and the State, having purchased the large properties, has resold them to the occupiers on extremely easy terms. On the whole, the future of the Canadian Irishman is very promising, but his advancement will be in the exact ratio of his amalgamation with the stronger, more enterprising, and progressive races of Canada.

The Irish in Australia are a considerable but not a predominant element in the population. They are quite as industrious as the English or the Scotch, but from their defective education, their lesser perseverance, and their bringing no capital to the country, their success has been inferior. They do not rise as rapidly into the ranks of the thriving middle-class as the English and still less as the Scotch, though they give a large proportion of men of mark. But these are more remarkable for cleverness and genius than for industry and economy. The Irish, in general, are believed to be about as successful as they are in the cities of Canada, nearly as successful as they are in Cincinnati, and decidedly more so than in the Atlantic cities of America. They cling, as in America, mostly to the large towns, and there retain their former habits

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unchanged or only slightly modified. It is a somewhat singular fact that they keep public-houses, lodging-houses, and the smaller class of hotels, in a much larger proportion than either the English or the Scotch; indeed, this class of business is almost entirely in their hands. Their moral position is not a favourable one, if we may judge by the criminal statistics, but the crimes are usually those resulting from ignorance and intemperance. Their assimilation into the mass of the general community is not nearly so rapid as in the United States; and it has been the policy of the Roman Catholic clergy for many years to prevent this assimilation as far as possible by means of brotherhoods and guilds which isolate their flock to a great degree from surrounding influences. The children of Irish emigrants certainly assimilate in time with the general population, and become correspondingly prosperous and influential; though in certain well-known districts, such as Kilmore in Victoria, where they form the majority of the farming community, they retain to a great extent the national characteristics of their parents. There is every probability, however, that as the Irish are a minority among the emigrants, and not as in America a majority; as there are no strong antipathies of race in the country; as they are loyal subjects and satisfied with their condition; and as they possess but little political power, they will cease to be a marked and separate race in the course of one or two generations, and become to English colonists what the Belgians have become to the Flemish and Burgundians. They will contribute their share to the development of Australian prosperity and civilisation, and increase the growth and power of the young Englands that are rising in the East as in the West, surrounding the venerable age of old England with their youthful energies, and taught by her experience, warned by her mistakes and emulating her greatest achievements, carry down to distant ages 'our younger 'selves re-formed in finer clay.'

When we come home to Great Britain, we find the Irish congregated in great masses in all our leading centres of trade and manufacture. There were at the period of the last census 601,634 Irish in England and Wales, whose numbers are swelled by an annual immigration of 18,000 direct from the sister island, and mostly from the southern county of Cork. There were also 204,083 Irish in Scotland. Thus we have among us nearly a million of Irish—exclusive of their children born in England, who are not counted as Irish in the census—being the one twenty-third part of the whole population of Great Britain, gathered into great cities like London, Liver-

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pool, Manchester, Glasgow, and Dundee, and forming a very large element in our working population. The influence of such a continuous immigration during the last fifty years has told powerfully upon the development of British trade and manufactures, enabling our industries of all kinds to increase and expand at a rate quite unattainable without it. The Irish have been everywhere doing a large portion of our hardest work in docks, wharves, warehouses, mines, collieries, factories, iron-works, gas-works, and railways. They have supplanted almost entirely the English and Scotch labourers in all the departments in which strength is of more importance than skill; but unhappily the reduction of wages, which was the natural consequence of this large accession to our labour-market, has had the effect of lowering the standard of living and comfort among our own labourers, whose *morale* has been further injured by familiar intercourse with those who are content to vegetate in squalor and misery. This radiating and equalising process has been a deadly injury to our own working-men, though happily it has not sunk them to the level of that Celtic restlessness and turbulence and that incorrigible hostility to law, which swells the registers of crime to the damage of our national reputation.* The Irish do not rise like the Scotch into the body of the great English middle-class—at least, in the first generation—partly through their want of education and their loose and disorderly habits, and partly from their clinging too closely together in certain Irish districts of the great towns.

We do not find that the Irish assimilate with English

* It seems a strange thing that the Roman Catholics of England, who are mostly Irish, should be only a thirtieth part of the whole population of England and Wales, and yet that the Irish should be *one-fifth* of all the prisoners. And in Scotland, where the Irish are one-fifteenth of the population, the Irish are *one-fourth* of the criminals. Liverpool is said to be the most drunken and ill-behaved town in the kingdom; but the Roman Catholic chaplain's prison-report explains everything. It is very singular to find that there is no recorded improvement in the morals of the immediate descendants of the Irish; for, of the 5,419 Roman Catholic prisoners confined in Liverpool prisons in 1866–67—the whole number of commitments being 8,876 for all denominations—2,018 are of Catholics born in Liverpool, and 2,817 born in Ireland, with a considerable annual increase of commitments in the former class. It is not encouraging to hear from the chaplain that Irish crime is in some mysterious way the result of Irish prosperity; his words are—'Prosperity and plenty of work crowd the jail more than hard times 'and absolute want.'

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society as they do with that of America. It is observable that there is a slight assimilation in Scotland, where they catch some of the Scotch qualities and are more cautious than Irishmen elsewhere; for they are in a greater degree operated on by the character of a race, by no means obnoxious on traditional grounds, nearer to them in point of impulsiveness, and stronger than the English in point of self-assertion. Yet in Glasgow and Dundee, there is very little perceptible change or modification of character. Their assimilation to English society is greatly more difficult on account of the old Celtic rancour of race, the recollection of past wrongs, the growing popularity of their religion with a portion of the English aristocracy which will prevent them from following the example of Celtic apostasy in America, their social inferiority, their inveterate habit of herding together to their great moral hurt, and the rapid multiplication of priests and chapels. A Catholic gentleman of the old English school, residing in one of our midland counties, many years ago, brought over a number of Irish families to people his village, where they dwelt almost isolated from all surrounding influences; but no social improvement or elevation followed, and a wilder and dirtier set of children could not be found in the county. In a rural district immediately north of this county, a large number of Irish families settled down among English labourers; the children attended the same schools; and no working-men were ever so popular with their neighbours, being orderly, industrious, and polite, hardly distinguishable indeed, after twenty years, from their English friends, except by a little native untidiness in their households.

It is in the towns, however, that we see most of the Irishman, except in the autumn season, when he is reaping English harvests; and the atmosphere of his daily life is far from healthful. We have already indicated his great weakness—the facility of being misguided and duped by the more vicious and wily of his own countrymen. Now there is not a town in England, with the smallest fraction of an Irish population, that does not possess its Irish public-house or lodging-house; and the class of people who keep these places of resort or refreshment are, of all others, the most likely and the most ready to degrade their countrymen.* The combinations for trade

* The low lodging-houses of Manchester were, some years ago, 358, and of these 252 were kept by Irishmen. They are well-known sinks of vice and crime. But this remark does not apply to the public-houses.

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purposes, or for political purposes in England, are now very largely under the influence of such men, who are usually far more fluent, energetic, and organising than the members of the same class in England. They bring all their political and religious rancours into England with them, and their snug bar-rooms form the ready school for training the Irish labourer in disorder as well as drunkenness. Their newspaper taste is rather patriotic than Catholic; they have to import their favourite reading from Ireland; and the English Catholic press, which they regard as weak and contemptible in every way, receives but a moderate support. What wonder that under such influences, the masses of the Irish should make no advancement in political education, general enlightenment, or religious liberality; and that, while claiming for their clergy every advantage for proselytism in England, they should tolerate no attacks upon their religion, and claiming for themselves the right to dispose of their own destinies as a nation, they should organise Garibaldi riots as a testimony that they deny a similar right to the Catholics of Italy? What wonder that we should find a nucleus of Fenianism in every town with an Irish element, with its confederacy of shoemakers, tailors, clerks, hodmen, clothiers and general labourers, radiating to every corner of the land and exerting everywhere its mischievous stimulus and its stern control, whose principles sanction the most horrible enormities when they are judged necessary to the success of their cause? We cannot be guilty of the injustice of involving the whole Irish population in this condemnation—for circumstances have brought to light a large amount of loyalty among them—but the misfortune is that, though actual outrages may be the work of a very small number of persons, the reliance of the murderers for impunity is, if not on the sympathy, at least on the fears or the apathy, of the great mass of their countrymen. Nothing can be imagined more cowardly than this wicked society, executing its secret sentences without fear, pity, or remorse, in the face of law, and involving the innocent and the guilty in a common destruction.

We cannot conclude this survey of the Irish abroad, without the expression of a regret that it has not been, and cannot be, more favourable, according to a most liberal judgment of their position. We dare not forget that for much of the moral and social degradation of the Irish, of which we now feel the bitter consequences, we are ourselves responsible by the confiscations and proscriptions and penal enactments of past ages, while we foolishly pampered a mere fraction of the people, and deposited all power, office, and education in their hands. It is true that,

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for forty years past, we have entered upon a course of remedial legislation, to supply a just and wholesome counteraction to the injurious effects of our past policy, and heal the long-running sore of Irish discontent. We have tried to put them in the way of obtaining for themselves what Sydney Smith represented as the object of all good government—'Roast 'mutton, potatoes, claret, a stout constable, an honest justice, 'a clear highway, and a free chapel.' We have endeavoured to ascertain at some cost, through endless commissions of inquiry and mounds of blue-books, the real wants of the people; we have removed Catholic disabilities, swept away a bankrupt proprietary, established a good police over the kingdom, administered justice equally and constitutionally, and made a noble provision for the education of the people; but here we are, after all, sixty-seven years after the Union, with a large portion of the Irish population manifesting still a sullen and morbid hatred of England—a discontent that has lost its old passive aspect and would grasp any day at a revolutionary solution, with the certain result—as we find in all the changes wrought by human folly and violence—of tearing a generation to pieces; a sour discontent which seeks one day an alliance with French despotism, and another with American democracy, with the only certain effect of ravaging the country, confiscating the property, and inaugurating a reign of demagogues and priests. In spite of all discouragements, however, we are resolved to persevere in the path of reform, removing every grievance and anomaly, industrial or ecclesiastical, which is capable of legislative adjustment. And yet, from what we have seen of the Irish abroad, and especially the method of their regeneration in America—isolated from their countrymen and mingled with a Protestant race—and from all we know of Ulster, moral, industrious, and enlightened, as contrasted with the other provinces—(and Ulster was always preeminent in these respects even before its manufacturing power arose about fifty years ago)—and from what we know of the spirit and tendency of a Church which has always bestowed exaggerated praises and over-cultivation on the passive rather than the active virtues, and whose actuating spirit in the ecclesiastical policy of the hour is that rampant Ultramontanism which claims to control the intellectual interests of the whole Irish people, and which as it becomes more powerful to govern, will become, according to past precedents, less powerful to better men; we are anything but sanguine of the success of the most liberal legislation to raise the three provinces to the social and

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intellectual level of Ulster, or to make the country at large a paradise of contentment and prosperity.

The work of Mr. Maguire, which we have placed at the head of this article, contains much interesting and useful information respecting his countrymen in America. It is evidently intended for Catholic rather than Protestant readers, and ought to be very popular in Ireland, as it is an undiscriminating panegyric upon Irish men, Irish women, Irish priests, and Irish monks and nuns; more like, indeed, the production of a Maynooth seminarist than an Irish member of Parliament. He is as fond of narrating wonderful conversions as the 'Tablet' or the 'Weekly Register,' and never tires of telling how 'the good priests' of America labour to enlarge the Catholic communion; while he is exceedingly anxious to create an impression that that widespread apostasy which the Catholic clergy and journalists of America so generally—we may say, universally—lament, is in a large degree imaginary. In his narrative of the famous dispute between Archbishop Hughes and the Catholic laity of his diocese about the trusteeship of Church property, Mr. Maguire takes his true place by the side of the clergy with all the spirit and zeal of an Ultramontane. It would have been better—at least from our secular point of view—if he had confined himself to social, moral, and industrial matters, and left these ecclesiastical affairs to the clergy; narrating with an honest impartiality the interesting story of the Irish abroad, and tracing the effects of the Celtic immigration upon the industry, commerce, politics, and morals of America. His work will not, however, be without its advantage to Irish emigrants, if they can be induced by his excellent advice to forsake drink and the cities, and try their fortunes in the wide lands of the Far West.

We have dwelt at length upon the position of the Irish abroad as a somewhat novel and interesting view of an old subject, but chiefly on account of the influence which the American Irish exercise at present over the minds of their excitable countrymen at home. Though Fenianism is not an agitation for remedies, but a conspiracy for revolution, it is evident that, without this foreign influence, the national discontent would soon lose its sharper features, and eventually disappear before a wise and thorough course of legislation. We are far from believing that our statesmen have been idle or careless of Irish interests during any portion of the last forty years, and we question the wisdom of dwelling perpetually upon the past wrongs of the sister country, as if we had not been labouring with sincerity and success for their removal. The very habit of

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self-accusation so common with liberal Englishmen has had a most injurious effect upon the Irish themselves, who have been led in consequence to indulge the most extreme and visionary expectations of legislative reform. No candid Irishman can deny that the country has made a remarkable progress within twenty years past—the only really prosperous period in all Irish history. According to the statistics supplied in the spirited and statesmanlike pamphlet of Earl Russell, the agrarian outrages during a period of twenty-three years were 888 in 1844, 198 in 1861, 162 in 1865, and 83 in 1866; the number of evictions as ascertained by the police in each year from 1849 to 1862, declined from 13,384 families in the former year to 983 in the latter year; and the wages of agricultural labourers rose from *5s.* in 1831 to *8s.* or *9s.* in 1866. Crime has steadily diminished; trade has increased; agriculture has improved. These facts are decisive of progress.

Two questions, affecting the peace and prosperity of the country, remain for legislative settlement—the Land and the Church. They have both been so recently discussed in our pages,* that we shall not now revert to them in detail; and except so far as the proposals recently made are concerned, we refer our readers to those articles for a full and fair exposition of these important subjects.

But it may be said, Are there any other practical remedies for the solution of the Irish difficulty as yet untried, and are they such as the British Parliament can adopt? The pamphlet of Mr. John Stuart Mill, M.P., is an attempt to answer the first part of this question. It is written with his usual vigour and lucidity, but it is extremely contemptuous and arrogant in its tone, and ill-calculated to conciliate opponents or to secure for itself a calm and impartial examination. We believe that his proposal is based upon false and unwarrantable assumptions, and is supported by illogical arguments. He demands legislation, stringent and summary, on a large scale, affecting deeply the rights of property, for he has no regard for 'the superstition in favour of absolute property in land 'engrossed by a few families.' His plan is fixity of tenure at a perpetual rent-charge, the entire and speedy elimination of the present landlord element and the establishment of a peasant-proprietary, subject to payment of a fixed rent to be guaranteed by the State. The proposal is of a revolutionary

* See the article on the 'Irish Church,' in No. cclii., April, 1866, and the article on 'Tenant Compensation in Ireland,' in No. cclv., January, 1867.

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character; but he believes that the circumstances are desperate and justify a resort to extreme measures. We hold, however, that Mr. Mill greatly exaggerates the importance of Fenianism as an element of national disturbance or imperial danger, and that he displays an extreme or wilful ignorance of Irish history in representing it as 'the most intense, violent, and 'universal outbreak' of disaffection we have ever encountered. He must have surely forgotten the rebellion of 1798, which was Protestant as well as Catholic in its character, and crushed by a sacrifice of 50,000 rebel lives. The strength of Fenianism, which is known to be chiefly American, has been already tested; it could not make a stand anywhere for a single day; nearly every important leader has been captured or obliged to fly the country; verdicts have been obtained without difficulty against those accused of treasonable acts; the law has been vindicated against the Manchester murderers; the authors of the Clerkenwell explosion turn out to be far from a formidable band of revolutionists; and John Mitchel, in declining the Head Centreship of the organisation, admits that, in its present shape, it is now, and has always been, powerless for injury. But it is a scandalous exaggeration for Mr. Mill to speak of the national disaffection of Ireland, as if Ulster, the most important province of the country, with its prosperous, loyal, and peaceful population, shared in the Fenian hatred of England. And there are many other parts even of Catholic Ireland where Fenianism is unknown.

The plan of Mr. Mill, whether we regard it as intended to promote the prosperity of the people or to improve their relations with the Government, is simply an arbitrary device of the most mischievous and fatal character, utterly opposed to all sound economical doctrine, and directly calculated to aggravate tenfold the very evils it is meant to supplant. He takes it for granted that peasant-proprietors will be as prosperous in Ireland as they are in France and Prussia, as if the agriculture of these countries could be compared for a moment to that of England or Scotland. M. de Lavergne, his own authority, mentions that in spite of a superior climate and an equal soil, France, the country of peasant-proprietorships, only produces half as much per acre as England, the country of large estates and large farms. But the petty holdings of Ireland have been its curse, and the decrease of them the chief cause of the agricultural improvement of the last twenty years; it is never by the class of peasant-proprietors that improvements in tillage or the breed of cattle are made in any country. And what assurance can Mr. Mill give us that

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he will be able to prevent a host of petty proprietors from subletting to tenants, who in their turn will break up the land among an inferior class of smaller holders, endowed with the usual Irish fecundity? How, in a country so bent upon early marriages, will he keep the population within the existing means of employment and subsistence? And if the population should become excessive, will not emigration—which is so much denounced at present—be the only relief for the necessitous classes? And how will he improve the relations between the peasantry and the Government by placing the State in the position of the landlords? How are the tenants to be compelled to pay their rents? Surely it must be by the sharp remedy of eviction, with all its inevitable heart-burnings and hatreds, directed not as before against Protestant landowners, but against the English Government itself. And if the whole body of occupiers should refuse to pay, how will the State evict a nation? The Government must either be content to lose annually many millions of money, or suffer itself to be charged directly with all the disgrace of the evictions. If Mr. Mill's proposal were to become law to-morrow, there would be an immediate cry for the remittance of rent on the part of the State, and Fenianism itself would find materials for further disturbance in this new demand. Mr. Mill has made no provision whatever for the benefit of the largest half of the agricultural class—the farm-labourers—whose prospects are not likely to be improved by a needy class of peasant-proprietors; and neither will any advantage accrue under his plan to the small shop-keeping class, or to the inhabitants of towns and villages, who will have no stronger motives than at present to regard Great Britain with loyalty and affection.

But the plan in question cannot prevent the inevitable rise of landlordism. If a holder should be evicted, how will it prevent the forfeited holding from being purchased by a rich man, or by a petty tradesman, or a village money-lender? And if the peasant-proprietor should become a borrower on the security of his tenure, and be unable to pay, how is the holder of the mortgage to be prevented from becoming the owner of the property? The inevitable landlord is always reappearing, unless Mr. Mill should limit proprietary rights by a decree that every forfeited farm shall be sold only to a peasant-occupier, or that it shall not be sold at all. But the fact is, that it is not necessary to introduce into Ireland artificial modes of facilitating the purchase of land by farmers, for there is always abundance of land in the market for those who have money to buy it. The disintegration of landed estates

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is already in progress. Within the last twenty years, one-ninth part of the soil has been sold under the direction of the Landed Estates Court, thirty-six millions of money have changed hands, and when small purchasers are willing and able to pay the highest prices, it is needless for this purpose to draw upon the resources or demand the interposition of the State.

We have hitherto taken for granted that the 8,000 landlords of Ireland—40 per cent. of whom are Roman Catholics—might be induced to acquiesce in this legislative revolution; but Mr. Mill seems not to see that they have ample power to defeat his proposal by the simple process of serving notices to quit on all the half-million occupiers of farms—save such as hold under leases—and resuming the occupation of their own lands.

Lord Dufferin has published a masterly and trenchant reply to the pamphlet of Mr. Mill, in which the whole subject is discussed in all its social and political bearings. In addition to many points already adverted to, his lordship alludes to the fact that all existing leases or other terminable contracts will be overridden by the new settlement; and he asks, 'Where will 'the Court be found fit to assess the accruing value of the 'lands of Ireland? Nay, what tribunal could be really com- 'petent to decide on its present amount?' He shows that when you have substituted an innumerable crowd of needy landlords for the present more affluent proprietors, evictions for non-payment of rent would be as rife as ever, and 'if a 'second time a blight should overspread the 1,000,000 acres 'now under potatoes in Ireland, the burden of supporting the 'starving population should fall, not on the rental of the king- 'dom, as it did in 1846, but on the Consolidated Fund, from 'which inexhaustible source would also be derived the incomes 'of the thousand functionaries necessary to the management of 'a property of 15,000,000 acres.' We cordially coincide with Lord Dufferin in his view of the effects of this revolutionary proposal, as likely to excite jealousy and ill-feeling between different classes in Ireland, to stimulate Fenianism and dis- affection, and to discourage those wise and liberal landowners who have been striving for years to improve the condition of the country. But the mischief of Mr. Mill's proposal is not likely to be confined to Ireland. Let it be once conceded that land in Ireland is the property of the people, the democratic working classes on this side of the Channel will not be long in announcing the same welcome fact for England; and an agitation, rivalling, if not exceeding, in violence the Chartist agitation of Fergus O'Connor, will be the inevitable result. The sooner, then, it is thoroughly understood by the Irish

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people that all Parliamentary parties are opposed to this revolutionary plan, the better for the peace of the country and for the prospect of an immediate settlement of all her vexed questions. It is the duty of the Legislature to settle this Land difficulty with all needful despatch, for so long as the peasant has no confidence in the existing constitution of society securing to him the fruits of his exertions and outlay, he will not only continue in a condition of apathetic indolence, but be tempted to seek by violent and disloyal means to redress his own grievances. Nothing but a temporary interposition of the Legislature is wanted to afford the needed security which is the great spring of all industry, and without which the foundations of Irish prosperity, which have been already laid, can never obtain the social breadth and depth so essential to a strong and stable civilisation.

At the present moment, however, notwithstanding the immense importance of the Land question, that of the Irish Church presses forward a more urgent claim for solution. It is the unanimous opinion of the Liberal Party, both in and out of Ireland, that as long as the principle of religious equality is not established in Ireland, it is impossible to deal with her other grievances; and accordingly it is to this great source of irritation that the Parliament of the United Kingdom has now seriously addressed itself. The chief interest of Earl Russell's pamphlet lay in its discussion of the Ecclesiastical question, and in his statesmanlike proposal for its settlement. Taking his stand upon the principle of a full religious equality, he proposed to reduce the Protestant Episcopal Church from its position as an Establishment, her archbishops and bishops no longer to sit as members of the House of Lords, and hereafter not to be known by their jurisdictions but by their names. The pith of his lordship's proposal, which is that of endowment according to numbers, is contained in these three lines:—'A fair division 'of the rent-charge in lieu of tithes would give about six-'eighths to the Roman Catholic, about one-eighth to the 'Protestant Episcopal, and less than an eighth to the Presby-'terian Church.' That is, estimating the rent-charge at 400,000*l.*, the Roman Catholics would receive 300,000*l.*, the Episcopalians 50,000*l.*, and the Presbyterians somewhat less than 50,000*l.* But the net annual value of all the ecclesiastical revenues (exclusive of the annual value of Episcopal palaces and glebe-houses) being 559,763*l.*, the Roman Catholic proportion would then be about 420,000*l.*, the Episcopalian 70,000*l.*, and the Presbyterian about 65,000*l.* But whatever preference we might have felt, with Lord Russell, for a measure

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which would have appropriated a due proportion of the ecclesiastical revenues of Ireland to the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy and to an increase of the *regium donum* of the Presbyterians, it seems to be admitted on all hands that the time is past when such a measure could have been carried. The strong repugnance of the ultra-Protestant party in England and Scotland to any payment to the Roman Catholic Church; the equally strong determination of the Roman Catholic clergy not to accept such a payment from the State; the declaration of Mr. Disraeli on the part of the Tories that he is opposed to such payment; and finally the hostility to the principle of extended endowment which is felt by a considerable section of the Liberal party, forbid us to hope that such an appropriation of the Irish ecclesiastical revenues could be attempted with success by any Government. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, has taken the first great step towards the solution of this difficulty and the removal of this secular injustice, by his emphatic declaration and Resolution that, 'In the opinion of the House of 'Commons it is necessary that the Established Church of Ire-'land should cease to exist as an establishment, due regard 'being had to all personal interests and to all individual rights 'of property.' On this fundamental proposition the future policy of this country to Ireland rests. The first blow is struck. We said two years ago that the time was come when ALL the religious sects of Ireland must be paid or NONE: and the course of events has, as we anticipated, given a clear and definite decision in favour of the latter alternative. There are politicians who imagine that an interval of repose, a breathing-time of recollection and recovery, is demanded alike in the name of the material and the moral interests of Ireland; but we confess that we can see nothing in the exceptional circumstances of the country to justify a moment's loss of time in remedying existing abuses, in relieving the people from unjust burdens, in securing to their industry the most ample protection, and in convincing them that the Constitution under which they live is fitted to improve their condition, and fulfils all the objects of social government. There ought not to be an hour's delay beyond what is imperatively necessary. And yet it would be well if the Irish people themselves could see that legislation cannot of itself make a prosperous nation. They are sanguine that, after the settlement of the Church and Land questions, their country will rise with a buoyant spring on the removal of the weight which has so long pressed down its energies. But the Irish complaint is a hard, obstinate, indolent sore, of very long standing, which some will cauterise, and others, with strong

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remedies, will only chafe and inflame; and time will most certainly be needed, after we administer a number of positive remedies, to enable the patient to recover the tone of his health. The Irish must be made to learn that no legislation, or even change of institutions, will work those miracles that are the slow and painful product of private virtue, patient toil, and more patient endurance; that there are no mechanical contrivances for the attainment of an end which is the allotted reward of moral effort and self-denying labour, and that a people must strive hard and sacrifice much for the sake of that silent internal harmony which is the primary condition of a nation's life. We trust, however, that we are fast approaching the time when it shall no more be said that in Ireland the laws of nature are reversed—fertility bringing no blessing, population only marking the progress of misery, and religion the perpetual watchword of strife; and that a new generation will grow up with a calmer history, enjoying a stable rule against which rebellion would be madness, and wisely using those civil and political rights which are the glory of a nation.

ART. VII.—*History of the French in India.* By Major G. B. MALLESON. London: 1868.

IN undertaking to write this 'History of the French in India,' Major Malleson set himself the task of dispelling a whole tissue of misrepresentations which have become accredited on this subject, and this task he has accomplished in a most creditable manner. He has produced a volume alike attractive to the general reader, and valuable for its new matter to the special student. It is not too much to say that now for the first time we are furnished with a faithful narrative of that portion of European enterprise in India which turns upon the contest waged by the English East India Company against French influence, and specially against Dupleix. On several capital incidents in this contest, the views presented by Major Malleson differ widely from those that have been generally accepted by our standard authorities on Anglo-Indian history. When we find ourselves called upon to modify opinions that seemed so well warranted, we look warily at the new case submitted to us before we admit its correctness; but we have no hesitation in saying that Major Malleson's narrative will stand this test of criticism. The novel points he has advanced are supported by irrefragable evidence, which it is in the reader's power to weigh for himself. This evidence is drawn from

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hitherto neglected records, both English and French, but for the most part the latter. For the first time the Pondicherry Archives and the original official correspondence of the French officers in command have been consulted, instead of onesided versions by men who, having been directly interested in a contest that keenly appealed to human passions, must unavoidably have retained some partizan feelings in their attempts, however honest, to survey its incidents with equity. It was impossible for any English contemporary of Dupleix, who had himself been drawn within the vortex of the life and death struggle against that officer, so to divest himself of the effect of his original feelings as to be able to weigh justly a course of action that sprang from a source of the most direct antagonism. Yet on no better testimony than that of such necessarily partial authorities has the appreciation of French affairs in India been formed, which it is the aim of the present publication very greatly to modify. Nor let it be thought that it is immaterial to rectify our views on this subject. The history of the ephemeral power of France in India is one full of interest and pregnant with instruction. Those much misapprehended Frenchmen who strove and toiled to found an Asiatic empire were some of them quite on a level with Clive for genius and bold-heartedness. While in every other quarter the France of Louis XV. presented a uniform spectacle of wretched incapacity and abasement, in India she possessed an isolated band of sons, as eminent for daring qualities, vigour of mind, and gallant fortitude under painfully adverse circumstances as any she ever produced. Yet it was the hard lot of these sterling men to be first deserted by the mother country, and then to have even their memories forgotten or aspersed, until at last an Anglo-Indian is found to raise to their unrecognised worth that literary monument which it is unaccountable no Frenchman should have been at the pains to rear.

The first attempt by Frenchmen to follow in the wake of the Portuguese, Dutch, and English adventurers, who preceded them in Indian expeditions, dates from the reign of Louis XII., when some merchants of Rouen fitted out two ships to trade in the Indian seas. Henri IV. gave, in 1604, a charter to a Company, which, however, proved still-born, until Richelieu, with characteristic energy, imparted life to it in 1642 by special privileges, the immediate result being an attempt to colonise Madagascar, which, after several years of hard contest with the natives, ended in failure. But Colbert was then the directing spirit of France, and he was not disposed to let Indian trade become the monopoly of rival maritime Powers. Consequently

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he reconstructed, with government assistance, the bankrupt Company on a new footing. At that time the most weighty European Power in India was that of the Dutch, and to supplant it, accordingly, French effort was principally directed. Under the direction of Caron, a Dutch deserter, an expedition was despatched, which led to the establishment of factories at Surat and Masulipatam, and gladdened the heart of the home authorities by the return of lucrative cargoes. But, before long, the good faith of Caron became suspected by his employers, and he was recalled in 1673 to make room for one François Martin, who had served under him—a man represented as of singular simplicity of carriage and unaffected earnestness of purpose.

Martin must be regarded as the real founder of French power and greatness in India, to the furtherance of which, to quote Major Malleson's words, 'he devoted a long career in singleness 'of heart and with great success.' It was Martin who contrived to get from Shere Khan Lodi the grant of a piece of land his quick eye had selected, and there, after the destruction of the French settlement at St. Thomé by the Dutch, in 1674, he laid the foundation of Pondicherry. But this infant settlement, though destined in the end to prove the abiding stronghold of France, did not grow up without severe trials. In 1693 the implacable Dutch, bent on annihilating every possible competitor, made themselves masters of Martin's small and feebly fortified colony, and the labours of a life to secure for France a footing on the Coromandel coast would have been utterly lost but for the Peace of Ryswick, which by one clause stipulated a mutual restitution of conquests. Martin then returned to his own creation, upon which he expended so much intelligence, that at the time of his death in 1706, Pondicherry, from a mere factory, had grown into a town of 40,000 inhabitants, with a garrison of some 700 Europeans. But the prosperity which had attended the administration of Martin failed on the cessation of his able direction. The peculiar blight which seems ever to descend upon trading institutions fostered by exclusive privileges of monopoly, fell also on the French India Company. Colbert's creation had become virtually insolvent, in spite of its magnificent grants from the State, when the arch quack Law, seizing the peculiar attraction which a company trading to the gorgeous East possessed for the multitude, darted upon the moribund body to turn it into an instrument for decoying dupes within the meshes of his system. Under the impulse of this stimulus, the Perpetual Company of the Indies became a vast scheme of mad speculation, accompanied by a

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momentary show of prodigious success. From a humble association of mere merchants it emerged into the splendour of a sovereign corporation, until the inevitable collapse of all this gambling mania in 1720 reduced it again into what it had been by virtue of Colbert's charter, with the addition of the monopoly of the sale of tobacco in France. Fortunately, during its short day of prosperity, the Company had been provident enough to send considerable supplies and specie to Pondicherry, which, reaching Governor Lenoir in 1721, gave him the means to do that which in the following years, when the Company was again without funds, materially contributed to make the French settlements tide over the period of subsequent neglect.

From 1720 to 1741 a state of things prevailed, which, though far from satisfactory, inasmuch as the Company's finances languished, and its directors wofully neglected their settlements, proved less disastrous than might have been anticipated, thanks to the practical qualities shown by the Company's officers in India. Of these Dumas demands special notice, for he it was who first acquired political influence for his countrymen, through the respect inspired into the natives by the firmness he displayed on the occasion of the great Mahratta invasion of the Carnatic in 1740. The incidents attending this terrific irruption proved indeed of capital consequence, for they resulted in intimate relations between native chiefs and the French authorities, which laid the basis for that moral ascendancy which enabled Dupleix for so many years to render the forces of Indian princes subservient to himself. It is therefore indispensable, for the comprehension of subsequent events, to note the leading facts connected with this invasion.

At that period the viceroyalty of the Carnatic had been conferred by the Great Mogul on Dost Ali, who had an elder son, Sufder Ali, and a son-in-law Chunda Sahib, destined to play a prominent part in Indian politics, and from his earliest years a pronounced friend of the French. On the 20th May, 1739, Dost Ali was surprised and utterly worsted by the Mahrattas, he himself and his second son remaining dead on the field; when Sufder Ali from Vellore, and Chunda Sahib from Trichinopoly—fortresses of first-rate strength in which they took refuge—sought from M. Dumas, Governor of Pondicherry, the privilege of sending thither for protection their families and treasures, while they themselves prepared to resist in their strongholds the assault of the invaders. The request could not be otherwise than highly inconvenient. To concede it was publicly to provoke the resentment of the Mahrattas. Yet, after due consideration of all the risks, Dumas deemed it

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expedient to grant the protection demanded, and with the assent of his council he did so. What he had anticipated came to pass; Raghojee Bhonsla, the Mahratta chief, imperiously threatened Pondicherry with the fate that had been inflicted on Bassein, unless the French paid him tribute and delivered up the persons and treasures that had been placed under their protection. This summons Dumas quietly dismissed, and made every preparation resolutely to defend Pondicherry to the last man rather than betray the charge he had assumed, even though he became aware that, with Oriental fickleness, one of the two men for whose sake he was exposing himself to enormous dangers, had entered into secret negotiations with the enemy. Sufder Ali, namely, was covetous of the position acquired by Chunda Sahib. His ambition was to succeed to his father's Nabobship, with the same extent of power he had possessed; and to that end he made promises to the Mahrattas, in the event of their lending their forces to the expulsion of Chunda Sahib from Arcot. These treacherous dealings were, of course, meant to be strictly secret; but Dumas' vigilance penetrated the plot, without, however, giving any indication of his discovery to the guilty party. When, therefore, the Mahrattas retired in secret understanding with Sufder Ali, and the latter paid a visit of state to Pondicherry in gratitude for the services rendered, Dumas contrived to obtain a material reward in the shape of a grant of land, subsequently confirmed by a firman from Delhi, and the investiture, not of Dumas individually, but of the French governor for all time, by the Great Mogul, with the rank of Nabob. Scarcely, however, had this state visit been paid, when the Mahrattas, in collusion with the perfidious Sufder Ali, again poured down on the Carnatic, and, after capturing the unfortunate Chunda Sahib, who was quite unprepared, besieged Pondicherry with what threatened to prove an irresistible force. But Dumas, who still had within his walls the family and treasures of the captive Chunda Sahib, gallantly defied the attack, declining to purchase safety by the surrender of those confided to his trust, until at last the Mahratta invader retired, foiled by the undaunted resistance of the Frenchman, and obliged to console himself for the loss of the coveted treasure by the sole possession of Chunda Sahib, whom he carried a prisoner to his own country on the Western Coast. The immediate fruit reaped by the French Company from this successful resistance to the hitherto invincible Mahrattas, and from the profound impression produced on native minds by the spectacle of Dumas' imperturbable steadfastness, was an accession of influence exceeding

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anything which it had been until then conceived possible for Europeans to acquire in India. The grant of valuable land was as nothing compared to the intangible, and yet real moral ascendancy implied by the recognition of the French governor as Nabob at the hands of the grateful Mogul. In native eyes, the French were at once transformed into beings of a higher authority by this 'sunnud;' and when, a few months later, in October, 1741, Dumas retired, he had every right to boast of having raised the position of the Company enormously.

The successor of Dumas was none other than Dupleix, with whose appearance on the scene commences an altogether new and stirring phase in the history of the French in India. From this moment we enter on what is its imperial section—comprising the brilliant attempt to found a French empire, and to carry off the golden prize which was ultimately secured by ourselves. The attempt thus made may be divided into three periods, each having a prominent central figure as its representative—Dupleix, Bussy, and Lally. It is beyond the limits of this article to follow Major Malleson through the whole course of events with which these three distinguished names are identified. All our space will permit is to draw attention to some of the more important facts which are represented by him in a light differing from that which has been generally accepted.

Of the points on which Major Malleson joins issue with received opinions, none is more calculated to raise controversy than his decided vindication of Dupleix from the charges of bad faith and inordinate vanity, that have been brought against him by all English writers on Indian history.* That Dupleix displayed abilities of no ordinary kind has been freely acknowledged by his adversaries, but it has likewise been the received opinion, that personal ambition and inflated self-conceit lay at the root of all his policy. Major Malleson assures us that this estimate of Dupleix's character is absolutely false, and mainly due to a thorough misapprehension of his conduct on the occasion of the capitulation of Madras—a capital event in the course of his Indian career—this misapprehension having been confirmed by an artful display of deceptive collateral circumstances,

* Mr. Mill ('British India,' vol. iii. p. 67) chiefly follows Orme in describing the conduct of Dupleix, and he admits the one-sided evidence of Labourdonnais's Vindication against his rival. Dr. Marshman, whose compendious 'History of India' is a very useful and popular work, has merely trodden in the footsteps of his predecessors in his short narrative of the French occupation, and has taken a totally erroneous view of the character and conduct of Dupleix.

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caused by the criminal action of Dupleix's own colleague Labourdonnais, who first corruptly allied himself with the English, and then contrived to hoax the public mind in France into believing him to be the persecuted victim of the man whom on the contrary he had cruelly wronged. Startling though it must be to be asked entirely to reverse an accredited opinion, we have no hesitation in saying that Major Malleson has made out a conclusive case. Dupleix's character was on a par with his genius, and the injustice that has been so long done him is all the greater, that precisely on the score of nobleness of nature Dupleix was unapproached by any of his otherwise illustrious countrymen in India. The abilities evinced by several of these men were of an order little inferior to his own. Bussy might even rank as Dupleix's equal for boldness of design and wonderful power in dealing with men; but for disinterestedness, ungrudging self-sacrifice, and untiring devotion to the public cause—just the very qualities which have been denied to him—Dupleix stands quite without a rival.

When Dupleix succeeded to the supreme government of the French settlements, he had already served an apprenticeship of more than twenty years in India, during the last ten of which he had presided over Chandernagor to the no small satisfaction of the Company, since he had contrived to raise that settlement from a condition of ruin to one of unprecedented prosperity. Dupleix came, therefore, to Pondicherry—still suffering from Mahratta depredation—with a high reputation for administrative abilities, and very pronounced expectations on the part of the directors, that their beneficent action would speedily be visible in the improved appearance of the sadly distressed community. The expectation was not disappointed; Dupleix expended not only all his energy, but even a portion of his great private fortune, in the work of reviving Pondicherry. It is manifest that from the commencement he shaped his course with the firm purpose of establishing for the Company an imperial position in the Carnatic, such as the directors had never dreamt of acquiring. In his intercourse from Chandernagor with native princes, Dupleix had thoroughly satisfied himself of the relative power of Europeans and Orientals, and in confident reliance on this judgment he had daringly worked out in his mind a scheme of operations, exceeding in vastness and splendour all that the boldest Western adventurer in India had yet ventured to dream of. The scheme so daringly conceived was based on two points—expulsion of the rival English forces from the Coromandel coast and tacit conquest of the Carnatic, if not of more, through an active alliance with the representa-

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tives of Mogul authority, by which Dupleix foresaw that he would quickly render the country tributary to the French, from the superior efficacy that would be experienced in European forces for the protection of the declining Mogul against the pressure of invading Mahrattas and insurgent princes. To make his countrymen the only Europeans located in that quarter of the globe—to prepare the destruction of Madras and all the English settlements in the Carnatic—and to lay the foundation for a degree of moral ascendancy over the Subadar of the Deccan, who was Viceroy in the name of the Great Mogul, which should enable him to use this potentate as a puppet when the time came, this was the policy Dupleix laboured for with silent but untiring assiduity, until in 1743 the rupture between France and England afforded him the opportunity to commence the execution of his long-harboured designs.

If it should be thought that in thus entertaining the fixed purpose of absolutely expelling the English from Southern India, Dupleix showed himself animated with wanton animosity, it will be well to remember that precisely the same feeling was entertained on the other side against the French. The policy of the English directors was identical in spirit with that of Dupleix, only it was not served with equal vigour. The French and English Companies were on terms of such angry rivalry in those regions, that for the two to live in neighbourly competition was out of the question. A feeling of intense jealousy and hostility actuated the competing establishments of Pondicherry and Madras against each other, which rendered a solid understanding impossible; and accordingly, when war actually broke out, the English, more alert than the pusillanimous and insolvent French directors, sent out to India a formidable expedition with the view of getting the start, and annihilating their rivals outright before help came from France. That this was not brought about is due solely to the incompetence of the English naval commander, and to the skill of Dupleix in working upon the British through the medium of the awe still attached to the title of the Mogul. The Subadar of the Deccan forbade any molestation of the French, and at his injunction Admiral Barnet was content to stand at rest until Labourdonnais arrived with reinforcements he had himself contrived to raise with enormous difficulties in the Isle of France, and then the whole scene changed. From being cooped within walls—virtually at the mercy of the enemy if only he had the common sense to appear—Dupleix suddenly found himself in a position which his bold genius at once made the basis for active and onward movement. From the instant that Labour-

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donnais' vessels were sighted, the mind of Dupleix leapt to the idea of success by the capture of Madras, and he earnestly urged Labourdonnais to lose no time in consummating his triumph.

Here we have reached what may well startle the reader of Major Malleson's book. At this point he finds himself called upon by the author, not merely to modify particular opinions, but absolutely to invert all he has hitherto been told to believe about the two Frenchmen who acted the chief parts in the transactions that followed. To follow Major Malleson in his views, it is necessary, not only to exalt a character hitherto impugned for want of principle, but also to pronounce stained with corruption and bad faith a man who has been held up as the type of honour in contrast with the duplicity of his colleague. Yet paradoxical as this wholesale reversal of standing opinion may seem, its justice will be found to be fully established by the evidence. That Labourdonnais was possessed of extraordinary energy and resolution does not admit of doubt. His administration of the Isle of France is a monument to his indomitable firmness and untiring exertion. The very ships in which he arrived on the coast of India bore testimony to his indefatigable spirit; for, out of no other resources than his ingenuity could devise in the loneliness of that island, Labourdonnais had entirely created for himself the expedition with which he sailed to the rescue of Dupleix. The difficulties which he set himself to overcome were truly appalling, for the home authorities had left him utterly destitute.

'But Labourdonnais determined to make what he had not. He himself, carpenter, engineer, tailor, and smith, constructed with his own hands the model of all the articles that were required. Under his own personal superintendence, some men were trained to act as tailors, to cut out and prepare sails; others, as carpenters, busied themselves with gun-carriages, and fitted the vessels to receive them. Some were set to work to prepare materials for building ships, others to put together those materials. Then, again, the sailors were trained to work together, to serve the guns, to scale walls, to fire at a mark, to use the grappling-hook. Finding their numbers insufficient, he recruited from the negroes, and formed the whole into mixed companies. Working in this way he soon found himself at the head of a body of men, well taught and well disciplined, and ready to undertake any enterprise he might assign to them.' (P. 119.)

And yet when this gallant sailor at last actually reached the scene of action, after such sustained and strenuous exertions, his whole energy seemed all at once to forsake him. Wherein are we to seek the cause for the transformation which thus

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suddenly came over one who, till then, had given so bright an example of daring resolution? It can be found only in certain defects of character, the existence of which has been lost sight of in a deceitful halo of romance that has encircled Labourdonnais' name. The truth is that, however able and enterprising, Labourdonnais was also thoroughly selfish. As long as he was not called upon to share authority—as long as he could be absolute in command—he threw into all his actions the marvellous energy of his daring nature; but the case changed as soon as his sense of authority was checked by the presence of one claiming equal standing. Then the fires of envy and jealousy inflamed his heart, and got the better of all other feelings. To have to pay deference, to have to recognise a right of control or interference, was what he could not brook. But on his arrival in India, Labourdonnais found himself in presence of a man who, though most conciliatory, yet spoke and bore himself as invested with equal rank—in some respects even with superior power. To such a position Labourdonnais was quite unable to accommodate himself; and under an ungovernable sense of irritation, he sulked at first, and then hurried into a course of action grossly reprehensible. After all, the case is not an uncommon one. History has many parallel instances of failures due to wilful insubordination on the part of a second in command.

It was on the 8th July, 1746, that Labourdonnais' squadron dropped anchor before Pondicherry, after having previously beaten off the English fleet, and thereby both relieved Pondicherry and uncovered Madras. In his exculpatory Memoir, Labourdonnais affirms his reception from Dupleix to have been unbecoming from the first. How thoroughly untruthful this very artfully written Memoir is, cannot be conceived by any one who has not made a study of its contents. As this point has, however, been made much of, it is necessary to show its utter falseness. Dupleix's letters exist to prove the extraordinary cordiality with which he met the Admiral. 'Yours 'will be the honour of success,' he writes to Labourdonnais, on first hearing of his arrival, 'and I shall hold myself lucky 'in contributing thereto through means that owe their value 'entirely to your skill.' And again, 'I shall esteem myself 'happy to have contributed to success by causes which will 'only derive merit from your conduct, and its happy results, 'for which I am ardently desirous. I feel too much the im-'portance of our union, not to give myself entirely to bring 'it about.' The enterprise to which this union was to be directed was perfectly agreed upon. In these letters, down to

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more than ten days after the arrival of the squadron, both officers were of the same opinion, that to take Madras is the only thing worth doing 'which can indemnify the Company for 'its losses and expenses.' Labourdonnais, in his correspondence, shows himself at first as keen as Dupleix. In a letter of July 17th, he discusses how he had best treat Madras when captured—for that capture must follow he considers a thing beyond doubt—and yet a few days later all his resolution vanished, and instead of pushing on the expedition, Labourdonnais proposed to sail in quest of the English squadron, and actually did so, to the profound annoyance of Dupleix, who had been straining every nerve for the Madras expedition. Still further to aggravate his vexation, Labourdonnais did not even carry out the proposed object of his cruise with vigour, but allowed the English ships to escape. On the 13th August, Dupleix made use of his undeniably superior authority as Governor-General to send the Admiral positive orders to proceed with the expedition to Madras, which the latter at last reluctantly obeyed. It has been affirmed that Labourdonnais' reason for hanging back was Dupleix's refusal to supply him with the requisite stores. It is clearly established that this is utterly untrue. Dupleix really stripped Pondicherry of every gun he could possibly spare, in order to satisfy the Admiral's demands, for his heart was set on an expedition, as to the easy success of which he never entertained a doubt.

Events fully justified his confident anticipations, for after five days' feeble defence, Madras surrendered on September 20th, 1746, by a capitulation, in connexion with which charges of the gravest kind have been advanced against Dupleix. The current version is, that Madras was surrendered on definite terms of ransom to Labourdonnais; that the capitulation so concluded was then repudiated by Dupleix when he found himself in possession of the cherished prize; that Labourdonnais, justly indignant at so barefaced a violation of good faith, stood out honourably for the execution of the terms he had agreed to; that, nevertheless, Dupleix cynically persisted in disowning obligations he had previously been a party to; and that thus an act of disgraceful treachery was deliberately perpetrated in the teeth of Labourdonnais' high-spirited protests. Now, on every one of these heads the direct contrary to what has been advanced is the fact. Madras was surrendered, not on terms of ransom, but unconditionally—no capitulation ever accepted was subsequently repudiated by Dupleix—Labourdonnais' assumed display of virtuous indignation at bad faith was a mere feint suggested by corrupt motives—and Dupleix, so far from

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outstepping the bounds of right, did only what was incumbent on him in rejecting a treaty which could have no binding force on his superior authority, from the fact of its being a clandestine instrument concluded in defiance of his explicit instructions to the contrary. The evidence on these points is conclusive.

At a late hour on September 20th, the English commissioners surrendered Madras, and in a hurried communication of a few lines, dated 8 A. M., September 21st, Labourdonnais notified to Dupleix his occupation of the city. On the day after, he wrote him a report of what had happened, in which he states, 'The English surrendered to me with even more 'precipitation than I wrote you. I have them at my discretion, 'and the capitulation which they signed has been left with 'me, without their having dreamt of demanding a duplicate.' The nature of this capitulation is still more clearly defined by Labourdonnais in a subsequent despatch of the 23rd. 'There is a capitulation,' he writes, 'signed by the Governor, 'of which I subjoin a copy; but it does no more, as you will 'see, than authorise me to dispose of the place.' In this despatch Labourdonnais then proceeds to discuss what it may be most proper to do with Madras—of itself a sufficient proof that at this time he did not consider himself bound by any previous agreement. But though free to act as he might choose on this score, by his own showing, Labourdonnais, even before sailing for Madras, had thrown out the idea of subjecting it to ransom, against which Dupleix protested in a document dated as long back as June 20th.

But since the siege, the reasons originally weighing with him against such a step had been strengthened by other motives of policy. The English, in their distress, had called on the Nabob of the Carnatic to stand between them and the French in his suzerain capacity. Accordingly the Nabob did intimate to the French that he would not tolerate any invasion of the English settlements by them. Dupleix sought to obviate this dictatorial interference by intimating to the Nabob his intention to give over to him Madras when once captured. But this intention in Dupleix's own mind went no farther than to give up to the Nabob the bare city, dismantled of all its European works of defence, and stripped of everything that could make it valuable as a military position. Under these circumstances, being mindful of his promise to the Nabob, and of Labourdonnais' previous inclination in favour of restoring Madras to the English for a ransom, Dupleix despatched on the night of the 21st (when still ignorant of the surrender) a special mes-

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senger to Labourdonnais with a letter that is preserved, in which he informs the latter of his firm intention to deliver Madras to the Nabob, and instructs him, therefore, 'not to 'listen to any propositions which may be made for the ran-'som of the place, as that would be to deceive the Nabob, and 'make him join our enemies.' This communication was in Labourdonnais' hands on the 23rd. It is conceivable that, with his perverse temper, Labourdonnais might have secretly promised to give back Madras for a sum of money, and then have kept the fact back from Dupleix at the beginning; but how can it ever be believed that any such compact was really made in the capitulation of September 20th, when, three days after the receipt of those explicit instructions, we find Labourdonnais replying to Dupleix on September 24th, with a simple request for his detailed commands how Madras was to be dealt with? Whatever motives for concealment might have existed necessarily ceased at this point. That the English authorities, in conversation, had before then already thrown out the suggestion of a ransom is positive, but whatever had passed was strictly informal, as is now irrefragably demonstrated under Labourdonnais' own hand in his correspondence with Dupleix. With this before us, it is impossible not to endorse Major Malleson's conclusions.

'1st. That Labourdonnais had, as commander of the expedition, no right to conclude any definitive treaty with the English without the consent of the Governor-General of French India. 2ndly. That up to September 25th, the fifth day after the capitulation, no such definitive treaty had been entered into; and 3rdly. That up to that date the feelings of Labourdonnais, gratified by success, had been most friendly towards the Pondicherry authorities.'

Yet, on the 26th September, Labourdonnais, who but two days before had not one word to say against Dupleix's proposed plan of operations, actually concluded with the English Governor, Morse, a convention for the restoration of Madras, against payment of 1,100,000 pagodas, which convention purported to be but the completion of stipulations till then unheard of, though stated to be contained in the original capitulation of the 20th September. Of course Dupleix scorned the idea of recognising the validity of so preposterous an instrument, and forthwith asserted the superiority of his authority, which Labourdonnais then attempted to impugn, on the strength of extraordinary commissions he never produced. It is neither necessary nor would it be interesting to follow out, date by date, the incidents of the contest which now ensued between these two men, the one vehemently insisting on, and the other as

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steadily but with far more dignity declining, the acceptance of this unaccountable convention, by which the fruits of the expedition were to be sacrificed for the promise of a postponed and very inadequate payment.

Labourdonnais' conduct for violence and unseemliness now became rather that of a madman than a reasonable being. It is evident that every thought but that of securing by some means or other the execution of what had been stipulated in the second and unauthorised convention of the 26th September had lost attraction for him, and why this should have been so has been made clear by Major Malleson. Labourdonnais now *stands convicted of having been bought by the members of the Madras Council at the price of* 40,000*l.* on the evidence of papers in the India House, heretofore unknown, which prove the directors to have been privy to a bond given for that sum to Labourdonnais 'in consideration of his restoring Madras to the English.' Love of lucre turned the otherwise high-spirited and daring seaman into a traitor, and made him not merely defy Dupleix's superior authority, but actually expose to destruction the men under his command, by staying upon the open roadstead until the monsoon swept down upon the squadron and made terrible havoc with shipping and with human lives. In a few hours the French fleet ceased to exist, and more than 1,200 human beings had sunk into a watery grave. This disaster stung Labourdonnais to a paroxysm of despair and fury, which seems to have quite blinded his reason, so outrageous is the act to which he had recourse. The hurricane which did so much damage occurred from the 14th to the 17th October. On the 12th Labourdonnais forwarded once more to Pondicherry a slightly modified form of his convention, which on the 14th had been returned by Dupleix with a full statement of the grounds for his refusal to accept it; and yet, with this despatch in his pocket, Labourdonnais not merely signed the very same convention with Governor Morse the day after the hurricane, but went to the incredible length of affixing a preamble, affirming the Council of Pondicherry to have 'engaged itself to hold to the capitulation in those terms.' With this solemn lie for his last deed—a lie which it is indeed difficult to find any intelligible explanation for, so patent was it and so inevitably doomed to immediate exposure — Labourdonnais took his departure for France, his heart bursting with rage and venom. Of course that happened which Labourdonnais at the time must have known would happen. Dupleix, on his rival's departure recognised as supreme Governor, entirely overruled Labourdonnais' treaty, and dealt with

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Madras as a conquest at his discretion. That he was perfectly justified in doing so we apprehend no one will be disposed to dispute with the knowledge of these facts; though perhaps it may be thought by some that his policy was more inspired by vindictive passion than sound views. It appears to us that such a charge rests on a misapprehension of the situation. Dupleix aimed deliberately at the complete expulsion of the English from the Carnatic, because he felt that unless he succeeded in this point, they would end by driving out his own countrymen. Nor was there anything unreasonable in this conception. The English were not invincible; the power of France in India was equal to our own. None of the lustre that has since surrounded our position in India was then in existence. In fact, English power, especially in the Carnatic, was so weak and so ill directed, that it is a marvel how the fortuitous combination of lucky chances should have repeatedly intervened to save it from the annihilation which Dupleix strove to inflict upon us. But it was the misfortune of this great genius to have, with few exceptions, very unworthy instruments at his disposal, so that a great policy and ably matured plans, though amply supported with material means supplied by his indefatigable exertions, were brought to nought on the eve of assured success, through the culpable failure of the agents charged with the execution of them.

The period of what may be called Dupleix's imperial action extends from his taking possession of Madras, in 1746, down to August, 1754, when he returned to France superseded. During these years he elaborated, and very nearly consummated, his scheme of acquiring the suzerainty over India by reducing that country through native vassals bound to France in the silken fetters of moral subjection. All that we have since come to do empirically and by degrees, stood before the mind's eye of Dupleix in perfect fulness. His first act was to cow the native mind. The Nabob of the Carnatic demanded the delivery to him of Madras, which Dupleix had promised, but never meant to give up otherwise than dismantled. He had now, therefore, to force his way, after Labourdonnais' abrupt departure, into Madras right through the Nabob's army of 10,000 men. All Dupleix could muster were a few hundred men—in part natives—and without cannon. It must be remembered that at that time Europeans had not yet acquired a knowledge of their physical superiority. When, therefore, Paradis, the officer in command, led his men to charge successfully the Nabob's battalions as they stood flanked by enormous batteries on the bank of the river Adyar, near St. Thomé, the victory achieved

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marked an epoch in the history of European influence. But, like all the French did in India, this memorable exploit has dropped out of mind.

We cannot follow Dupleix through all the incidents of his arduous struggle for the realisation of his splendid schemes. These received a severe check by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, which stipulated the restitution of Madras. The pang of this sacrifice was the more bitter that it came on the heel of Dupleix's brilliant repulse of Admiral Boscawen from before the walls of Pondicherry; but Dupleix's genius was far too supple not to find a way through ordinary obstacles, and so the contest, which seemed extinguished by a final pacification, was renewed without delay under the transparent disguise of a combination in which the French and English professed to figure as mere allies. The scheme thus set on foot by Dupleix is the one by which he must be judged. It amounted to the creation of a Nabob of the Carnatic and a Subadar of the Deccan, who should be his creatures, and therefore lean on France for support. Circumstances favoured the project at the time, inasmuch as a claimant existed for the Subadarship in the person of Mozuffer Jung, while Chunda Sahib, whose family resided under French protection, and who considered himself entitled to the Nabobship of the Carnatic, still languished in Mahratta captivity. Accordingly, Dupleix procured Chunda Sahib's release by giving his personal bond for payment of 700,000 rupees, and within a few months' time, the two adventurers, with the aid of a small band of French auxiliaries, won a victory at Amboor, which at a stroke changed the whole political condition of Central India. Mozuffer Jung became Subadar, and immediately invested Chunda Sahib with the Nabobship he claimed. From this moment to the close of Dupleix's career, Trichinopoly was the pivot round which the whole of his action turned. To wrest from its lord, Mahomed Ali, this strong place, at once the metropolis and the military key of the Carnatic, was the object on which Dupleix concentrated all his efforts with a pertinacity which the most vexatious disappointments could not shake. Year after year, and expedition after expedition, Dupleix returned with undiminished determination to the assault of this stronghold, whose possession, in his eyes, was indispensable to the success of his policy. It is not astonishing that such an expenditure of unsuccessful obstinacy should have been considered the result of a perverse self-will. Such a criticism is, however, not justified; unless it be carried to the length of condemning the very basis of Dupleix's whole policy as over-adventurous and

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speculative. But let the basis be accepted, and it cannot be said that Dupleix showed himself at all unequal to the execution of his ambitious views. It is impossible to read Major Malleson's clear and detailed narrative of the campaign around Trichinopoly without astonishment that the French commanders should have been so incompetent as not to make themselves masters of that fortress, and without admiration for the indomitable readiness of Dupleix, in repairing the disasters of his wretched officers. To that end Dupleix never hesitated to apply his private fortune; and thus it happened that immediately after what seemed a crushing defeat, a French force was again ready to take the field. Yet in spite of difficulties of every kind which he had to contend against—incompetent and insubordinate officers—intrigues at home and in India—cruel abandonment by the Directors, who, after having been dazzled by success, got frightened at protracted wars—Dupleix had succeeded, by his own efforts and means, in recovering his military position in the Carnatic, so that, according to English testimony, the fall of Trichinopoly had become inevitable. At the same time the splendid conquest of the Deccan was effected by Bussy. When, in 1754, there arrived unexpectedly at Pondicherry, Godeheu, with the title of Royal Commissioner, for the negotiation of peace, but with the real duty of superseding Dupleix, and sending him home a disgraced public servant.

A more painful history than that of the fall of this great man does not exist. It is a tissue of the vilest injustice down to the smallest details. Since some time the Directors at home had been worked upon to remove Dupleix, who was represented as the sole cause of the incessant warfare in India. They were men who felt above all for the security of their profits, and therefore were naturally indisposed to countenance adventurous schemes through the ups and downs of a chequered struggle. Nor did the King's ministers evince a more resolute spirit. Peace at all price was their object, so that when overtures came from London on condition of the recall of Dupleix, they were willingly accepted. But as in Paris fears were entertained lest Dupleix might prove insubordinate, it was resolved to keep him in the dark. He was informed merely that peace was being negotiated, and that Godeheu was coming out to assist him in the work. How thoroughly Dupleix's unselfish nature was foreign to any such insubordinate proceedings as were apprehended, was conclusively shown by his subsequent conduct. Godeheu had been an old friend. There were even very special ties which should have gratefully bound him to Dupleix. When a young man at Chandernagor, Dupleix had saved his life. On receiving

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the unexpected announcement of a Commissioner's arrival, he hailed the nomination of one so dear to that post. Dupleix's letters exist to testify to his ungrudging welcome of his former friend, who reached Pondicherry on August 1st, 1753. Dupleix hastened at once on board his ship, unconscious of what was awaiting him. Surrounded by all the members of the Council, and feeling himself secure by the presence of 2,000 troops he had brought from Europe, Godeheu met the cordial advance of the man to whom he owed his life, by coldly handing to him the King's order of recall. Dupleix opened the sealed document, perused it, and then— when Godeheu's commission had been read aloud—expressed his acquiescence in the King's orders by the cry of *Vive le roi.* A few weeks after, Dupleix sailed for Europe, but during the interval he was subjected to every indignity which malevolence could devise. Every friend of his was cashiered—every suggestion of his for the public service was rejected. Godeheu went, in his passion for peace, to the length of actually ordering the French commander to connive at the introduction into Trichinopoly of a convoy which alone prevented its capitulation; and even Dupleix's private moneys, that had ever been so readily advanced for the Company's service, were unscrupulously seized. For a time it seemed as if the French ministers would reverse these iniquitous proceedings; but when once the peace, however ignominious, which Godeheu concluded had been ratified, Dupleix came to be looked at merely as an inconvenient suitor with a heavy claim, whom it was as well to be rid of once for all; and in the sad plight of a man overburdened by engagements and harassed with executions, the Clive of France was allowed by an ungrateful government to end his days, the beggared victim of injustice and spoliation.

When Dupleix had been thus cruelly superseded, there yet remained in India one Frenchman who formed a bright exception to the degradation of his countrymen in those regions, and deserves to have his name ranked with the most eminent Europeans who have played a part in the East. This was the Marquis de Bussy, who at that time, with no more than some three hundred Frenchmen and a body of Sepoys, had planned and executed the virtual conquest of the Deccan. A more adventurous expedition had not been conceived since the days of Pizarro. The heart of India was then an unknown region. The power and the force of native authority, leaning as it did on the gorgeous name of the Great Mogul, had still a mighty prestige for Europeans. Yet all this and far more did Bussy not merely venture on, but succeed in victoriously confronting

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with only three hundred Frenchmen as his really effective force. He instituted of his own authority the nominal sovereign of that vast portion of India known as the Deccan, and contrived to be himself its real ruler until the short-sightedness of the home authorities called him away from the scene of action, as it had recalled Dupleix. So brilliant, indeed, is the part which Bussy played, that it is hard to reckon him second even to Dupleix. Originally he had come out, a pauper nobleman, with Labourdonnais, and served under him in the Isle of France, whence he afterwards removed to the continent. Unlike most of his comrades in the French East India service, Bussy devoted himself to the study of native affairs. He became a proficient in the language of the country, and was thoroughly conversant with Indian customs. In one respect, indeed, there was a marked sympathy between the natures of Bussy and Dupleix—in their common superiority to the coarse type of most of their countrymen in India. Bussy, like Dupleix, was of an eminently refined temperament—a man of that high breeding which combines grace with strength, and powers of fascination with strong will; though in nobleness of character, in that highest unselfishness which never denies a friend and never checks its generous impulses by the calculations of prudence, he proved inferior to Dupleix. At least Bussy seems at the end to have cooled in his affections for the man whom he had certainly professed to adore when in the zenith of prosperity, and the hand of whose niece he had at that time sought.

It will be remembered that Dupleix's project embraced the double nomination of the Nabob of the Carnatic and of the Subadar of the Deccan, under which title was understood the Viceroy of Central India by patent from the Great Mogul. But to do this it was requisite to march across India to Aurungabad, the Subadar's seat of government; this daring enterprise Dupleix did not fear to entrust to Bussy, nor did Bussy fear to accept it. A claimant had been found in Mozuffer Jung, and so on January 7th, 1751, he left Pondicherry to march at the head of the small French contingent. They had not proceeded above three weeks when an event occurred which, but for Bussy's admirable presence of mind, would have put an end to the whole enterprise. A sedition concocted by several nobles broke out, in which Mozuffer was killed; but, before the conspirators could concert measures, Bussy released from chains, as next heir, the slain prince's brother Salabut Jung, and proclaimed him Subadar—a marvellous act of prompt decision. Converted thus from a captive into the ruler over

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thirty-five millions by the deed of a Frenchman who had only three hundred Europeans in his following, Salabut Jung, escorted by Bussy, reached Aurungabad after six months' march, and there went through a ceremony of investiture by a firman, which it was sought to make the public believe had come from Delhi. Whatever may have been its origin, the fact became instantly apparent that this firman did not ensure Salabut's recognition. He had scarcely reached Aurungabad, when he saw himself menaced by an irruption of the Mahrattas in alliance with his own brother Ghazee-ood-een, Grand Vizir of the Mogul. A tremendous danger threatened to break in over the feeble Oriental sybarite. But Bussy was there to steady his weakness; and his individual presence sufficed to get accepted as heroic a proposition as ever was made. 'Leave the Deccan 'to take care of itself, and march straight into the heart of the 'Mahratta country, and make peace at Poona,' was his advice. The Mahrattas numbered 100,000 men, the finest warriors in India. Ghazee-ood-een led 150,000 on another side, and yet Bussy, with only his original handful of Frenchmen as a leavening element to the ordinary rabble of an Indian host, counselled, and by his personal influence succeeded in effecting, the daring project. Early in the year 1752, the Mahratta chief, after a signal defeat, had to sue for peace, which was concluded at a few marches' distance from Poona.

Two leading ideas guided Bussy in all his actions in the Deccan; the one was to establish his authority on a moral basis, more felt than visible, and the other, to assist Dupleix in his project for the consolidation of French power in the Carnatic. The manner in which Bussy effected the former is a memorable example of what can be achieved by the influence of personal ascendancy. Bussy assumed no outward authority, and clothed himself with no apparent power, while yet he was the Dictator of the Deccan. The susceptibilities of the sensitive Hindoos were carefully attended to; the whole government, as far as it met the eye, remained vested in native hands. Bussy contented himself with the substance of authority, and was above caring for the trappings of state. It was an impalpable though a most real power which he thus contrived to secure to himself. But though apparently in a condition to realise his desire of giving a helping hand to Dupleix before Trichinopoly, Bussy saw himself disabled from doing so by the continued threat of Ghazee-ood-een's advance from Delhi. He was therefore forcibly detained in the Deccan through the whole of 1752. At the beginning of the following year, a great misfortune befell him. He was laid prostrate with sickness. One of the country

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fevers struck him down, and, grievously against his own will, he had to be carried to Masulipatam for change of air. Advantage was taken of his absence to ripen a plot long prepared by a crafty Hindoo, Syud Lushkur Khan, the Prime Minister of Salabut Jung. Reading as we now do what occurred on this occasion by the sadly instructive light of the Indian Mutiny, it appears little less than fabulous that the French should have so completely extricated themselves out of the artful snares laid for them.

When Bussy went to Masulipatam, he left his troops under the command of an officer who, like too many of his countrymen in India, was of a very inferior stamp. Nothing could have been easier than, by a combined movement, to have massacred this handful of isolated Frenchmen. But the prowess which had attacked and worsted the Mahrattas had inspired the native mind with the highest respect. Syud Lushkur Khan, with characteristic craft, conceived a plan for destroying the French in detail. Carrying Salabut Jung to Aurungabad from Hyderabad, so as to separate him from the body of the French forces, he planned to scatter these in detachments, and then, stopping all supplies, to reduce them by starvation. The plot was marked with all the cunning of Oriental duplicity, and failed precisely by an excess of ingenuity. As it was, however, the French were brought to the brink of destruction, and Bussy's most brilliant feat is to have saved his all but lost countrymen on that occasion. It was at Masulipatam, when still weak with illness, that Bussy received tidings that his soldiers, scattered in knots, were liable to be starved to death. Simultaneously Dupleix sent him intercepted communications between Syud Lushkur and Governor Saunders, which revealed the whole plot. 'Le sieur de Bussy was too zealous a patriot,' writes Dupleix, 'not to sacrifice even health itself for the 'benefit of the State.' Jumping up from his sick bed, Bussy started for the Upper country, and before his enemies knew of his coming, he reached Hyderabad, whither he had directed all his detachments to converge. Thence he marched five hundred miles to Aurungabad, where Salabut and his minister were. Without the semblance of a frown, or the exercise of one repressive act, Bussy entered the prince's presence-chamber simply as if he had returned from an ordinary excursion to the sea-coast, during which nothing had occurred to call for observation. The effect of Bussy's appearance can be likened only to that of a fairy prince in a tale, who makes a whole combination of adverse forces vanish at once into air. Not even Syud Lushkur was removed from office. He was allowed to console

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himself for his discomfiture by a continued enjoyment of emoluments and rank. It may be thought that in acting thus Bussy pushed self-confidence to the extreme verge, but it must be borne in mind that he thoroughly understood the men he was dealing with, and that he never deluded himself with the idea that he could rely on their good faith. This is clearly proved by the one measure he saw fit to exact. The subsistence of the French forces was no longer to depend on the good-will of the native authorities. A grant was to be made which would secure for the future to the French complete independence on the score of means. In truth the grant was a princely one, for it comprised the territory called the Northern Circars, with an area of 17,000 geographical miles, and a revenue of about 400,000*l.* It was a grand possession to have acquired, raising the position of the French enormously, and justifying the proudest anticipations for the future. To realise these anticipations, Bussy hastened into the new provinces; but before doing so he carefully secured his hold on Salabut Jung.

'The day before his departure an incident occurred which is worthy of being recorded. The Subadar summoned for that day a grand council of his ministers, and invited Bussy to be present at it. On his entering the hall of audience, the Subadar and his nobles hastened to assure him that as they felt, one and all, that to him and to French valour alone they owed their present peace and prosperity, they wished, before he left for the coast, to swear to him an inviolable attachment and an eternal gratitude, requiring from him a solemn oath on the sacred book of the Christians to continue to them his protection, and to return to their aid when they should be menaced by an enemy. A Testament was then produced, and in the presence of all Bussy took the required oath. Then, leaving behind him officers whom he could trust, he set out for Masulipatam. Here he was when the arrival of Godeheu at Pondicherry, on the 1st August following, gave him the first intimation of the fatal blow which France herself had dealt to her own struggling children in the East.' (P. 374.)

The peace signed by Godeheu—a peace so monstrous that, as Major Malleson says, if dictated by Governor Saunders it could not have been more thoroughly unfavourable—virtually extinguished the position of the French in India. Whatever was subsequently done by them was of a totally different character to the comprehensive designs which had been pursued by Dupleix and Bussy. One stirring episode did indeed yet occur in connexion with Lally's ill-fated expedition; and Major Malleson is at much pains to represent him as the worthy comrade of these two great men. It appears to us that Lally, whose fate was most tragical, occupies an

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altogether inferior position. He was simply a gallant and irascible martinet, a soldier who had no fear, but also very little temper, and who therefore was entirely without those admirable qualifications for dealing with men in which Dupleix and Bussy were rich. In fact, all Lally's troubles in India arose from his utter inability to understand the peculiarities of Indian nature and Indian affairs. His defence of Pondicherry was as gallant an act as is on record, but of statesmanship, or indeed of any political sagacity whatever, we are quite at a loss to find even a trace in his conduct.

ART. VIII.—*Speech delivered in the House of Commons on the 3rd of April*, 1868. By the Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, M.P., First Lord of the Treasury.

A NEW epoch has arrived in English politics; an epoch not brilliant, not honourable, not auspicious; but which threatens to leave a scar on our Parliamentary history. Since our last issue Lord Derby has ceased to be Premier, and Mr. Disraeli reigns in his stead. Lord Derby's retirement from office has in substance, as well as in form, dissolved the Administration of which he was the head. The members of the present Cabinet, with the exception of the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Walpole, are, indeed, the same as the members of the former Cabinet. Lord Stanley still watches over our foreign relations, Mr. Hardy still directs our internal administration, Sir Stafford Northcote still instructs and guides the Governor-General of India, but they hold their offices under Mr. Disraeli. There is less of patent change and disruption in the Ministry now than there was when Lord Carnarvon and Lord Cranborne resigned with General Peel. Yet there is not a politician throughout England who does not feel that the character of the Government and the fortunes of the party from which it is constructed are infinitely more affected by the latter than by the former event. The precedent most nearly in point is that which occurred when Lord Liverpool was forced from power by an illness which, though it did not immediately terminate his existence, was fatal to his political career. Lord Derby may still enjoy many years of active life. Although he can no longer reckon on the vigour and the continuous power of work which belong only to a less ripe age, he may still take an intermittent though not an unimportant part in the public business of the country; or, what is perhaps more consonant to his tastes,

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he may revert to the studies and amusements which were the accomplishment of his youth and the solace of his later years. But he is removed for ever from the honours and responsibilities of office. He may retain—indeed, if he chooses, he must retain—a commanding position in Parliament. But he can never be again at the head of a Government, or marshal the forces of a Parliamentary phalanx. Henceforth he is relegated to the condition of an independent Peer, whose occasional intervention may at times revive the drooping energies of the indolent, or sway the votes of the hesitating, members of his party. But the sceptre which he has wielded has passed into other hands, or, to speak more correctly, the power he exercised in the House of Lords for so many years as the chief and leader of the Tory aristocracy, is at present in abeyance.

For the first time in the memory of man that once powerful party is without an orator or a recognised head. To whom have the Tory peers confided their consciences? from whom are they to receive the word of command? The Minister to whom the Sovereign and the country had given, what must in courtesy be termed, their confidence, for he was responsible for the acts of his colleagues and the composition of the Cabinet, has relinquished that position; and whatever authority or stability Lord Derby's experience may have given to the councils of the Crown, are withdrawn from them. Although that confidence and that authority have not been great, the change is a considerable one; and it is the more considerable when we contrast Lord Derby with his successor. For not merely has the Chief Minister been changed, but in some important internal conditions the administration has changed also. The premiership of Mr. Disraeli may not shock the prejudices of his colleagues as much as the premiership of Mr. Canning shocked the prejudices of those who had sat with him in the Cabinet Council of Lord Liverpool, for the events of the last forty years have familiarised the minds of men with many things which they once would have shrunk from as prodigious novelties. But there is good reason to augur a far wider divergence from the political system of the English Government and the principles of the Tory party in the Administration of Mr. Disraeli than was or could have been attempted by that of Mr. Canning.

In Lord Derby the Tory Government has lost the advantage of a great historical name and a brilliant Parliamentary reputation. Had he been born in a humbler station of life, his abilities must have raised him to eminence. Endowed with the twofold capacity of rapid acquisition and well-regulated diligence, Lord Derby could not have failed to make his way

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into Parliament, where his unsurpassed power of debating would have secured for him the distinction which the possession of wealth and rank has not prevented him from earning. But in addition to signal intellectual endowments, Lord Derby was fortunate in possessing the highest advantages of station. Heir to the second Earldom in the realm, he was superior to the seductions of a loftier dignity. Heir too to a princely estate which bids fair to be still further augmented, he was placed far above the sordid attractions of official emoluments. From every point of view he was qualified to play a conspicuous and elevated part in the government of the country. Nor were those qualities wanting which, though they are not indispensable, are still highly useful to a leader of men. There have been some men more eloquent as orators than Lord Derby, though none have been more effective as debaters; there have been many men with cooler and calmer judgment than he could boast of. But few statesmen of our era have been more gifted with that ease and playfulness which wins at once the affection and the homage of Parliamentary adherents. Lord Derby's nature is eminently impulsive. This impulsiveness has led him into many errors; though it has secured for him many friends. But even his friends will hardly claim for him the character of a wise statesman or of a cautious tactician. The recklessness of the Jockey Club and the betting ring has clung to him, though indiscretions which would have been fatal to a colder and more timid man have been committed by him, not, indeed, with perfect impunity, but with comparatively small loss of confidence. When the repeal of the Corn Laws separated the Tory party from their wiser and more patriotic chief, they flung themselves by an abrupt transition under the leadership of Lord George Bentinck, Mr. Disraeli, and Lord Derby. The poignant recollection that Sir Robert Peel had twice struck his flag before their foes, confirmed their faith in a successor whose chivalrous nature was held to be superior to the force of circumstances and the meanness of compromise. Alas! for the blind reliance of politicians, and the iron will of fate! Their new chief, after leading the Conservative host through a long campaign of varied fortunes, has at last surrendered all Conservative traditions and principles to the ambition of 'diddling the Whigs.' There is no better measure of the confidence he had inspired than the docile submission of his followers to a policy which was taken up with the same sort of levity as the odds against a dark horse, and defended by the same plea that a desperate player urges for staking his fortune on a black or a red card.

We speak of Lord Derby without acrimony, for amongst his

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political adversaries he has no personal enemies. But if he be judged as a statesman and a Minister, the verdict of his contemporaries must be less indulgent, and the sentence of posterity far more severe. Born a Whig, and entering public as a member of Lord Grey's Administration, there is indeed one part of Lord Derby's career on which he might look back with pride and satisfaction. It is that when he figured at Brooks' as one of the most eager and able promoters of the Reform Bills of 1831 and 1832: it is that when, as Irish Secretary, he had the good fortune to connect his name with a large reduction of the Irish Episcopate and with the Irish system of National Education; it is that when, as Colonial Secretary, he carried the Bill for the Abolition of Slavery. But those times are long since past. For nearly five and thirty years, the power and influence of Lord Derby have been employed to mar the promise of his youth and defeat the cause of progress and good government. Indeed, his whole subsequent life has been set against it. He fell away from the Ministry of Lord Melbourne in 1834, which had become too liberal for the future Tory Chief. He fell away from the Ministry of Sir Robert Peel in 1845, upon the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and placed himself from that moment at the head of the Protectionists, until Protection itself expired. During the whole of this period, it is impossible to recall a single important measure of public utility which the nation owes to Lord Derby, either in or out of office. But on the contrary, he has repeatedly thwarted, defeated, or prevented measures of the highest importance, by infusing into them some pernicious drop of faction or of bigotry, which changed a benefit into an affront, and a reform into a deception. A more unscrupulous leader of opposition never existed, for he did not hesitate, as in the case of the Conspiracy Bill, to repudiate his own declarations, and to ally himself to the extreme Radicals, when they gave him a chance of turning out the Government. And although he has thrice filled the office of Prime Minister, and for three and twenty years acted as the leader of a great party in the State, we fear that it will be recorded of him that no man ever was less fit to act with wisdom, consistency, and judgment in those exalted positions.

The late Head of the Conservative Administration now makes way for a politician as unlike him in history, position, character, and qualities as one man can be to another. With Lord Derby the First Minister of the Crown ceases to be the leader of the House of Lords. The Government of the country will henceforth rest as openly as of late years it has rested substantially

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in the House of Commons. How far the House of Lords will continue to exercise the necessary and salutary functions of a Legislative Court of Review is, we regret to say, questionable. That there should be any question on the subject is one of the baleful effects of Lord Derby's domination. When he assumed the leadership of the Tories, he took it with those habits of military discipline and obedience which had been inanealed into the very soul of the party by his predecessor. The Peers were in his hands what they had been in the hands of the Duke of Wellington—a compact organisation for the purposes of voting. Anything more convenient for the chief of a party, or more disastrous to an institution of the country, can hardly be imagined. That men gifted with the personal privilege of debating the most momentous interests of the nation should abandon it for the idle service of voting by proxy on subjects which they are too indolent or too docile to discuss is an exhibition which equally offends the partisan of democratic rights and of aristocratic power; and we perceive with pleasure that the Peers are disposed to relinquish that invidious privilege. The man who respects an hereditary peerage ill brooks to see it slight its high functions; and the man who dislikes or despises it is equally offended by its assumption of a power which it wields with ostentatious impotence. We do not mean to imply that the weight and influence of an hereditary Senate are, or ought to be, felt only in debate. Everyone who knows anything of our Parliamentary system is aware of the great services rendered to private and public legislation by the Committees of the House of Lords. But with the exception of a few leading speakers and statesmen of distinguished eminence, the nation looks in vain to the House of Lords for that independence of judgment and energy of political action, which would add strength and authority to the whole body of the House. And this unfortunate result is in no small degree attributable to the discipline exercised over the Peers first by the Duke of Wellington and then by Lord Derby. A body, the suffrages of which are carried about in the pockets of an eminent member ready for the exigencies of every debate, fails to maintain the character of an estate of the Realm. It loses that hold on the people which its historical traditions, its aggregate wealth, and the territorial influence of its individual members ought to secure for it. In such a state of things the legislative power of the country inevitably passes to the popular Chamber. Powerful as that House has been of late years, the last Reform Bill will make it more powerful than ever. On its good-will or

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caprice depends the ascendancy of any Minister; and Mr. Disraeli's future political conduct will be determined by its pleasure.

The only materials for judging of his future prospects are supplied by the history of his past career. Marvellous, indeed, has that career been. It is unlike anything in the biography of other English statesmen. The marvel is in the relation of the difficulties mastered to the success attained. It is not only that he started in a comparatively humble grade of life. Other eminent statesmen have been born in a no loftier sphere. Too much has been written, and written in an offensive style, of Mr. Disraeli's humble birth. The fact is, that he was born in a recognised position of respectability and competence. He was as well-born as Addison, as Canning, as Burke, as Philip Francis, as Sheridan, or as Horner. His father was more celebrated, or at any rate, better known, than the fathers of some of these statesmen. A studious man, who wrote books of amusing gossip about authors, and who enjoyed the pleasures of literary society and literary recreation, without the necessity of literary drudgery, is not to be quoted as a sample of Grub Street poverty or Grub Street lowliness. Of the fathers of famous men whom we have cited, two may be regarded as of an equal mark and name with the elder Disraeli —the father of Addison, and the father of Sir Philip Francis. Each of these was an author, who obtained a fair repute in his day, and each of them has been eclipsed by a more celebrated son. Each was a scholar like the elder Disraeli, each moved in good society, and each is forgotten now, or will be forgotten soon. It is superfluous to push the comparison farther. We should not have touched on it at all, had it not been for the incessant yelping in which some members of the press have indulged on Mr. Disraeli's elevation. It is sufficient to remember that he was born in a sphere which enjoyed the advantages of liberal and refined education as fully as the first gentleman in the land. The wonder is not that he has mounted from a prodigious depth to a great height, but that, starting from the ordinary level of middle-class life, he has reached so prodigious an elevation. What is it then that has made a Prime Minister out of a gentleman known twenty-five years ago only as the author of a revolutionary epic, some clever, but anonymous leading articles, one or two wild pamphlets, and half a dozen novels full of pretentious paradoxes? What is it that has placed the government of the country in the hands of a man who was not only not born in the purple and without territorial position, but whose first essays in politics

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were arrogantly regardless of the appearances of consistency? Even admitting that the Reform Bill of 1832 opened the doors of Parliament and office to men of a different rank from those by whom high office had previously been monopolised, what is the secret of success by which a man who at one time had coquetted with O'Connell, at another time had been a suitor to Mr. Joseph Hume, next a panegyrist and then an assailant of Sir R. Peel, has attained a position in Parliament and the country to which Burke never ventured to aspire, and which Canning attained at the cost of health, peace of mind, and life itself?

The explanation will not be found in any of the qualities best known and admired by English statesmen. Mr. Disraeli has, indeed, read the history of England, but he has read it rather with the observant inquisitiveness of an intelligent foreigner than with the loyal docility of an English student. He has read it as if it were something alien from his own moral sympathies—something to treat and test as Sir George C. Lewis tested the Kings of Rome or the economy of Athens. Although he has passed the greater part of his life in handling English politics, on the hustings, in the public journals, or in the House of Commons, he always seems to have looked at them with the eye of an outsider. He rarely seems to be caring for the practical bearing of the subject in hand so much as for its possible dependence on some remote and paradoxical theory. It is difficult to conceive any style less likely to gain the respectful attention of the House of Commons than a habit of propounding ethics like those of Vivian Grey, or political principles like those of Coningsby. Nor was it wonderful that when he first addressed the House in a speech in which turgid magniloquence contended with far-fetched paradox and ill-timed illustration, he should have been laughed down. Had he always spoken as he generally wrote, or had he continued to regard the politics of the day through the kaleidoscope of his imagination, Mr. Disraeli would now only be known as the author of some curious pieces of fiction which, in their own day, were thought brilliant and startling. But Mr. Disraeli was not long in discovering that he had another more powerful and more useful faculty than that of dressing up historic fancies in artificial phraseology. He has a faculty without which no man can be either a great advocate at the bar or an impressive preacher in the pulpit, and, still less, an effective speaker in the House of Commons. He has a faculty which very few thorough-bred Englishmen possess, and which the bulk of thorough-bred Englishmen profess to despise. He has the histrionic art in

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perfection, we might say in excess. His political existence is a drama in which he has constantly been playing the Davus or the Mascarille who works out the intrigue of the piece by mystifying the old people and humouring the young ones. Not once has he relapsed into nature or truth; not once has he dropped the character he had so successfully assumed.

The possession of this histrionic faculty implies the co-ordinate possession of another faculty, that of personal allusion and personal attack. It is quite possible that, when Mr. Disraeli first entered the House of Commons, he was ignorant of his real strength. When, too, he discovered where it lay, he may not have foreseen clearly whither it would lead him in the end. It was not until the great schism had taken place in the Tory party on the repeal of the Corn Laws, that Mr. Disraeli can be said to have influenced a party in the House of Commons. A distinguished observer of the events of that time has recorded an anecdote, which we do not remember to have seen in print; but which throws a singular light on the origin of Mr. Disraeli's relations with his future adherents. It was early in the Session of 1846, when a knot of ardent Protectionists, boiling over with a rancour and resentment they had not words to express, addressed themselves to Mr. Disraeli. They proposed to him that he should undertake to direct systematically and at short intervals the whole battery of his vituperative powers against Sir Robert Peel. On their part they engaged to be present *en masse* on these occasions and to support their mouth-piece by vociferous cheering. The interview was a curious one. We have seen an account of it by one who knew all that passed on the occasion. Mr. Disraeli requested to have twenty minutes to consider the proposal. At the end of that time he accepted it. The bargain was kept by both parties. Mr. Disraeli spoke; the Tories cheered. They considered him their servant; but in such service there was the voice of a master. It had probably occurred to Mr. Disraeli in those twenty minutes, or before, that the man who spoke for them, who thought for them, who was ready to act for them, and who condescended to be the instrument of their prejudices and their passions, would be cheered so lustily by these blind bawlers, that they would at last discover they had bawled him into absolute power over their party and themselves.

Never, certainly, was talent more keenly appreciated by any body of men than that which he exhibited on these occasions. The remote illustration which would have bored the House if it had been adduced to support or explain an abstract principle, tickled it prodigiously when it was cited to disparage the

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honesty or capacity of a powerful Minister. The quaint phraseology which would have forced the House to laugh at the orator had it been directed at a motion or a principle, made them laugh with him when it was directed against an upright but sensitive statesman. If the debates on the repeal of the Corn Law confirmed Sir R. Peel's popularity with the country, they no less confirmed Mr. Disraeli's ascendancy in the House. He hunted down his game like a fox; and raking up the history of past contests for every allusion that malice could misinterpret, he not only struck, but he mangled and tortured his victim. Probably had he felt the passion which he portrayed, he would have expressed it with less vigour. It required some calm thought to prepare that variation of invective with which for three years the 'great middleman,' who 'hated slavery everywhere except on the benches of his own 'followers,' was incessantly denounced for the 'organised 'imposture' of the party which he led. Whatever fame is due to caustic vituperation, applied in appropriate phraseology, and accompanied by gestures, voice, and mimicry, all pertinent to the character of an indignant orator, that fame was won by Mr. Disraeli in the campaign against Sir R. Peel. By the end of the Session of 1846 he had made himself a sort of Parliamentary Junius. The same acrimony, the same persistency with which Junius fastened on Draper and on Grafton, distinguished Disraeli in his attacks on Peel. But Disraeli was equipped with a Parliamentary armour which the reputed original of Junius never acquired: a great fluency and sometimes felicity of speech, and a manner which, if strained and unnatural, was imposing, and occasionally effective. At last the House of Commons awoke to the conviction that by dint of pungent personalities, and vigorous invective, and histrionic talent, the political writer, and—as he had been termed—adventurer, had made himself the joint leader, and afterwards sole leader, of an important political party.

There can be no doubt that this was a great achievement. From the days of Steele downwards there has been a prejudice in the House against 'men who write.' It is difficult to explain the grounds of the belief; but certainly it was for a long time believed—it is, indeed, to some degree believed even now—that a man who could write well could not speak well. Certainly a Secretary of State like Addison did not weaken this impression. Burke, in another age, rather confirmed it by the signal contrast between the effect of his speeches and the effect of his writings. Canning ought to have dissipated it, though none of his written performances equalled his speeches; but to

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the last Canning had to struggle against the prejudice with which the King and the great Tory Nobles regarded a 'literary man.' From whatever source the prejudice arose—whether from a notion that literary men are not practical men, or that they are for the most part not wealthy men, or that they are not trustworthy men—it is plain that it was not extinguished by Canning's success or Mr. Disraeli's first efforts. But this was not the only prejudice that the associate and successor of Lord G. Bentinck had to struggle against. He was of a lineage which provoked the contumely both of religious sceptics and religious bigots: of sceptics, who despised it because it is associated with the persistent retention of a persecuted faith; of zealots, because the faith retained was different from their own. He was an alien, attempting to turn a great crisis in the history of England to his own political advantage. Could any man fight against heavier odds than these? What ambition was not involved in the challenge? what courage in the conflict? what energy and patience in the success? Yet the conflict was sought—the fight was fought—the victory won.

The consequences of that victory we have now before us. The literary member of Parliament has for many years led the Conservative party in the House of Commons; he has been thrice Chancellor of the Exchequer; he is now First Minister of the English Crown. What are the prospects of the country under his administration? What is to be the issue of the great political questions of the day in his hands? The answer to these questions is not difficult. The simple fact is that the whole of Mr. Disraeli's antecedent history is fatal to the presumption of Mr. Disraeli's Ministerial success. The character of a great Minister is as different as possible from that of a great orator; it is most widely different from an orator whose special gifts are those of sarcasm and invective. The elder Pitt was unapproached in the power and majesty of scathing declamation. He was equally unapproached in vigour as a War Minister. But all that we know of Chatham forbids us to suppose that the success with which he conducted war was due to qualities which would be indispensable in a modern War Minister. It was not a minute knowledge of military details which made his name so formidable and the prowess of the English army so conspicuous in every country of Europe; but rather the spirit of resolute patriotism which at the same time inspired his eloquence, and communicated something of its own fervour to English soldiers and English generals. Once removed from the conduct of war, and encumbered only with the duty of

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supporting and advising colleagues who looked up to him with trusting deference, he became inert and ineffective.

Canning wielded the weapons of satire, sarcasm, and humour with consummate skill, and was as great a Minister as he was a debater. But Canning's early and maturer life had been passed in official harness. Even when sitting on the benches which bounded the ambition of the Bragges and the Hileys, he had not lost his gift of dazzling fence, or allowed the keen edge of his well-tempered wit to rust in its scabbard. He retained also the habits and aptitude of long administrative experience. He never sank the Minister in the speaker; he never forgot that a statesman's business is to govern, not to declaim magnificent periods or shoot the arrows of pungent satire. He remembered that, though a squadron of cavalry has been known, under special circumstances, to capture a fleet, no army of horsemen ever fought a campaign against artillery and infantry. This was one difference between him and Disraeli. There was another, more important, which separates him as much as it separated Lord Chatham from the present Chief Minister. Each of them had an idea and a purpose. Chatham proposed to himself the vindication of the honour of England, and her restoration to that high place she had in the estimation of Europe before the Peace of Utrecht. If he did not wield the democracy of England with one hand, he certainly did smite the House of Bourbon with the other. Canning, too, had his views and his purpose. For years he had looked forward to relieving the Roman Catholics of their disabilities. For years he cherished the hope of liberating England from the trammels of the Holy Alliance and breaking the gyves of Continental despotisms. These hopes enlisted in his favour the sympathies of enthusiastic and ardent souls throughout England and Europe. To many the interposition of Mr. Canning in favour of Portugal, of Greece, and of the South American Republics is the brightest spot in the foreign policy of England since the Peace of 1815.

Mr. Disraeli has his ideas too; but what purpose directs his policy? If a political creed could be elaborated from the fictions of his nonage and his maturer years, we should imagine ourselves to be moving under his guidance to an epoch of democratic Toryism and Chartist loyalty—of a peasantry nourished by monastic alms, and struggling to convert the 'Doge' of our Venetian Government into 'a free monarch.' But as the visions with which he regaled the fancies of May Fair, and kindled the sentimental aspirations of Young England, are not likely to be reproduced in the House of Commons under

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ministerial auspices, the question recurs, What will he do? What will he propose? To what policy will he devote himself? There is the great question of the Poor; the great question of Education; the great question of the Irish Land Tenure; and the greatest of all questions, that of the Irish Church. What opinions has he enunciated on these questions? What has he initiated? What is he likely to initiate? Fertile in all kinds of paradoxical suggestions, on these, the urgent problems of the day, he has suggested nothing. Is he in favour of denominational education? or will he support the principle of rating? Or, has he not made up his mind? Will he allow the House of Commons to take the subject out of his hands, and, by a casual majority on a haphazard motion, to dictate the future course of the Government? Few measures will have so important a bearing on the social history and welfare of the United Kingdom as the next Education Bill. The burden that it throws upon the people, the number of children that it brings within its scope, the character of the teachers, and the quality of their teaching—all these things, especially the last, are of the utmost moment in considering the future prospects of the country. On the character of the public education to be given, and the men who are to give it, will depend the social demeanour and political conduct of the English people, perhaps for all future time. Yet on this momentous subject the oracular Premier is silent. He has expressed, and perhaps he has, no opinions. Yet it is a subject with which the names of many of his contemporaries have been long associated. No one can separate the cause of national education from the names of Mr. Lowe and Lord Granville. But the Prime Minister of England has never been heard of in connexion with it. Again, there is a new but most momentous interest, involving the fortunes of numberless private families, and the whole internal intercourse of the kingdom. The railways of Great Britain have by the action of successive Parliaments and the inaction of successive governments been placed in a most anomalous position. They are indispensable to the commercial and manufacturing prosperity of the kingdom. Our social existence depends on them. Yet they are, for the most part, both badly managed and unproductive to their shareholders. Is this to continue? Is the mismanagement, is the ruin, to be perpetuated? Is Government to remain inactive? Grant that this is a departmental question, and that there are others of greater urgency and magnitude. Let us take one of these, by way of example. What will he do with the Irish Land question? We shall be answered that there is Lord Mayo's Bill. But will he

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support Lord Mayo's Bill? or will he fling it over at the bidding of Mr. Bright or Mr. Mill? The project of the latter, for a perpetual settlement on the Indian pattern, would form an admirable staple for one of Mr. Disraeli's happiest efforts. He could dilate for two hours on the different kinds of tenancy in vogue in different parts of the world—on the *ager publicus* of the Romans, on the agrarian laws, on ryots and zemindars; then he might break off into a disquisition on the Celtic race, its propensity to hug the land, to scourge and starve it, and then to shoot the landlords. And, finally, he might wind up by an eloquent peroration on the ingrained Toryism of the Irish peasant, and a prophetical picture of a nation in which none were lords and none serfs, but all bound by the common tie of universal independence, loyalty, and love.

Mr. Disraeli reminded the House of Commons the other day that he had spent nearly half his life within its walls; and undoubtedly both as a tactician and an orator he has played a prominent part there. But we question whether another example can be produced of a man of equal eminence, having thrice filled a great office, and long led a large party, whose influence on the practical legislation of the country has been so small. We are not aware that Mr. Disraeli ever brought any Bill into Parliament, whether in or out of office, with the smallest pretensions to originality or public utility, of which he can be regarded as the author. He has improved none of our institutions; he has in fact left the whole complex machinery of government untouched, except in as far as it served the party purposes he was pursuing in the House of Commons. The bearing of a question upon his party and parliamentary interests is the only aspect of it which ever appears to cross his mind. Of political conceptions reduced to the form of useful laws, his whole career affords no rudiments and no vestige.

And if his legislative achievements have been extremely circumscribed, so also have been his administrative services. Almost every statesman who has risen to the highest office in this country, that of First Minister of the Crown, has acquired by the practical experience of many years and by actual service in various administrative departments, that knowledge of details and of the business of government, which can be learned in no other manner. Ministers like Lord Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, and even Lord Derby, had the advantage of an immense amount of official and administrative experience in every branch of public affairs, which rendered them the fittest persons in the kingdom to form a correct

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judgment on the innumerable questions of detail daily arising around them. It is no unjust disparagement of Mr. Disraeli to say that of this species of experience he is all but entirely destitute. He never filled any of the secondary administrative offices. On his entry into the Cabinet he became Chancellor of the Exchequer with indifferent financial success, until he hit upon the judicious expedient of following in the footsteps of his predecessor. But on every other subject his knowledge is necessarily second-hand. Foreign affairs, colonial affairs, Ireland, law-reform, military and naval armaments, India, trade, education—these are all and each subjects which a statesman knows thoroughly by no other means than by constant application to them, and, above all, by handling them himself. The world is not governed by rhetoric, nor can a difficult problem of administration be solved by a sarcasm. But while Mr. Disraeli has been launching the keenest of epigrams, he has never said or done a single thing in the course of his long political career which can lead us to suppose that he has mastered any one of these subjects, or indeed that he has anything like a fixed or rational conviction upon any one of them. The art of government is one thing; the science of government is another; and the most skilful management of a party is compatible with entire ignorance of all that most concerns the welfare and the greatness of a nation.

Hence we are entitled to say, and we do say, that no such Prime Minister as this ever before ruled the British Empire. That which strikes us most forcibly in his character and in that of most of his colleagues is their profound vacuity, their total emptiness. Is there one measure of practical importance—is there one subject of real administrative difficulty—to which they have even attempted to apply themselves? We know of none. The proposals hitherto made on behalf of the Government on momentous subjects have all been ludicrously inadequate to the occasion; and it is certainly not to Mr. Disraeli that Parliament can look to supply the administrative deficiencies of his subordinates. His mind is engaged in a totally different direction. The divinity who is forging shafts of celestial temper for the House of Commons, can hardly be expected to work the mechanism of the lower globe. An Administration, sterile in administrative resources, impotent for want of a majority in Parliament, and reduced from these causes to borrow from its adversaries both its expedients and its principles, is beyond all comparison the feeblest and most mischievous that we can recollect.

To act as such a Cabinet must act if it is to retain office on

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any terms at all is only to follow the vicious and disgraceful precedents of last year with reference to the dual vote, household suffrage, the lodger franchise, and the compound householder. A partisan of the present Ministry may resent our assumption, and ask whether it can be seriously meant? Would not every Conservative have asked the same question last year if any one had ventured to prophesy that within a few months the leader of the Conservative party, after throwing to the winds every check and counterpoise, should carry a measure more ultra-democratic than had ever been contemplated by the most pronounced Liberals in Parliament, and then should have the effrontery to tell the Conservatives of Scotland that he had been educating his party for seven years to this democratic standard? Mr. Disraeli's explanation of his speech in a well-known letter addressed to the newspapers only makes the matter worse. The whole tone of that harangue was one of jubilant exaltation natural to a leader who had led his party, step by step, from one abandonment of traditional principle to another. He had been their schoolmaster to bring them to democracy; they had been his unconscious and half-reluctant pupils; they had learned from him line upon line, and precept upon precept. If we admit the correction, and substitute the plural 'we' for his 'I,' we are forced to adopt an hypothesis which is hardly consistent with patent facts, and still less with established reputations. If we suppose that the seven years' siege against the fortress of Conservatism was spent by the chief members of the Conservative party in learning how to betray it, such strategy is unparalleled in English politics. Not Mr. Disraeli alone was beguiling the country gentlemen of England into a policy which he had ever depicted, and they had ever dreaded, as suicidal—not he alone was doing this, but he was aided and abetted by men of high character and consideration. The chivalrous Toryism of Lord John Manners, and the middle-class Conservatism of Mr. Gathorne Hardy, had lent themselves to this conspiracy, no less than the decorous caution of Sir Stafford Northcote, and the amiable candour of Mr. Walpole. For seven years Mr. Gathorne Hardy and Lord John Manners had been educating their own minds, and those of their followers, up to the doctrine that Household Suffrage was a Conservative principle, and the British artisan the truest bulwark of the Constitution!

But the colleagues of Mr. Disraeli, according to his exposition, have not only been learning a new political creed, and concealing their education, but up to the last moment they have been vowing and protesting an adherence to the creed which they were preparing to give up. All that Sydney Smith ever

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said of the votaries of the Ballot is true of the followers of Mr. Disraeli. They must have systematically lied for a series of years. They must have drunk the wrong toasts, given the wrong pledges, called their friends enemies and their enemies friends. Yet what other judgment can we form, if once we acknowledge that they were coparceners with their distinguished leader in the great co-operative store of mutual improvement and mutual education? If still they disclaim any part in this process, and maintain that they are as surprised at their own conversion as the rest of the world is, then the Premier has been unnecessarily discreet in correcting the too accurate record of the reporters, and distributing among his colleagues the credit to which he himself is alone entitled. How great that credit is, may be inferred from a contrast between his self-gratulatory speech at Edinburgh and the following passages from his speeches in Parliament:—

'I have no doubt that, whatever may be their high qualities, our countrymen are subject to the same political laws that affect the condition of all other communities and nations. If you establish a democracy you must in due season reap the fruits of a democracy. You will in due season have great impatience of the public burdens combined in due season with great increase of the public expenditure.'

'That being my opinion, I cannot look upon what is called reduction of the franchise in boroughs but with alarm; and I have never yet met any argument which fairly encounters the objections that are urged to it. You cannot encounter it by sentimental assertions of the good qualities of the working classes. The greater their good qualities the greater the danger. If you lay down as a principle that they are to enter the constituent body, not as individuals, but as a multitude, they must be the predominant class from their number, and if you dwell on their intelligence, you only increase the power they will exercise.'

Again, speaking of England becoming a democracy, he said:—

'I do not mean to say that after great troubles England would become a howling wilderness, or doubt that the good sense of the people would, to some degree, prevail, and some fragments of the national character survive; but it would not be old England—the England of power and tradition, of credit and capital, that now exists. It is not in the nature of things; and, Sir, under these circumstances, I hope the House, when the question before us is one impeaching the character of our Constitution, will hesitate—that it will sanction no step that has a tendency to democracy, but that they will maintain the ordered state of free England in which we live.'

With the same unparalleled effrontery, the Prime Minister thought fit, on the 24th of March, to address to the Earl of Dartmouth the celebrated letter which immediately found its

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way to the newspapers, and was no doubt intended to raise a Protestant cry throughout the country. The language in which Mr. Disraeli first proposed to meet Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions on the Irish Church deserves to be recorded:—

'We have heard something lately of the crisis of Ireland. In my opinion the crisis of England is rather at hand; for the purpose is now avowed, and that by a powerful party, of destroying that sacred union between Church and State which has hitherto been the chief means of our civilisation, and is the only security for our religious liberty.'

It is needless to observe that no such purpose has been avowed by any party at all, for no such purpose exists: and the absurdity of describing the union of Church and State as the '*only security for our religious liberty*' is equalled by the bad faith which endeavoured to propagate such a misconception. The Cabinet, if we are not mistaken, were not taken into the secret of the Premier's newspaper effusions; and Lord Stanley's ill-fated and ill-constructed amendment was apparently adopted for the express purpose of contradicting the declaration of the Head of the Government.

At the very moment when Mr. Disraeli was thus attempting to revive the cry of his own Tadpole and Taper, he had just shown a strong inclination to coquet with the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy in its worst phase and its worst humour. No one who has studied Romanism not only as it exists in Ireland just now, but as it exists all over the Continent, can fail to have remarked how arrogant its pretensions and how haughty its tone have become of late years. There never was a time when it was more the duty of statesmen to beware of strengthening a power which threatens at once the loyalty of all subjects and the rights of all freemen. It is difficult to write with equanimity on a subject which makes such demands both on the sentiment of religious toleration and of civil freedom. In the days of Protestant ascendancy we fought the battle of the persecuted Roman Catholics. We rejected and ridiculed the suspicions of Papal machinations in which the violent anti-Catholics of the day so lavishly indulged. We long and successfully contended for the right of our Romanist fellow-subjects to profess their own faith without being punished for their opinions. We therefore are not liable to the reproach of sectarian bigotry or illiberal prejudice. Still, we cannot observe the attitude of the Romanist clergy in France, Ireland, and the United States, without seeing that the object of many of them is to strangle free thought and free discussion wherever they can. We believe that, where great

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powers are given to them, these will be exercised to the prejudice of free thought and free speech. No fresh powers should therefore be given to them, least of all should such powers be given as are likely to encourage their ultramontane aspirations. Now, the only pronounced policy which Mr. Disraeli has hitherto indicated with respect to Ireland has been the concession of a Roman Catholic University. Such an institution would at once remove the education of the Roman Catholic laity, not only out of the hands of Protestant teachers, but also from the influence of that composite system which brought together teachers and students of both religions in the same halls and to the same studies. Henceforth the Roman Catholic laity would be separated from all the humanising and liberalising influences of a mixed education. They would be trained only with others of the same faith as themselves under priests who step by step, and generation after generation, riveted the hard bondage of absolute and implicit dependence. A more miserable prospect it is hardly possible to conceive.

The mischief of this policy is aggravated by the Minister's determination to retain the Established Church in Ireland. He fosters the offence most irritating to Roman Catholics, while he extends their means of resenting and avenging it. He wounds their sensitiveness, while he consolidates their power. What will Irishmen say to a remedy of grievances which aggravates their evils and inflames the spirit of religious faction? To many it will seem that the Premier is amusing himself with the mess which he brews, and regards the jealousies of contending Churches as the instruments of his own ambition. If ever he is pressed upon this point, Mr. Disraeli will be at no loss. He will straightway enunciate a series of brilliant paragraphs about the ancient Church of Christendom, which still counts within her fold the majority of European populations, and which equally sanctifies the lively imagination of the Celt and the subjective faculties of the Teuton. And if he chooses to persevere in his course, there will be no help for it. His followers will be educated or will educate themselves under his tuition. The Mannerses, the Hardys, and the Marlboroughs, in spite of the sincerity of their recent declarations, which we do not question, may find themselves at the end of their studies compelled to serve the interests of an ultramontane hierarchy in Ireland as they were compelled to promote the extension of an ultra-democratic suffrage in England; and, after all, they will be rewarded by hearing the process of their instruction detailed in reply to a complimentary toast at St. Jarlath or Maynooth.

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Indeed, no language can adequately express the sentiment of pity which we feel for the position of Mr. Disraeli's followers. There is no political *peripeteia* for which they may not be reserved. They have been for the greater part of their lives professing a very staid and orthodox sort of Toryism. They have had their little prejudices and scruples, pet fancies and pet antipathies; and, so long as they sat on the Opposition benches, their chief cheered and encouraged them in their avowal. But, as soon as they crossed over, they found themselves destroying the symbols of their former faith, and the idols of their former worship. They were taught to burn what they had adored and to adore what they had burnt. And the ingenious archimage, whose spells wrung this untoward obedience from them, with that admirable command of phrase and face in which he is unrivalled, gravely told them that all they did was in the sacred cause of Conservatism. And so it will be to the end of the chapter. If they set up a peasant proprietary in Ireland, it will be a tribute of Tory gratitude to the descendants of the Tory kernes who fought for the Stuarts. If they set up a Romanist priesthood and a Romanist university, it will be to countervail the democratic tendencies of Protestant puritanism. If they maintain the Protestant Church in its integrity, it will be in reverent observance of the sacred duty which binds the State to a recognition of religious rites. If they carry out a system of manhood suffrage, it will be only in the interests of a Conservative democracy. They will go on till the new wine bursts the old bottles, and the old garments are rent by the new appendages. Till that time comes, they will be in the condition of soldiers who destroy the fortress which they were armed to defend, and turn their arms on the allies whom they were sent to support.

The immorality of their position is equally new and flagrant. There has been nothing like it in recent politics. And it is only the prototype of a greater immorality, which must be witnessed if Mr. Disraeli remains at the head of the Government. The new Reform Bill will put in motion organisations and combinations most opportune for the dexterous manipulation of so adroit a tactician as the Premier. The large addition of new electors will be followed by the institution of provincial clubs and associations, which will probably prefer immediate communication with the head of the Ministry to indirect communication with him through the agency of Parliament. To a man possessing equally the dramatic and the strategic arts, this will offer irresistible temptations. The reception of addresses

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from all kinds of associations, and the interviews with popular leaders, will supersede the necessity of consultation with colleagues whose education, at least, involves trouble and delay. His speeches will be addressed, like the Dartmouth letter, to an outside public rather than to the House of Commons, and measures will be adapted to the tastes of outside combinations rather than of Parliament. The whole policy of the Government will become sensational. For the deliberations of Cabinets and the confidential consultations of Cabinet Ministers will be substituted a system of startling surprises, rapid conversions, and histrionic effects. That his colleagues would be dismayed and retire in disgust from a Government as foreign to their knowledge of history as it would be to their notions of decency is a consequence more probable than logical, for they can hardly be unaware of the inconsistency of their recent conduct, and they can hardly expect that a persistency in it will fail to excite the indignation of honest men.

But, even if they did retire, they could not undo the mischief which they had helped their chief to compass. Mr. Disraeli, out of office, might relapse into his tactics of patient and decorous expectation—might resume the appropriate attitude of a calm and demure leader of Opposition. But would he take back with him into Opposition the habits which he has contracted on the Treasury benches? Would he not have left behind him an example which good fortune had made too alluring for his successors to resist? Henceforth there is too much reason to fear the principle of mutual confidence between a leader and his followers would cease to exist. Members of the Government would in the early stage of a debate be put up to defend propositions which at a later stage their leader would throw over with a studied expression of profound deference to the prevalent opinion of the House. A preconcerted scheme of action would be surrendered the moment it appeared to be regarded with disfavour by the majority. But this would not be all. An impulsive and sensitive Minister, especially one gifted with rhetorical powers, instead of repelling would court opportunities of conference and consultation with the wielders of votes and organisers of clubs; and the confidence which had been taken from the party to be given to the House would soon be taken from the House to be given to coteries outside it. A Minister who had established his relations with the outside world would be indifferent to the opinions of supporters whom he might make odious or contemptible, whenever he chose, in the eyes of the populace. The old relations of a Minister to Parliament and of Parliament to the country would be at an

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end. A popular tribuneship would supersede ministerial responsibility, and the country would find itself a prey to the tricks and legerdemain of political jugglers as clever as they were impudent.

We devoutly hope that our auguries may prove entirely false. But if anything like what we have been describing ever does take place, there will be an explanation and a defence available for those who are the victims and the instruments of the change. They will plead the example of the present Premier. They will say that there was once a politician who, seeking for a seat in Parliament, coquetted with the extreme sections of two parties—first touched the hem of Mr. Joseph Hume's Radicalism and then attached himself to the Conservatism of Sir R. Peel; that this man, having tendered his homage to his political chief in terms of almost fulsome adulation, withdrew his allegiance on the first refusal of some petty favour; that he then for a series of years assailed his former idol with an unparalleled bitterness of invective; that he perfected the art of vituperation till it became a science; that, having exhausted the vocabulary of reproaches for principles abandoned and pledges violated, he reconstructed his scattered and disjointed party on the basis of a pure and unsullied Conservatism; that, having organised and disciplined his followers for nearly twenty years to resist the advancing tide of democracy, he was by their efforts borne into power; that, seated thus a Conservative Minister with a large Conservative following, he introduced a Reform Bill guarded and fenced with restrictions and limitations of a Conservative tendency; that, as the debate went on, he threw overboard all checks and safeguards whatsoever; took suggestions from every quarter and section of the House; forgot or despised the Ministerial duty of initiating the propositions of a Ministerial Bill; left his own colleagues in the lurch, and accepted the amendments of his opponents; ended by making his astonished but unconscious partisans the successful champions of the democracy they abhorred; and that, having done all this, he had the assurance to tell them that in the lowness of the franchise which they had extended lay the essence of Conservatism. When they add that the man who did all this gave no sign of administrative power, perpetuated his memory by no acts of enduring worth, was not a great financier, was not conspicuous in any executive capacity, excelled only in the arts of invective and cajolery, alternately coaxed and scolded with effect, knew the weaknesses of his audience intuitively and played with them unscrupulously, and was, in fact, himself what he had stigmatised his former opponent as being, only a 'great Member

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'of Parliament;' when this shall be pleaded and pleaded successfully, men will acknowledge with unavailing regret the mischievous effects of a cleverness without earnestness, a dexterity without principle, and ambition without honesty. And if such a state of things could last, there will not be wanting those who will aver that Parliamentary Government has had its day; and that something more earnest, more honest, and more strong, ought to be substituted for a system, which, in the course of ages, had degenerated into a game of tricks, plausibilities, and deception.

But it will not last. The people of England and the House of Commons are accustomed, whatever may be the politics of the dominant party, to opinions avowed with sincerity and acted upon with consistency. To suppose that they will long submit to a policy of disguises and masquerade, is to imagine that not only our institutions but our national characteristics are changed.

It will not last; because already in the Cabinet itself the recent debate on Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions has furnished demonstrative evidence that there are essential differences of opinion between the most able and efficient of the present Ministers, Lord Stanley, and the policy which most of his colleagues have pledged themselves to maintain with reference to the Church of Ireland. The resignation of Lord Derby, to whose administration Lord Stanley was bound by peculiar ties of blood and affection, leaves the Foreign Secretary more independent in his political course. But it also imposes upon him a stricter obligation and a more direct responsibility in the choice of his policy and his political associates.

But again, it will not last; because when a majority of sixty voices in a free Parliament has distinctly pronounced against the course which the Government thought fit to propose, and pledged itself to the opposite course on the leading question of the day, it is a monstrous perversion of the first principles of Parliamentary government that a Ministry, defeated with so much obloquy, should retain office by subterfuges and by temporisation.' If this be the decision of Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues, and if, when Parliament re-assembles after the recess, they still occupy the Treasury Bench, the moment will have arrived to carry on political warfare with the utmost vigour in both Houses; and finally, if necessary, to declare in express terms whether the present Ministry have or have not the confidence of the country.

Finally, it will not last; because within the last few weeks the great Liberal party has recovered the sense of its union, its

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strength, and its discipline. In the late debate on the Irish Church a hearty concurrence of feeling and conviction ran down the whole line. In the widely-extended range of opinion, which the Liberal party includes, there is a unanimous resolution to deal with the Irish Church Establishment in the manner most congenial to the wishes and interest of the Irish people. While some doubted and some demurred, Mr. Gladstone assumed the initiative with a spirit and a courage worthy of a statesman who aspires to the highest place in the councils of England; and he has already been rewarded by the enthusiastic support of a larger body of adherents than he ever commanded before. The game, therefore, is in his own hands. We doubt not that it may be won, by judicious tactics, by imperturbable coolness, and by determination. The remainder of the Session will be a period of unusual interest; and before many months have elapsed, we trust the Government of England will be restored to Ministers having a majority in Parliament and definite principles which they can avow and defend.

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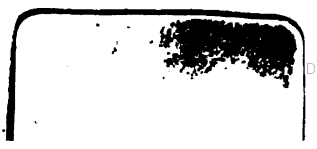
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